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Mr Robinson presents his
Compts to Mrs Greenwood,
and begs her acceptance of a
copy of Whitehall, a Romance
of the Days of Charles the First.
He expected to be able to send
a copy yesterday, but there has
been such a rush for them, that
the publisher was not able
to forward Mr Robinson's
copies before this morning.
Mr Robinson has been told by

a person in the bookselling trade that was very likely to know, that nearly all the copies of the first edition were sold on the day of publication.

It will give Mr Robinson much pleasure to hear, that Mrs Greenwood has derived some amusement from its perusal, and he hopes at any rate that a few hours may be whiled away in turning over its pages.

40 High Holborn
10th July, 1845.

Anabella P. L. Greenwood

of Padiers Mills

# WHITEHALL;

OR,

# THE DAYS OF CHARLES I.

LONDON:
GEORGE WOODFALL AND SON,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

# WHITEHALL;

OR,

# THE DAYS OF CHARLES I.,

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF WHITEFRIARS.

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"And why may I not then be idle with others? speak my mind freely? If you deny me this liberty, upon these presumptions I will take it: I say again, I will take it. If any man take exceptions, let him turn the buckle of his girdle, I care not. I owe thee nothing, Reader, I look for no favour at thy hands, I am independent, I fear not."

BURTON'S ANATOMIE.

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VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET.

1845.

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# PREFACE,

BY THE WORTHY, LEARNED, AND PROFOUND

## Antiquities-Professor,

## DR. JOHANN CHRISTIAN RAVENMANN,

OF COLOGNE.

I AM, who write this, much warned and with soul-earnestness prayed by the worthy Outsender[a], to let some other one English-born to write these prolegomena, which I have mind-weighed to put before the work which comes after, inasmuch to explain how I came to have it in my clutch, as to fulfil the world-curiosity which will doubtless be excited on the subject. But all my life having been earnest admirer, student, and professor of the English speech, for why should I give my pen to another; and for why should I not write as good German in English, as so many English writers have of late done, not born in Germany, and therefore under no forcing to use its idiom and many-tossedness of expression, but for the father-land-loving desire to improve the ancient of their own into as it were an *universal*

[a] Publisher.—In this, and several words and phrases which will perhaps strike the reader as novel, we have not ventured to make any alteration.—Eng. Ed.

*tongue*, as being the language of no country in particular under God's stars.

Native of Koln, (called in the Latin dialects, Cologne; but for why the kindred-tongued Englishman should he not give mouth as the German?) native of Koln, I say, I was born, as scarcely need I tell any English traveller, with whom every summer the Rhine is visited like a flight of reverse locusts, leaving plenty behind, and taking nothing away worth having. All my life have I lived in the Saint City, so that without pride I may say it, certainly there is not a stone in it which I do not know by heart; and with all its history, antiquities, and legends, am I better informed than in my own house-doings and hearth-memories. Wherefore do strangers seek me, and listen to me as to ONE INSPIRED; and above all those writing books, which all the English do that their wives and children may read their accounts of foreign nations at leisure; wherein a considerable talent which I hold of finding-out (invention) comes into such use that I am sometimes quite out. Which though many times interrupting my studies, yet being that I am more heaven-gifted with wit-wealth than world-wealth, I am ever obliged to answer "Here." Thus it is that the literature-fair of Leipsic looks in vain yearly for my time-promised great work in 13 Tom. folio, concerning the antiquities of the holy city, on which my life has spent itself, and on which I would gladly spend eight more if I had as many as the English fable of the kindly cat. In labour of this great work all my leisure I consume, so that my wife and daughter

Bettina complain that the Eleven Thousand Virgins never let me alone, night nor day. But we must let women talk, being so foolish, lest mayhap they do worse, if worse can be. But not to be more tedious than a preamble should be, and to continue.

During one of these toil-pauses, I happened to be in the Domkirche, or cathedral, striving as I have done for many a day to find the meaning of one of the effaced tomb-inscriptions, and so earnestly that I noticed not the night-shadows stealing among the pillars, until they stood as dark and silent around me as a pine forest in the moonlight; when blow-like a voice struck the drum of my ear, exclaiming in English, "By Jove! he is still here." Then I, uplooking, perceived before a stranger, whose appearance I thus exactly describe, in order that if any can, he may be recognised in his native country.

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[For this same reason, having received our instructions, we are compelled to omit this masterpiece of description, the accuracy of which an Austrian passport writer might envy, and for which we beg the worthy Doctor's pardon. And for another reason we have omitted a somewhat long but highly interesting report of a conversation which took place between the learned antiquary and the traveller concerning the peregrinations of the skulls of the three kings, and their happy arrival in Cologne. It appears that finally the antiquary became so well

pleased with his companion, that he accepted an invitation to accompany him to his hotel to supper, when he proceeds thus.—Eng. Ed.]

Satisfied, the worthy professor continues, that however good the supper might be, my conversation and learning would be an ample exchange, and from the stranger's garments and the habits of his country that it would not be a bad one, I consented. Wherefore I despatched a little boy whom we found playing at marbles in the market-place to bid my wife, if she had anything nice for supper, to reserve me my part in it for breakfast, and not to expect me until I came, on account of my supping with an Englishman, and in case it happened to rain, to send me my cloak, an umbrella, and an oil-skin lamp.

I found in the stranger but little of the habitual frog-coldness and uncompany-seekingship of his country; but, indeed, he had seen great varieties of mankind. I rapidly discerned, by the reverence and zeal of the inn-servants, that he had not dissipated his means of procuring respect; yet he informed me that his chief attendants were two most beautiful hounds, of the wolf and blood species, crossed, which he called in to show me, by the names of Brag and Holdfast. "Brag," said he, "is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better." But I, considering that in my time there have been no less than three cases of hydrophobia in Cologne, and observing the fierceness of the hounds, glad I was, though I praised them freely, for it is known that the English prefer their dogs to their poor relations, when he dismissed them.

Very like to the symposia of the ancients was that feast we now partook; and methought, while instructing the young man in all the marvels of our famous town, I felt like Socrates instructing the blooming Alcibiades in wisdom. The wine was also very excellent, for he was rather choice in that article; and my admiration for his judgment and discretion momently increased when I found him to listen and to listen on, as if not to be tired, a circumstance which never before befel me. But at last, I know not how the mind-flow drifted to it, our discourse turned on the modern English literature, to keep pace with which I always diligently peruse the ———, that most excellent English journal, whose impartial sobriety of opinion is only equalled by its sagacity and penetration, never deceived. And thus bechatting, of a sudden the stranger demands of me, if I had read, seen, or heard of the *so-called* ROMANCE OF "WHITEFRIARS!"

I, with my natural sagacity, instantly taking a thought into my cap, for I know that authors do vex themselves but little to spread the compost of each other's fame, inquired—suffering the question to glide by, water-like, unanswered for the present, and as it were with a spasm of eagerness,—WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF THAT MOST ADMIRABLE WORK? But marvellously am I surprised when of a sudden that countenance which was full of laughter shadows over, and in a reserved and melancholy tone answers he. "To many has it been pen-imputed; to so many that it would seem rather to be written by

a congress of authors than by one; but truly has it been reported of none; nor—a word in your sleeve, worthy Professor—do *I* believe, that splendid panorama of the Merry Monarch's reign *could* have been written by any but a cotemporary." And thereupon he sighed deeply. But I, imagining that I had the clue in my hand, and noting the word "Merry," did praise the romance for its wondrous comic powers, which so highly delighted the stranger that he laughed till he woke both his dogs, asleep under his chair, which thereupon began to growl and look fiercely upon me. But no mischief followed, excepting that in withdrawing my leg suddenly from their neighbourship, I bruised the shin against an ice-pail, so that it is altogether a "scandalous report," as the English say about things that are not proved in their courts of law, to say that on my return to my house, I fell and hurt myself after waltzing with my own shadow.

But so much was my mind excited by the cloud-mystery which seemed to wrap the stranger's observations on "Whitefriars," and we grew so utterly soul-confiding over our hock, that finally he revealed to me a secret which, but that I am *amicus Platonis sed magis veritatis*, should remain buried as deeply in my bosom as the King of Thule's golden cup in the deep mermaid-haunted sea. He confessed, the stranger confessed, that shortly after the conflagration of the two houses of parliament, he happened to be passing through a street called "Oxford Street," (I suppose after the ancient city of that name,) when he was much annoyed and pestered

by a gypsy flower-girl, who wished him to purchase one of her nosegays. According to the custom of these people, the stalks of the gypsy's flowers were wrapped in conical-shaped paper bags. But although her eyes were very brilliant, and her complexion of a very pure golden hue, he was hurrying past, intending to go to a theatre in which, it seems, the Italian opera is performed in London, when suddenly a thought struck him, as if the sudden illumination of some god! Thereupon he bought a nosegay, and stood awhile chattering with the flower-girl, liking to see her white teeth as she laughed; but as she frequently moved on selling her wares, never failing, however, to return, it fell that he noticed that the paper round the flower-stalks was MS., and written in a very curious and ancient caligraphy.

On examining the contents, he was so much struck with them that, like Cid Hamete Benengeli in a very similar situation, dissembling his eagerness, he inquired of the gypsy where she procured them, at the same time offering the price of all the nosegays for the coverings on them. Joyfully the flower-girl informed him that they had been given to her by one of her friends, a young man, servant to a cheesemonger in the neighbourhood; whereupon he quietly offered her at the rate of two *farthings* the score for all sheets of similar paper she could procure, and at the same time told her where to bring them, and at what time she would be sure to find him at home.

Accordingly next day not only did the flower-

girl come, but her sweetheart the cheesemonger, who brought a great mass of papers with him in a wheelbarrow. From the man he learned that his master had bought them for waste paper, from a gendarme, very shortly after the fire above mentioned; but how he came by them he neither knew nor cared, only he was willing to let me have all he had at the price I had myself offered. The bargain was soon concluded. "But I have reason," continued the stranger, "I have reason to believe that much had been previously disposed of, and to authors less scrupulous or conscientious; for, when from that heap of ancient records, I selected the history commonly called the Romance of Whitefriars, I published it without a name, taking none of the honours of parentage on myself, and little imagining that a work which bears so much internal evidence of having been written by a contemporary of the events described, could be imputed to any one of our own times. And yet, as I said before, to many has it been imputed! I am sorry for them, but what can I do more than publicly and everywhere declare that it is not so? But among other suspicions which haunt me," he continued, in a mysterious whisper, "I am convinced, that the pretended author of the prohibited comedy, as it is called, "Richelieu in Love," procured the original manuscript from the same source as I did Whitefriars. But it did him no good! Justice overtook his attempt to pass off for his own what was so obviously a transcript of the times! It was PROHIBITED! and for such inscrutable causes that although many learned and ingenious critics

have endeavoured to find out the reason why, they have not yet succeeded."

In short, so close was the friendship that took place between us, that on the following day we agreed to meet again; and I was to point out to him the wonders and antiquities of our city,—in which I am so perfectly skilled. Many compliments passed between us, and I remember one of the last things which he said to me on that eventful night was, that I had a nose which Lavater would have worshipped, so great and just was his admiration for genius as indicated in the size of the proboscis. I inquired his name, which he told me was Eidolon, or Idle One, I forget distinctly which.

It chanced that on the following day, as we were standing on the summit of the tower in the Domkirche whence travellers are wont to survey the steeples of the city and the windings of the river, that I pointed out to the stranger how the leg of a rainbow which shone over the landscape rested on my own little domicile on the river shore, going to Düsseldorf[a]. Upon this he asked himself so frankly to dine with me, that I could not refuse; and he was afterwards pleased to say, that he preferred my wife's strawberries and cream, my quaint old carved-wood chambers, clean red-tiled floor, and my daughter Bettina's blooming cheeks (she is of marriageable age, and but for want of fortune,—but that is neither here

[a] The worthy professor incloses an exact description of his place of residence, with a just appreciation of the value of his services to strangers.

nor there) to all the luxuries which are to be found under prouder roofs.

And thus during all the three weeks that Mr. Eidolon remained in Köln, were we such friends, that seldom a day passed but he was with us; until at last, when it came to parting, he made me an offer which I have not repented accepting. He informed me that he himself was about to continue his journey through the Low Countries into Spain, whence possibly he might pass into Africa, returning by way of Syria, Greece, and Italy, if the humour did not take him by the way to pass on into Persia. But knowing that among the remainder of his wheelbarrow load of records, which he had deposited in the house of a well known bibliopole and friend of his in London, there were abundant materials for a similar collection to Whitefriars, provided any one could be found gifted with the necessary patience and discrimination to sort and arrange the scattered leaves, which he assured me he had found so toilsome on his first attempt that he determined never again to subject himself to similar labour, but rather to write an entirely new work of his own, he offered, I say, in reward for the hospitalities and extensive information which I had bestowed on him, to pay my expenses to England, and my maintenance there, until I had arranged the documents for the press; for which some publisher would be sure to give me at least sufficient to bring me comfortably home, and perhaps to buy my wife and daughter each a new silk gown for the feast of the three kings.

In the cause of learning and antiquities-research, and because I had a great desire to see this empress-island, and nothing very profitable was doing in Köln, I readily consented; and after having been engaged for nearly three months in a little chamber in the worthy bibliopole's house, up to the eyes in dust and rubbish, I hereby publish the result of my critical labours. Many improvements I might, and proposed to have made in the style, but Mr. Eidolon particularly and frequently impresses upon me to leave the work in its native rudeness. To whom the blame of this negligence must be imputed, therefore, it is not for me to say; and for any other cavil, it is perhaps sufficient to say that *I* do not pretend to be answerable for the errors and barbarisms of an antique and careless writer.

# WHITEHALL.

## CHAPTER I.

"A man of loneliness and mystery."—Byron.

It was sunrise, on a serenely beautiful morning, A.D. 1643, when two travellers, well mounted and accoutred, halted to breathe their horses on the brow of the eminence which descends into the vale of the Cherwell.

Oxford, with all its airy spires and pinnacles, its towers and domes, bosomed in forest masses of verdure, shone below in the clear morning light, like a magic city rising from a crystal sea. The landscape, hooped in by the woody hills, seemed waking as fresh and smiling from its slumbers as living beauty. Rivers sparkling, green woods waving, silvery mists floating over the meadows and vanishing in brightness, smoke curling in grey columns from hidden hamlets and scattered cottages, composed a scene of pastoral tranquillity which few would have imagined to be, as then it was, the head-quarters of a devastating civil war.

More accurate attention, nevertheless, discovered signs of a less peaceful nature. Sentinels paraded the lofty walls, which, in the seventeenth century, made Oxford a place of strength. Cannon pointed with their black mouths at every point of vantage; a standard floated on the summit of the castle, which dominated the town, and banderols, streaming at various distances, marked the position of numerous outposts.

At the period we take up our history, this vigilance might have seemed superfluous, but for the greatness of the interests it protected. It was immediately after the formation of the siege of Gloucester, when the armies of the king were everywhere triumphant, and the shattered levies of the parliament scarcely presented front in any direction. The defeat of the Earl of Essex in the south, of Waller in the west, the Marquis of Newcastle's successes in the north, and the recent storming of Bristol, had raised the hopes of the king's adherents so high, and depressed those of the parliament's so low, that an easy triumph was confidently expected by the former, and dreaded by the latter.

Still no precautions seemed too great to satisfy the fears and importance of the heterogeneous population now assembled in the monastic city. Besides being the head-quarters of the army, and the court of a king, once the most splendid in Europe, unnumbered fugitives had fled thither from the justice or severity of the parliament, or the outbreaks of a people which began to comprehend, that the war was not one alone of prerogative and privilege, but

of freedom and feudality. That part of the parliament which had seceded from the deliberations at Westminster, were then assembled in Oxford, where their inefficiency offered only a ridiculous contrast to the terrific energy of the body which they strove to rival in public estimation. The queen, the beautiful and domineering Henriette Marie, also held her court within its walls; and, despite the severe distresses to which circumstances had subjected many of its members, with much of her wonted taste and magnificence. Meanwhile the king was engaged in the siege of Gloucester, the fall of which, it was confidently believed, would complete the ruin of the parliament.

The travellers we have mentioned were, in garb and outward presentment, persons not likely to obtain any particular notice. One, who seemed to be the master, was an elderly man, dressed with the formality and sober neatness of a substantial citizen of the time; the other might be his apprentice or clerk, being a young man of a jolly careless mien, but garbed still more plainly, and without arms; a circumstance which stamped his quality, or rather lack of it, and was, besides, remarkable in that age of strife.

But despite this unpretending appearance, few glanced once at the elder personage who did not feel themselves prompted by curiosity to take a second survey. He was about the middle stature, had he stood upright, but there was a certain degree of malformation in his figure, which, although it did not amount to a hump-back, forced his head and

shoulders forward in an awkward stoop. For the rest, he was very strongly built, his head unusually large, but his features were noble and massively cast. Yet there was something wild and terrible in the gleam of his eyes, which almost seemed to lighten over his dark, sun-scorched visage, whose tints had evidently been taken in remote and burning climates. The great length and quantity of his grizzled black hair contributed to the effect of this singular physiognomy.

The pause which the travellers allowed their horses was very brief; in fact, it seemed rather taken by the elder one to indulge in a reverie, which, from the expression of his countenance, seemed to be very painful. But he said not a word, and his attendant seemed either afraid or unwilling to disturb his thoughts, whatever they might be.

A few moments elapsed, and they continued their way. Crossing the Cherwell, on which were two pieces of cannon, and as many sentinels asleep on them, they reached the city gates. A soldier on the wall instantly challenged, and was answered by a request to be admitted. To which he carelessly rejoined that it was not yet time, and that the commandant was not astir. But even as the fellow spoke, the grinding of bolts and bars was heard, and the gates opened, slowly swinging back on their massive hinges.

The first object that presented itself was the figure of a man with a lean, weasel-like visage, mounted on a horse whose ribs could be distinctly counted, and whose tail was as stiff and scanty as a birch-rod.

He was very slovenly and meanly dressed, partly in rusty armour, and had a long naked dagger in his hand, with which he goaded on his spiritless beast. Miserable as was this figure, some soldiers who followed seemed to be attending him. Among the latter came a man naked to the waist, his arms strapped behind him, whose perfectly bloodless features formed a ghastly contrast to a profusion of wild red hair standing out in every direction about his head.

"Soh!—what have here?" exclaimed the leader, who seemed not to expect the apparition of our two travellers.

Without deigning any verbal reply, the elder handed over a paper, which his interrogator read aloud, though with considerable hesitation, as if not accustomed to efforts so literary.

"The lord-general's pass, for one Master Stonehenge, gold-merchant, jeweller, and citizen of London, concerning the loan of divers monies in this city," said the Oxford man in a grumbling tone. "I do marvel their lordships suffer the king's friends to be harried for debts to the king's enemies!—But, so, go on your way."

"How dost know we are not here rather to lend than to recal monies?" said the Londoner's attendant. "I trow there are not many among ye so rich at present as to be above the borrowing!"

"Peace, Joyce, that is our business, not this worthy gentleman's," said the citizen, in a tone the tranquil contempt of which seemed to irritate his examiner.

"I would have you to know, master usurer, I have

often more to do with men's business in this city than some wot of," said he. "For example, this good gentleman, whom I am going to hang on the first oak to the London side of Cherwell, by way of a hint to all such gentry as travel thence for news in Oxford."

And he snapped his fingers at the wretched being who formed part of his cortège, and who cowered down in terror, clasping his hands with a mute expression of despair, while tears streamed down his white visage.

"You are the hangman, then, of this royal city?" returned the citizen, without any sign of alarm.

"No, sir!—but I am the provost-marshal!" exclaimed the dignitary, in a manner intended to strike the most profound awe.

"Bodikins! you are then the chap the prisoners call old Huncks, for your transcendent cozenings and knaveries," said the citizen's attendant, with an undaunted glance of curiosity.

"As you may chance some day to know, my lad," returned the provost, with a suspicious look at the speaker, who only answered with a laugh of defiance as he pricked on his horse to follow his master, who had now entered the gate.

The provost looked after them both for some instants, as if in consideration, and then turning to his attendants, he said gruffly, "There is something more than common about these London rogues, that should be looked after!—Dog, dost thou know them?"

This civil query was addressed to the prisoner,

who answered with convulsive eagerness, as if in hopes to merit some stretch of mercy. "Yea, master, verily I have seen them both in London. The saucy lad is 'prentice to Master Bulstocke, the rich armourer in Ludgate, and is the grand leader of all the 'prentice riots; but for the other—the Lord only knows what he may be!"

"How mean you, idiot?" said Huncks, staring surprisedly at his informant.

"I would not be the first thing he saw in the morning, whatever he be!" returned the spy, with a singular look. "But he hath not long come over from the popish countries of Mexico and Peru, and he is as rich as Solomon, having already lent the parliament I know not what weight of gold in solid ingots; and Master Pym and the rest of them do consult and go by his opinion on sundry matters of moment. 'Tis he who hath proposed to march the city trained bands to the relief of Gloucester."

"Ay, truly!—an enterprise that would puzzle Gustave and his Swedes, were a goodly thing for paunchy citizens to effect;" said Huncks, with a scornful laugh.

"But men say—he hath a witch for his wife!" said the prisoner, looking somewhat fearfully back after the vanishing figures of the merchant and his attendant.

"What! is she so old, withered, and ugly as all that comes to?" returned Huncks, apparently without much attending to his own question.

"Old, master!—I've seen many a witch, God help me, young and fresh as a milkmaid!" exclaimed the spy zealously, as if vindicating the honour of the

sisterhood. "But I have a trick to know them, which, if you hang me, must die with me, to the great flourishing of that sort of black cattle!"—And observing the effect which his words seemed to produce, he continued more firmly—"I could teach it you, master provost, if I had time, and you need never fear the evil eye again! Why, for all that Stonehenge's Spanish wife be to the eye young and pleasant to look at,—duskily beautiful as a fallen angel, and with a voice as sweet and sad as a blind man's viol, I knew her at once to be—what she is!"

"Truly, didst thou?" said Huncks, looking at the prisoner with a puzzled expression. "This is a strange matter to hear, and these are men to be looked to; and but that the marquis's orders are precise, I could be tempted to give thee an hour or so's further spell of it, were it but to hear the tale out."

Encouraged by this glimpse of hope, the captive renewed his intreaties for mercy, or at least for some delay in his departure, with the most abject debasement. Mercy, however, was not the feeling which prompted Huncks to accede to the poor wretch's supplications; which he did at last, by ordering him back to his confinement until noon-day. The singular appearance of the travellers had fixed his attention, and he deemed it an object of more immediate interest to ascertain their real purposes in Oxford, than to hang a paltry spy whom he had at all times in his grasp, whenever he felt inclined for the recreation.

## CHAPTER II.

"I am no courtier, no fawning dog of state,
To lick and kiss the hand that buffets me."
SEWELL'S SIR W. RALEIGH.

MEANWHILE the citizen and his attendant proceeded slowly up High Street, like men who did not expect or fear to be followed. It was still very early in the morning, but the town was all astir, and there was a general air of gaiety and flutter as if it were a fair-day, or some great festival. The bells rung merrily from all the numerous churches, and now and then the booming of cannon from the ramparts seemed to announce some joyful news.

The strangers halted at a little obscure inn down a by-street, where the host received them at the door, and after an exchange of what appeared to be some sort of private signals, ushered them into a little back parlour. Unlike most of his tribe, he was a dark, melancholy-looking little man, strongly suspected of puritanical leanings; a crime of a deep dye in that most loyal city. Accordingly his business was very limited, and lay chiefly among persons who, like the present visitors, were of the same tenets.

Some food and wine were produced, of which the

citizen ate sparingly, and his attendant with the ravenous appetite which only our forefathers boasted, and they not often. The former meantime addressed some queries to his host as to the cause of the evident excitement in the town, intimating his hope that no ill news had arrived from Gloucester.

This question was evidently answered in the sense in which it was put, for mine host replied that the worst he had heard was that rats sold at a crown a head in the public market of that faithful city. It could not in reason long hold out, but the rejoicings were occasioned by the news of the king's arrival in Oxford, late the night before, from the siege. It was rumoured in the town that this was at the express desire of the queen, although the operations against Gloucester were thereby much retarded. But it was disputed whether any political object was to be attained by this, or merely that the queen might display her influence over her husband, against that of his officers, of which she had lately taken it into her royal head to be jealous.

"Since the parliament have proclaimed her a traitress to king and kingdom, we hear she hath gone mad against us, and is fearful lest some should prevail on his majesty to grant us a mercy—we have not yet asked," said the citizen, with a stern smile. "But enough of that. My business is with a young student of one of the colleges here—a certain Master Dethewarre? Know you of such a gentleman?"

"Surely—if gentleman you call him that hath neither money nor means!" replied the host. "They call him commonly 'the queen's poet,' forasmuch as

he is ever writing sonnets and songs to the French-woman's praise; though where her wondrous beauty lies, folks have better spectacles than mine that see. Why, at this present, they say, 'tis he who has penned the masque wherewith this carnal court do intend to worship Baal to-night, as of old, with dances and songs, and bonfires and timbrels, and what not, to welcome Pharaoh's return."

"Say you so?" exclaimed the citizen, starting up with visible surprise, not unmingled with more unpleasant feelings. "Nay, then, I must see him instantly. Joyce, thou wilt tarry my return here. In which of the colleges may I expect to find him?"

"In Merton's, whereof he is a student," replied the host. "But if he owes your worship moneys, I wish you well quit of the bargain, for they say his allowance from his father was never of the plentifulest, and now these troublesome times have come"—

"His father!—who is that?" said Master Stonehenge, wrapping his cloak about his face, and stepping out, followed by his loquacious entertainer.

"Oh! 'tis well enough known, he is son to my Lord Marquis of Montacute, but not by the parson's leave; and so to please the king's sobriety, he disowns him—ay, both in word and deed!" said Boniface, confidentially drawing up to his guest. "So, if you went on that security, you have taken a rotten reed for a walking-stick."

"What! I did ever hear the marquis was a nobleman of great wealth!—Hath he not, by hook or by crook, acquired the whole estate of his kinsfolk,

the De la Poles?" said the citizen, with some appearance of anxiety.

"Nay, I never heard but he got all fairly enough, being the immediate heir of the last De la Pole, that was attainted," replied the host, with a look of great curiosity; but finding no answer was returned, he continued: "I meant but to say, my lord has a lawful heir of his own, something younger than this Master Dethewarre, who hath abilities to spend any three estates in christendom, were they as wide as Prester John's; and being his father's dotage, there's but little left, as you may guess, for charity.

"For charity!" muttered Master Stonehenge audibly within his teeth.

"So you may see there is but little to be hoped in licking a deal board," continued the lean Boniface. "But if you have money to lend, and will take the hazard of the times, methinks I know one who, for a small matter, would help you to a meeting with this rash young lord; and then you may shear him to your heart's content."

"I thank thee, friend, but my business is with the young man whose poverty moves so justly your contempt," replied Stonehenge, in a tone which his hearer felt as a rebuke, for he slunk behind for a few paces. But the merchant seemed not to notice the circumstance, and renewed his inquiries with a minuteness which showed the interest he took in the subject.

The answers embodied but little matter of importance. It appeared that the student had been in

Oxford nearly three years, and for much of that period had been chiefly remarkable for a reserved and melancholy deportment, and for habits of excessive study. But a change came over him, as well as over most other persons and things in the once monastic city, when its quiet cloisters were suddenly deluged with all the pomp and riot of a royal and military residence, by the breaking out of the civil war. The grave and (in the seventeenth century) heavily pedantic city, put on altogether a new aspect. Although Charles himself and his favoured counsellors were men of severe and stately demeanour, it had become the fashion, in contradiction to the gloomy asceticism of the puritans, to affect all contrary extremes of license and gaiety. The natural bent of a numerous and idle court was but too much in that direction; but when vice and prodigality became political badges, the excess to which they were carried could excite little wonder.

Fine natures, like diamonds, are apt to take the hues of the objects surrounding them. But it did not appear that Dethewarre, although celebrated as a poet in that polished court, had shared in the wild excesses in which its younger members indulged, and for which his more fortunate brother was famous. Whether it was from poverty or principle, the worst fault alleged against him, even by the puritan innkeeper, was the poetical flatteries by which he had attained his favour at court.

Discussing these matters, the citizen and his guide turned into the quadrangle of Merton Col-

lege, under the noble archway. A guard was posted at the entrance, who suffered them to pass on learning their business, but not without some hesitation; the queen and a part of the court being lodged in this college.

In an obscure and remote pile belonging to, but separated from the main building of Merton's, it seemed that Dethewarre resided. Mine host paused at the foot of a narrow stone staircase, which he said led, after three flights were ascended, to the scholar's apartment. He seemed to expect some solicitation for the pleasure of his company in the ascent, but Master Stonehenge thanked him with an air of dismissal, and quietly continued his quest alone. The inn-keeper grumbled his sense of this want of taste, as soon as he imagined his guest was out of hearing, and then slowly retraced his way, intent on obtaining more satisfaction to his curiosity, if possible, from the youth left behind, who he thought would not have the skill to hide any thing he knew. But in that he was mistaken.

The citizen wound up his way with great perseverance, each of the flats he mounted being apparently fully occupied, and by persons of some rank. He reached the highest at last, and was soon satisfied he had stumbled on the dwelling of the poet, for one of the doors was partially ajar, and the sound of a voice in enthusiastic recitation came forth. Stonehenge paused, not to listen, but apparently to take breath, though rather from agitation than weariness, to judge by the expression

of his countenance. Meanwhile the voice continued, reciting some such lines as these, preserved in the rare MS. from which we transcribe.

"Fear not, O Psyche! beauty's sway
Is strongest where the heart would least obey:
And thence flush passion's conquering kiss
Equals not, in frenzied bliss,
The merest touch of love despairing,
Nothing hoping—nothing daring!

Fear not! obedient as the blue-down waves
To the throned moon, we stand around thy slaves:
Name what thou wilt, in earth or air,
Silver-rimmed ocean, sky above,
The nimble ministers of love
Shall ride to bring it on the lightning's glare!

The universe is mine,
Therefore a thousandfold is thine!
What though invisible to sight?—
In all things am I shadowed which delight,
The violet stars which gem the night,
The musky lily's breath,
The sunset's glories, and the rapturous gush
Of nightingales, at twilight's hush,
Yea, even death,
Share of my being, and reflecting thee,
Are mingled and dissolved with all that 's me.
Ask me no name, call me but what I prove,
But being beauty thou, what can I be but love?"

"A Platonic reverie rhymed!" said the unseen auditor to himself, and quietly pushing the door open he entered.

An antique-looking chamber, but scantily furnished, and with articles much worn in their passage from a remote period from tenant to tenant,

appeared. A number of books lay scattered about, open at various places; two or three manuscripts seemed taking their ease in the dust; a lute, two foils, a withered nosegay, and a beautiful Italian hound sleeping on a rug, completed the inventory of the student's possessions. A deep window in front was open, and set as if in a frame the gardens of the college, with their lofty chestnut trees, all snowy over with blossoms.

The student was leaning against the sill, inhaling the sunny air, and so absorbed in his recital that he noted not the quiet entry of his visitor. He was tall and well made, and his figure was displayed to advantage in his flowing costume as a student of civil law. Stonehenge purposely stumbled over a book to attract attention, and raising his eyes with some amazement, the student revealed, under the shade of his large square cap, a finely carved regular countenance, shaded by long black hair, with that dark glowing complexion indicative of a passionate temperament. But there was a melancholy in the expression of his eyes, and in the curves of his finely formed lips, which seemed remarkable in a man who was evidently very young.

But before repeating the conversation which ensued, it will be necessary, for its clearer comprehension, to mention some particulars as yet unknown to the reader.

## CHAPTER III.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
CAMPBELL.

It is seldom that the historian deigns to trouble himself with inquiries concerning the childhood of his hero, however certain it is, that that period influences the whole tide of being; and we, who are fully alive to the dignity of our office, should certainly suppress what is about to follow, but that the circumstances of Ingulph Dethewarre's early youth are essential to the comprehension of his subsequent career.

Most men remember their childhood with regret, simply because they can remember little in it, so placidly and waveless of the winds of passion or guilt glide past the waters of time. But Ingulph's memory furnished him with no such halcyon period: his first experiences of life were painful. The oblivious years of infancy over, it seemed to him as if he awoke one morning and found himself a sickly neglected boy, almost the lonely tenant of a huge old castle, on the northern borders of Yorkshire. As it was situated in a very wild and dreary country, scantily cultivated, his first impressions of nature were likely to foster the constitutional disposition to me-

lancholy which he probably brought with him into the world.

Those to whom the charge of his infancy was confided, were not qualified to diminish this tendency. An old man and a still older woman, his wife, were with himself the only inhabitants of the great castle of De la Pole; and so it continued for many years. Its owner, the Marquis of Montacute, was an assiduous courtier, and spent all his time and revenues in London, or (having married a Frenchwoman) on his wife's estates in France.

This great nobleman, Ingulph learned, but how he could not remember, so mysteriously the fact seemed regarded, was his father. Child as he was, almost with his first thoughts mingled a strange conviction that his very existence was a crime which he himself had committed. Shame and contempt and concealment were inexplicably mixed with all that related to the subject, which he could not but conclude was his own delinquency, for no one else bore the penalties, no one else was hinted at as being in fault in the matter.

So deeply had this impression sunk into his mind, that until his reason had been illuminated by other theologians than Adam Rising, the old steward or reeve we have mentioned, and who was far gone in religious furor,—he imagined that the original sin so frequently mentioned and denounced was, in his case, the mere fact that he had presumed to be born.

In these first confused dawnings of sense and sensibility there was a remarkable epoch. For the first time during several years the lord of the castle and

his haughty wife visited this remote property. Ingulph well remembered the homage and awe which their presence excited in the poor and submissive vassalage among whom they deigned to descend from their courtly grandeurs. He himself thought at first there was something of stupendous and supernatural about them, when he beheld that even the vicar, who, in their absence, had ever been a tyrant of the first magnitude, sunk into a submissive slave.

With these prepossessions it long seemed to him perfectly fitting and natural that the great marquis should scarcely deign to notice him, and that his still greater lady should, on the contrary, treat him with frequent marks of dislike and contempt which resembled hatred. In no manner did it occur to the unhappy child to account for this; it seemed to be his natural portion; he took it as resignedly and uncomplainingly as the birds the winter snows. But something it did surprise and puzzle him to find that there was another child, scarcely a year younger than himself, by no means so well shaped or with a face prettier to look at than his own, except that his hair was lighter, which Ingulph was far from acknowledging to be a superior beauty, who was clad in a splendid garb, sedulously watched and attended, and whose birth, so far from being a sin of magnitude, was the subject of great and general rejoicings every year.

Of course as Ingulph waxed in years this perplexity vanished, but it was succeeded in his imagination by gloomier tenants. The rest of his recollections of this period were haunted with feelings

of suffering and indignation, neglect and slights and injustice of various species. He had been for some time what was technically called "whip-boy" to the young heir; that is, whenever his lordship committed or omitted aught that required chastisement, the worthy chaplain, their tutor, beat Ingulph until he was pleased to own his fault. But as the young heir had a natural turn for the ludicrous, far exceeding his years, and was besides obstinate and wilful as became the only child of his mother, these exhibitions, from one cause or another, were sometimes barbarously severe. This sometimes led to acts of mutiny and furious resistance on the victim's part, which always ended of course in the increase of his sufferings.

By this process the very tenderness and goodness of Ingulph's nature—the fine emotions with which it originally gushed at the lightest touch—were likely only to harden it. But fortunately the marchioness abhorred the country, and as she absolutely disposed of her lord's movements, she was an infrequent and generally very short sojourner at De la Pole Castle. Ingulph understood in general that his accompanying his tormentors to the court was a thing not to be thought of, on account of the king's rigid notions of morality. How he could clash with the monarch's severity of principle, he was late in divining. Nor did he trouble himself for some time on the subject, since he owed to it the blessed peace which remained to him when my lord and my lady, and the mischievous heir and the relentless chaplain, and all their retinue of minor

tormentors, vanished. Still it infused into his mind a dim feeling of dislike and terror for the distant and awful authority which thus aided and abetted in the work of oppression.

The love and veneration natural to such temperaments as Ingulph's found thus but little scope. The old steward, as we have said, was a man of gloomy manners and narrow intellect, deeply imbued with the fanatic spirit into which the puritanism of the times was fast deepening. His wife was a peevish old drudge, who, although she loved Ingulph better than anything else in the world, vented on him all the peevishness and ill-temper which infirmities and solitude could foster.

The character of his reputed sire, the marquis, was not such as to excite reverence in the absence of any warmer feeling. He was a man who had contrived to unite all the most odious meannesses of the courtier to the worst characteristics of the feudal noble. His situation in early life somewhat accounted for this rare union. He was born the son of a younger branch of the great family whose estates he now possessed, and with but a very remote chance of the succession. But on the attainder of the Knight of De la Pole, he managed to secure the whole inheritance by his marriage with the heiress of the barony, and being a favourite with the Duke of Buckingham, whom he abetted in most of his follies and wickedness, he finally gilded his villanies with the more imposing title of marquis.

It was said that this fortunate marriage had only been achieved by the exertion of a cruel despotism

on the part of King James. The lady was a woman of extraordinary beauty, even in a court where personal charms were held in such high esteem, and she was reported to have absolutely hated the man to whom the sovereign's mandate compelled her to give her hand. She did not long survive the marriage, and there were not wanting some who alleged that it was hastened by her husband's ill-usage. But she died in giving birth to a child who shared her early grave.

Be that as it may, the marquis scarcely allowed a decent period to elapse ere he wedded his second wife, a woman more suitable to his own character, to judge from outward shows of unanimity. Their haughtiness and tyranny of disposition were at least equal, and their mutual extravagance exhausted even the vast revenues they possessed in common. Consequent oppressions and exactions increased their unpopularity, especially in the northern estates, which they seldom visited, and which therefore derived no benefits to counterbalance. This dislike was heightened by recollections of the time of the "good old lord," as he was called, and of his son, the unfortunate Knight of De la Pole.

The old baron had almost constantly resided at De la Pole, where he kept up all the ancient state and hospitality of an English noble. Hunting, hawking, and feasting were his chief delights and occupations; unnumbered retainers found food and shelter under his capacious roofs; no beggars were sent empty away from his gates; and men paid their rents when it suited them. He was not indeed con-

sidered a man of remarkably bright intellect; he never made a speech in parliament but once in his life, which was to thank King James, in the peers' names, for a noble present of venison which he made them on the first day of their sessions; neither did he write poetry, nor introduce dances; but he lived and died honoured and loved by his tenantry, and there was not a dry eye when they quaffed the rich old De la Pole ale at his lordship's funeral, preparatory to accompanying his corpse into the family vault.

But it was the character of the old lord's son, after whom he seemed to be named, that riveted Ingulph's chief curiosity, among all the legends which abounded of the family in the district which they had so long possessed. The peasantry preserved his remembrance with a strange and mingled sentiment of awe and affection; and old Adam, who had been his servant of yore, had many strange anecdotes to relate of him, of a kind well calculated to stir the imagination of youth.

The sire and son had apparently but little resembled each other, excepting in the general benevolence of their dispositions, and a vehement heat of temper, which occasionally broke forth in violences which to sober men resembled madness, and led at times to serious quarrels between them. The old baron, as we have hinted, was not remarkable for wisdom where his passions were concerned; and it happened that, after undergoing the martyrdom of two marriages with ladies of the highest rank in the kingdom, but of strangely despotic tempers, he found

himself heirless, and verging on an age when he must expect to continue so. It also happened that he utterly detested the cousin who was apparently to succeed him, and that by a combination of circumstances the daughter of one of his farmers possessed a person which, if Hebe had ever been a dairy-maid, would have been a very suitable one for the blooming divinity herself. How it happened he scarcely knew himself, but the Baron de la Pole committed an unheard-of atrocity in that most aristocratic age, when he allied his antique honours to the beauty of the cowslips by a lawful marriage.

Two children were the issue of this marriage, the Knight of De la Pole and the Lady Editha. But the stain of the mésalliance could not be wiped away, and the king's displeasure, with the contempt into which he fell among his peers, probably conduced as much as his own fondness for rural sports to keep the baron so constant a resident at a distance from the court. But he comforted himself well under his losses with the sight of his fair young wife and handsome children, drinking probably but a few stoups of claret the deeper for any uneasy recollections. Some trouble, indeed, he had in satisfactorily rebutting the many attempts made by his disappointed cousin to prove his heirs illegitimate; but all failed, notwithstanding the visible and exceedingly unjust partiality of the court judges against him, influenced by the mighty Duke of Buckingham.

It was probably these circumstances, as well as the natural indignation of a noble and patriotic mind, which induced the Knight of De la Pole to join, or

rather to lead, the various oppositions formed against the magnificent but corrupt and incapable favourite. This naturally led him to an intimacy with the Puritans, who were gradually increasing in numbers and strength, and whose religious fervour was unconsciously taking a political direction. Their principles assimilated well with the severely moral and enthusiastic tone of De la Pole's character, and he was long one of their most beloved and intrepid leaders, and shared much of the odium liberally dealt out to the party.

Whilst in high opposition to the tyranny of King James and his abandoned ministers, the Knight of De la Pole was singularly enough the bosom friend and companion of Prince Charles. But at that time Buckingham had not gained his fatal influence over the prince's mind, and the latter was disgusted equally with his father's follies and the favourite's insolence. Congeniality of temper and pursuits attached the prince in the first place to the Knight of De la Pole, who was several years his senior, and had a strong taste for those arts and sciences in which Charles delighted. In addition, it was said, that in common with many illustrious intellects in that age, the Knight of De la Pole was a believer in magic and other occult sciences, and secretly pursued them.

The circumstances which broke off the intimacy between the prince and his friend were not clearly known. It was believed that Buckingham, growing jealous of the influence acquired by the knight, and apprehending its future consequences, employed very indirect means to separate them. The principal

instrument in this bad success was said to be the Marquis of Montacute, then a needy dependant on the family which his father had endeavoured to illegitimate; and who, to use the words of old Adam Rising, "was glad to warm himself with my lord's brache." But the evil star of Buckingham prevailed, and perverted much of the nobler part of Charles's character, and all the effect of his virtuous friend's counsels and example.

Some alleged that an accident which happened at the time, produced the first open breach between them. In his proud resolution to return the scorn of his mother's contemners with defiance, De la Pole caused a daughter of one of her brothers to be brought up with his sister. The cousin betrayed the rights of hospitality and relationship, by seducing this unhappy girl, and then refusing all reparation on the score of her plebeian birth. Adam Rising positively asserted, that in a transport of passion, the knight had drawn his sword and severely wounded the offender in the prince's own presence! For this offence he was visited with all the severities of Star Chamber law, and was finally adjudged to banishment for ten years. The only favour which his father could obtain was, that he might accompany Raleigh on his expedition to Guiana. But such was his ungovernable disposition, that he excited a mutiny on board the vessel in which he sailed, seized upon it, and spent several years, as was reported, engaged in piracies against the Spaniards.

The influence of Gondomar procured the disavowal and recal of this turbulent spirit; but, at least to

believe the recital of the act of attainder, so far from submitting, he had formed the project to intercept the prince's vessel, on his return from Spain, as a hostage for his imagined wrongs. But the terrible storm which accompanied the prince's departure, did him, at least, the service to baffle this conspiracy; and on its failure, the knight was said to have returned to his old piratical courses. But being hotly pursued by cruisers of both nations, from sea to sea, he and his vessel and all his crew were lost in a desperate attempt to escape by running on some desert coast of South America.

This strange and violent career, contrasted with the anecdotes which abounded of the benevolence and nobleness of the Knight of De la Pole's early character, naturally fixed the attention of young Ingulph. It seemed as if what was generous, free, and good, must necessarily be the enemy and the victim of all the forms of power. An inexplicable sympathy continually renewed the interest that even in his merest childhood he took in Adam's long narrations which had his ancient master for the hero. The old man on his part was inexhaustible on the subject; to him he owed all, even his call to grace; for he had in his youth been as godless as the rest of mankind, until it was his blessed fortune to enter the service of the Knight of De la Pole.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Read'st thou not something in my face, that speaks
Wonderful change, and horror from within me?"

OTWAY.

THE first memorable event which diversified the recollections of Ingulph's childhood, was certainly one which exercised a strong influence on his subsequent life. Charles the First, returning from his coronation in Scotland, in the year 1633, came, in the course of his progress, to the castle of De la Pole. Besides the honour which he thereby intended to confer on a favourite servant, the king had another purpose in view.

Charles was then in the prime of manhood and of his early prosperity. He had succeeded in crushing his parliament, and in establishing his own power on the ruins of the common liberties, while affecting to use them as its foundations; and was proceeding rapidly in his strides towards despotism, seemingly with little opposition. Policy was not the lever of that stupendous age; it was a principle still mightier, more general, and that finally proved irresistible—religion.

If Charles and his advisers had understood

their times, they would have left this principle untouched, and they might have done with them what they pleased. The mass of the people had a profound and superstitious reverence for all constituted authority; and notwithstanding the enormous crimes and weaknesses which had of late rendered the wielders of the sceptre both odious and contemptible, the man was ever confounded, in the popular estimate, with the office, and the glories and sacredness of one covered all the debasement of the other.

The principles of the Reformation had sunk deeply into the minds of the masses of the people, long after the work was done for which they had been originally instilled and supported by their superiors. The crown and the great nobles, who had divided the plunder of the Catholic Church among them, felt now secure in their tenures, and were disposed to check the severer consequences which the disinterested enthusiasm and zeal of the first reformers had anticipated. As those principles regained their strength after the exhaustion of triumph, and prepared to renew their course, these more selfish ones, which had halted, began to assume a conservative and hostile front, and even to retrace much of the ground they had occupied in common, till at length, like Jacob and Esau, they seemed inclined to part company as far as east and west could separate them.

Unfortunately for the monarchy, even its despotic tendencies took the common stamp of the age, and appeared in a religious form. The attempt of Laud

to restore the ancient religion in substance, was almost the only possible engine which could have roused the great resistance and overthrow which Charles's political plans sustained.

Remote as was the De la Pole district, tidings of the religious persecution, for as such only were the measures of the court as yet considered, continually arrived there. A zealous correspondence was carried on among all divisions of the suffering sects by means of the itinerant preachers whom the enthusiasm of the times sent forth. Adam Rising, as a faithful brother of the faith, was well acquainted with the most interesting circumstances which befel them, their plans and sufferings in the cause. The whole village district finally received the news by means of the perpetual wrangles which Adam maintained with the schoolmaster of the village, a man who was held to be a profound scholar, who was exceedingly fond of deep potations, and was entirely devoted to all things constituted, both in church and state.

It was principally in listening to the pros and cons of these luminaries that Ingulph's heart learned to glow with the most vehement feelings against the king and his tyrannous supporters. Not that the arguments in favour of both, which the schoolmaster arrayed and decked out with all the attractive graces of logic and Latin, might not have been very good. But Ingulph felt that he was born on the side of the weaker, which is, perhaps, the reason why women always take it, right or wrong; and whatever excel-

lent authorities there might be against it in the learned languages, seemed to him but little to the point.

The moving pictures which his imagination shaped out of the rude materials thus furnished to it, sometimes deprived him of rest. Above all, the sufferings of Sir John Eliot—the gallant, the faithful, the determined champion of the people, confined by the arbitrary will of the tyrant in the Tower, and lingering out his glorious existence gradually like an imprisoned eagle—affected Ingulph beyond the poor power of words to delineate. Burning tears suffused his lids at the mere name of the beloved patriot; every word that came forth from his prison seemed an oracle of light. To die in an attempt to redeem him was not only a duty, but a most pleasant and delightful privilege! Hours on hours did he pass in childish plans and visions to effect the liberation of the glorious captive from that gloomy prison, which his imagination shaped, like those of old romance, a huge difform mass of steel and adamant. Oh, for the ship of his famous relative, the Knight of De la Pole, but for one hour, to bear away the noble fugitive to some far realm of perpetual peace and freedom!

But meanwhile Eliot died, and while still mourning in his young heart over the hero's doom, news of his oppressor's intended visit to De la Pole Castle spread far and wide. To heighten his indignation, if that were possible, Ingulph learned that the king's object was to be present at the solemn betrothal of the marquis's heir to the daughter of Sir Thomas

Wentworth, a man whose mean secession from the popular party had materially aided in its ruin. It was thus that Charles rewarded treason and apostacy by contracting the child of his new favourite to the heir of the great house of Montacute.

Adam increased Ingulph's feeling on the subject by arguments deduced from his own peculiar views. "It was an infamous tying of the Lord's hands," he said, "thus to unite a child of seven years old to another of twelve, so as to trammel up all future choice, ere they had attained any light of reason to understand the nature of the contract to which they were parties. Moreover, it was a popish ceremonial, and not to be tolerated in a gospel-walking church."

But despite all this, and much more, the matter advanced. For weeks previously the ancient castle resounded with the din of preparation. The marquis and his lady, with their son and a large retinue, arrived; and in the general turmoil Ingulph's existence seemed scarcely noticed. But when it was certainly known that the royal party approached, the marquis, for nearly the first time, spoke to him, but it was merely to admonish him, under severe penalties, to keep carefully out of the monarch's sight. Ingulph's brow crimsoned, but he made no reply.

Despite this prohibition he witnessed from the summit of one of the towers the triumphal entry of the king. The gorgeous pomp and state with which this was accompanied was certainly well calculated to make a strong impression on the youthful gazer. Charles was usually attended on his progresses by a vast retinue, consisting of many nobles, and nearly

a thousand attendants of various degrees. On this occasion, the apostate Wentworth, afterwards the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, and nearly all the prime gentry of Yorkshire, were assembled to receive him. Cannon boomed out a welcome from all the ramparts; and when the king himself appeared, amidst the glory of a beauteous summer sunset, mounted on a snowy charger, magnificently attired, surrounded by gorgeous nobles, spears, gilded partisans, and banners, his train extending for several miles down the valleys below; when the vassals waved green branches to greet him, and rent the sky with their shouts—Ingulph for a moment forgot poor Eliot, and tossed up his cap with the rest.

On the next day was the ceremony of the betrothal, and Ingulph's curiosity was so much excited that he braved every apprehension to make one of the splendid spectacle. A circumstance occurred which stamped it indelibly on his mind. It was evening, and, according to custom, the little betrothed bride was brought to the chapel by a multitude of persons bearing torches. She was dressed in white and crowned with lilies, and although himself still but a mere child, Ingulph was struck with her extraordinary beauty and her pensive air, as if she were a grown-up maiden about to be wedded.

Laud pronounced the benediction which, with a plight of hands, was considered a binding ceremony of betrothal. But in the midst of the somewhat long and yet fervid prayer which he was pleased to affix to his blessing, the two children kneeling on a crim-

son velvet cushion at his feet, it chanced that a page, who was peculiarly intent in considering the archbishop's rich garb, suffered his torch to droop on the little girl's dress. Ingulph was the first to perceive this circumstance, and the first to rush to the rescue; and he had nearly extinguished the flames, at the cost of some severe burns to himself, before the bystanders comprehended what had happened.

Almost for the first time in his life did Ingulph hear the language of praise, and from the mouth of a king! Charles even inquired who he was, and the marquis began stammering something in reply, when his lady wife interrupted him with some observation in French, which set the whole court laughing, except the king. Charles turned away with the cold and contemptuous manner which perhaps, more than his greatest errors, alienated men from him; and seemed to take no further notice of the subject.

And yet on the following day, just before his departure, Charles himself came to the chamber in which the boy was confined, more by his father's commands than the pain of his wounds. The king addressed to him several questions, but in so severe and stern a manner that Ingulph was confounded, and answered at random. As these queries were principally on religious topics, and all that Ingulph knew on such was derived from the Calvinist steward, it is very likely that his replies were not at all satisfactory. It is true that Adam lauded him loudly when he afterwards repeated what had passed, but the monarch departed with a caustic observation to

Montacute, "I did not know, my lord, that you brought up your dependants as true fanatics as John of Leyden himself!"

After this remarkable event, Ingulph obviously fell into greater dislike among his parentèle than before. To weed him of the obnoxious principles he had imbibed, seemed now to be appointed to the chaplain by authority; and to do him justice he used the birch unsparingly for the purpose. As to reasoning or argument, he had little time for them, when the young lord needed him almost continually on his hunting excursions.

Ingulph long remembered with bitterness and indignation one circumstance of this course of purification. Presuming one day to urge some obnoxious tenet which he had learned from old Adam, the tutor was so far struck with it as to demand the name of the rogue who had taught it to him. This Ingulph firmly refused to divulge, and being violently threatened by his master, and at the same time jested at by the young lord, in his rage and mortification he struck the latter. De la Pole, though somewhat younger, was a stronger boy, and very high-spirited. He returned the blow instantly, and a desperate conflict arose, which was only parted by the tutor's throwing himself with all his mature strength on Ingulph.

Not satisfied with the blows which he dealt him in parting the fray, the master caused Ingulph to be immured in a solitary tower, and condemned to be fed on bread and water, until he should acknowledge his fault, and recant on his knees. But it was soon

found that the boy's death might sooner be expected than his submission. He took pride in his sufferings, and declared that he would perish, like Sir John Eliot, ere he would yield to tyrannical injustice. It is true, that Adam diligently brought him the daintiest morsels he could obtain from the accomplice cooks every night, and supported his courage by long exhortations. But it was rather the weariness than mercy of his enemies which at last released him.

Treatment so severe must, however, in the end, either have subdued the temper or health of Ingulph, but that a period was put to his sufferings by the usually rapid departures of his tyrants. Shortly afterwards, from some unexplained cause, the marquis fell into disgrace at court, and was finally prevailed on by his wife to settle altogether in France.

During several subsequent years, Ingulph was left apparently to run wild, as if an intention had been formed to deprive him of all the advantages which education or society could have afforded him. He was kept meanly attired, with no other instruction than was to be derived from the old schoolmaster, who, with all his great pretensions, had but a slight smattering of the sciences in which he pretended to be an adept. But Ingulph perceived, or imagined that he perceived, the purpose of his unnatural relatives, to keep him degraded by ignorance to the level which they seemed resolved he should not rise above. The thought acted as a perpetual goad on his exertions, and the old schoolmaster knew enough to put him in the right way; and being with all his

pedantry a good-hearted man in the main, took singular delight in aiding his indefatigable pupil. In fact, in a weak moment, when overtaken by too much ale, he was once heard to acknowledge that he had learned more in teaching the youth, than he had ever acquired on his own account.

Solitary, indeed, his life was, for Ingulph mingled little with the children of the neighbouring village; at first, from dread of his father's displeasure, for he was treated as if at once too good to be a clown, and not good enough to be a gentleman; afterwards, from disinclination to the coarse and brutal manners prevalent among the rustic classes at the period. But yet it might be truly said, that he never felt the meaning of the word solitude, until he mingled with society. The mountains, the forests, the skies, the streams, were his familiar and constant companions, and silence itself one of his most eloquent conversers. In short, he was a poet without knowing it.

Years, as we have said, passed, and Ingulph was rapidly approaching manhood, neglected and almost forgotten, but not, as was probably hoped, insensible or ignorant of his wrongs. It seemed intended to keep him at De la Pole, a sort of prisoner at large, dependent for a miserable pittance, and without hope of ever bettering his condition. But Ingulph had secretly determined this should not be.

The political events of the time naturally fanned the flame in his bosom. Resistance to the misgovernment of Charles I. had been gradually developed. It was no longer altogether a religious move-

ment, although religion still continued to lend the impelling winds. Strange doctrines were broached, and like the letting out of waters, spread no man knew whither. Like the sultry atmosphere preceding an earthquake, men felt they knew not what of changed and portentous in the air of opinion. What marvel at the daring thoughts and impulses which began to agitate the breast of Ingulph, standing as he did in the midst of the monuments of the power and glory of that great ancestry from which he was descended, cut off by the injustice of men and their laws from that portion in both, to which his blood had natural claims.

The increased number of fugitives and vehement propagandists which began to appear in the secluded district of De la Pole, marked at once the violence and folly of the persecution which raged. Ingulph, although he despised their narrowness and bigotry, was filled with admiration of their indomitable spirit and self-devotion. He zealously assisted old Adam in concealing many of the martyrs from the pursuit of their enemies; but amidst the chaos of opinions which were inculcated by these men, it must be confessed he found rather doubts than any strengthening of the vague religious opinions which the Calvinistic steward, and his own imagination, had chiefly formed in his mind.

And yet so powerful was the influence of the age, that Ingulph himself at one time formed the plan of a new sect in his own fancy, to which he seriously intended to dedicate himself. He took it into his head, that all the known varieties of Christianity

were spurious; that it was necessary to return to the simple letter of the gospel; and by uniting the deism of the Old Testament with the morality of the New, compound a religion which would restore the peace, brotherhood, happiness, and equality of paradise to the earth.

It was a reverie of youth, soon to be engulfed in stern realities, and as such let it pass. On a sudden, the crater began to vomit fire. The flame burst out in Scotland, which was never to be quenched until it had destroyed the power which struck it out with an iron hoof. There was a lull, indeed, in the short pacification which followed the outbreak in 1638, but it was only temporary. The headstrong counsels of Strafford and Laud precipitated the king into his fatal Scottish war, and compelled the assembly of the long-disused English parliament.

One of Charles's by-gone notions was, that he was still a feudal king. He summoned his nobles and vassals to meet him with their armed retinues, as if it were still the age of Edward III. Among the rest, Montacute and his son were called upon to appear, and they accordingly arrived at De la Pole to comply with the command, wisely conjecturing that obedience was the best policy, but very unwilling to leave their delights in France.

The marquis was little altered. At best he was a man of unprepossessing and sinister aspect, and had a peculiar twitch of the visage which did not add to his good looks, and was said to be one of the results of his rencontre with the Knight of De la Pole. But his son was now a tall handsome youth,

and already famous for all the follies, to give them no harsher name, to be expected in a spoilt heir, brought up amidst the contagion of the French court. His faults were, indeed, redeemed, or at least varnished over, by wit and subtlety of intellect, an infinite talent for intrigue, and all the outward brilliancy and accomplishments of a perfect courtier.

Ingulph was of course deficient in all these showy qualities, but his father seemed not at all pleased when he discovered what a diamond in the rough he was. To the contrary, his alienation and neglect seemed to increase. The young lord treated Ingulph precisely as he treated every one else. He studied if he could be of any use to him for any purpose; found that he might be useful in raising the recruits,—and on his refusal to be in all respects his humble servant, crossed and insulted him as far as he thought it convenient, without producing an open quarrel.

But Ingulph was now thoroughly tired of his dependent situation, and determined to come to some explanation on it. This feeling was quickened by the intolerable oppressions which he was now destined daily to witness. The marquis had probably but little desire to be of assistance to his sovereign, from whom he had received some slights; but his summons furnished him with an excellent excuse for putting the full rigour of the feudal code in operation, and he levied great sums in the fines and other oppressions with which it is amply stored. The luckless vassals naturally applied for aid and intercession to Ingulph, who was much loved by them,

and to whom they had always been eager to offer kindness. But Ingulph found that he had not even the comfort to do his friends no harm, if he could do them no good, for his intercession seemed always to produce the contrary results to those besought.

At last, on some complaint of harbouring the disaffected itinerants, the old steward and his wife were expelled from the castle, and obliged to take refuge in a miserable hut in the village. Being both of them very old, and endeared to him more by the affectionateness of his own nature, than their deservings, Ingulph was driven to fury by this outrage. But his vehement remonstrances were answered by the marquis, with an assurance, that if he held not his peace, he should share their fate.

Provoked now beyond endurance, Ingulph retorted, that rather than remain the beggar he was, he would do so, and explicitly demanded to know what was intended should become of him. The marquis replied by whistling to his hounds, and leaving the hall in which the interview took place; and on the same night Ingulph was on his way, on foot, to York.

The king with a part of his array was there, and under the royal banner Ingulph intended to enlist as a common soldier. It is true that the war against the Scots was apparently against civil and religious liberty; but national feelings had so far overcome political ones, that after the rout at Newburn, and the invasion of Northumberland, the ancient hatred of the Scots revived in men's bosoms to the extinction of other motives, especially in so young a man.

Accordingly he found means to enter a body commanded, as it happened, by Strafford himself, and lay perdu for some time, studying the art military by trailing a pike in the ranks. His escape, however, was but brief. Montacute arrived in York, and immediately caused the truant to be proclaimed. Still the event was not so unfavourable to Ingulph as the latter expected. It happened that Charles himself discovered the fugitive by chance, when reviewing Strafford's levies.

Ingulph long remembered the searching gaze with which he singled him out, and the terrible effect of his command for him to come forward. Eight years had elapsed, and yet the king seemed to have him in distinct recollection, for he turned to Strafford, and exclaimed, "This is Montacute's lad — and yet he told me he was dead!"

Strafford apologised for his absent adherent by observing that the marquis had probably mistaken his majesty's queries, and had, perhaps, more "lads" in a similar relation, to whom he might have alluded. Charles was dissatisfied with the reply, and returned somewhat sharply—"I marvel, Strafford, you have forgotten one to whom you owe your daughter's preservation from a barbarous death."

Touched with this reproach, the favourite affected to recollect the incident, and smilingly addressed the young recruit with a slight reproof for not having consulted his father's will in his sally forth, and promised to be a mediator for his pardon. But Charles, who had been watching with attention the play of thought in the ingenuous countenance of the youth,

drily intimated that he would take the office upon himself.

The result was, that in a few days Ingulph received the satisfactory information that his father *had made a present of him* to the king.

It was in these very words that the announcement was made, nor was it thought in the least a degrading expression, so eminent were the paternal and kingly authorities considered in that age. But Ingulph, who had little cause to cherish either, submitted in silent indignation, because he had no possible resource. The pacification with the Scots was hastened by the inextricable difficulties in which the king now found himself engaged—for the Long Parliament had commenced its awful career.

Consulting only his favourite ideas, and without the least reference to those of his protégé, Charles decided on sending him to Oxford, to study divinity. Perhaps it was even the recollection of the heterodox opinions he had found in the boy, that made him determine that the man should be transferred to that seat of orthodoxy. A scholarship was conferred by Laud upon him, a small additional allowance granted by the king, who probably thought that poverty would be the young man's best preservative against temptation, or perhaps concluded that the marquis would take some care of him in pecuniary matters. But Montacute having gracefully resigned the charge of his son's future provision, included his present wants in the bargain.

The atmosphere of Oxford was certainly not very congenial to the spirit which was now transplanted

there. Brief as had been his glimpse of the glories of a court, and of the pomp and glitter of military life, the change to the monastic gloom of Oxford was like leaving the coloured atmosphere of some gorgeous cathedral for the cold and dark air of the cloisters. The unwieldy learning and pedantic ostentation of it which distinguished the period, were at the height in Oxford; no vivifying spirit breathed through the mass of cumbrous formalities and observances which had so long survived their meaning and purposes. Intolerance and bigotry in their worst forms, because founded on the senseless reason of authorities—the authorities themselves a mountainous mass of subtleties and reasonings to obscure reason, or a scholastic jargon unintelligible to the expounders themselves—were the food offered to satisfy the cravings of the free, inquiring, and bold genius of the new comer.

The result might have been predicated. Ingulph was considered a student in whom there were no hopes, and was publicly reprimanded for his want of proficiency by Laud, on his last visitation. In disgust he altogether abandoned the study of divinity —if he had ever commenced it—and petitioned his patron, the king, for leave to study the civil law. But no notice was ever taken of his request, for about this time commenced the Commons' prosecution of Strafford.

## CHAPTER V.

" 'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds,
Lighter than children's baubles blown by winds;
My merit, but the rash result of chance!
My birth unequal! all the stars against me;
Power, promise, choice, the living and the dead;
Mankind my foes, and only Love to friend me."

DRYDEN.

INGULPH had no reason to rejoice in the measures of the Long Parliament; for their denial of the supplies deprived him even of that slender pittance he received from the king's liberality, if that be the proper word. But with what passionate enthusiasm did he watch its doings, with what rapture devour the remonstrances, petitions, appeals, replies, and eloquent denunciations with which each party accompanied its movements! There is little doubt that he would have made another run away of it had he seen any possible means by which he could aid in the great work.

But when the civil war broke out, it found Ingulph poised like Mahomet's coffin between two loadstones of almost equal power. For a reason which it is not necessary yet to elucidate, the sacrifice of Strafford by the power of the parliament checked Ingulph's zeal in their cause. He owed a debt of gratitude to the

king; and moreover he had become the delight and admiration of a splendid and chivalrous court.

On his arrival in Oxford, the king remembered his protégé, and honoured him with much countenance. He seemed even to take pleasure in his conversation; and amidst all the distraction of his affairs, frequently amused himself by reasoning with the young man on religious topics, with the double intent of displaying his royal scholarship and of removing certain heterodox opinions which he easily detected in him.

But the young courtiers had discovered qualities more to their taste in the Oxford student. He had a talent for versification which came into notice on a score distinct from the beauty of the compositions, although, as they excited admiration in so learned and elegant a court, that must have been of a high order. But as only few remains of these effusions have rewarded our careful research, we cannot pronounce ex cathedrâ.

All that we have certainly discovered is that the poems were principally sonnets, in the manner of "Master Petrarca, of Arquâ, a city of Italy;" full of passion, but addressed to some unknown and unnamed beauty. It appeared, however, that she was one of the highest rank, and that the poet cherished only the hope, that when he had perished of her scorns, she would honour his memory with a few tears.

The flatterers of the queen, and in especial the Marquis of Montacute, had not failed to insinuate that she was the object of this passionate and rever-

ential homage, a fact not at all displeasing to a vain and still beautiful woman. Whether this rumour was encouraged by the De la Poles to their kinsman's service may be doubted; for in proportion that Ingulph's favour increased with the queen, it declined with the king. A rare circumstance. While on the contrary, the young lord's courage and devotion to his cause fast restored the whole family to Charles's good graces, out of which they had long been exiled.

There were matters in the sonnets which ought to have refuted the notion we have hinted. The queen was a brunette, but whenever allusions were made to the person of the unknown beauty of the sonnets, they seemed to indicate a fair woman. In especial there were comparisons of her face to a blush rose, of her hair to the golden light on a field of ripe corn; and one positive assertion that she diffused infinite peace and delight in the soul by one glance of

*Eyes as blue as in harebells light.*

The eyes of Henriette Marie were particularly black, and rather sparkling and expressive than sweet or tender. But Ingulph's friends banished this difficulty by insinuating that this was a respectful artifice to veil the poet's passion for so exalted an object.

Certain it is that Ingulph was rarely, by his own good-will, absent from the courts of Henriette Marie, and true it was, that among all the gilded crowds that thronged daily into the gardens of Merton College, in which she frequently took exercise with a numerous court, the tall dark figure of the student was seldom missing. True it was, that for months he almost for-

got that such things as parliaments and rights divine and human existed.

It was a dream of delight! one cloudless sky of ecstasy shone over all things. How he begrudged time every moment of that rapt eternity, and yet how sweet was every moment as it sped past! Yes, poets, you have the recompense of your sufferings, for you taste nectar in your cups of bliss, and common men but wine! Frequently were Ingulph's eyes feasted with the banquet of that beauty which inspired his muse and his soul ever with the passionate musings, the hopes, the vague ecstasy of youthful love.

And yet we are not sure that he was not happiest when not in her presence, but only certain to be in it soon again. The actual sight of her loveliness affected him with a sensation of pleasure so deep as to be a kind of pain; her laugh, her blush, the indescribable play of her charms, kindled his senses into a tumult which could only be called a rapturous agony. The timidity and pride of worth alike discouraged him—the distance which ceremony and rank imposed heightened his feelings to torture. But imagination levels mountains; and when he was alone, and had leisure to survey the treasures of hope he had collected, what vision of paradise could have equalled the delight of these reveries, which mingled the essence at once of all that is voluptuous and pure.

## CHAPTER VI.

"*Hamlet.*—Speak, I am bound to hear.
*Ghost.*—So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear."

To resume at the point in which we broke off, in this somewhat lengthened biographical sketch, we return to the arrival of the London citizen in Master Dethewarre's apartment.

"I marvel not that you stare at me thus amazedly," said the citizen, after a moment's pause, during which he returned the questioning look of Ingulph with a long, earnest, and scrutinizing gaze. "My name is Stonehenge, a citizen of London, and brother to your departed mother; but, having been long abroad, we are strangers."

"We are indeed!" replied Ingulph, with astonishment. "Nor did I ever hear that I had any relative of the kind."

"Probably not," returned the citizen calmly. "You have been hitherto in the hands of men who had an interest to conceal it from you. Had I not been absent so long in remote countries, you should have learned the fact long ago; and also that you have two aunts in London, one of whom is married to a wealthy armourer."

Whatever was the effect intended to be produced

by this announcement, it certainly seemed to give but little satisfaction to the person to whom the joyful intelligence was addressed.

"I have neither begged nor borrowed of him; what is his wealth to me, Master Stonehenge, if such be your name?" he returned haughtily.

"Such is *not* my name!" said the citizen with a smile. "It is a name I have assumed, but trusting some day to resume mine own, when the parliament is strong enough to support me openly against an unjust sentence which banished me from my native land. My name is the same as your own—your mother's."

Ingulph coloured deeply. "You share the disgrace then—or rather decline your share by assuming another!" he replied bitterly. "But be it so; I have lived so long alone, that methinks I have learned to die alone. As for any injustice of which you may have to complain, if you be the Stonehenge of whose riches the talk runs so much of late, you cannot long want for redress from a parliament so much in want of money."

"It shall be seen," replied the citizen. "Meantime, you see, I am not so rich as to think it necessary to forget my poorer kindred. I have been on a search after you at De la Pole Castle; and there I learned so much of you that I desired to know more."

"I am beholden to you, master, but I am not so poor as yet as to need charity," returned Ingulph, still more surprised.

"Marry, and say you so that live on the almsdole

of a tyrant?" said Stonehenge, suddenly. "Scanty indeed it must now be, when, to raise the little sum you were wont to allow old Adam Rising, he tells me you have been compelled to part with all your books."

"He told you so!" said Ingulph.

"Let this certify," replied Master Stonehenge, and he produced a letter in the crabbed, illiterate hand of poor old Adam, which not only affirmed the fact, but introduced the bearer to Ingulph as his mother's brother, by whose liberality he was now amply provided for the remainder of his days. To be sure, this was not likely to be a long period, for the poor old man declared that he weakened every day, and expected soon to follow his dear Sarah to glory; but he forgot that Ingulph could not have heard of her death.

"I am beholden to you for this charity, for such it is," said Ingulph. "But if you come to confer the like on me, I must again reiterate I need it not, and will not accept it."

"The refusal mislikes me not," replied the citizen, with a placid smile. "'Tis true, as I have told you, that I am enormously rich, and that I have no heir whom I would prefer to the son of my wronged sister. I am on my way to Gloucester, on the parliament's business, and have it in commission from some of its chiefs, my friends, to propose that you shall enter their service."

"Know you not that you are speaking treason, in Oxford, master citizen?" exclaimed Ingulph.

"Yea, but I know to whom I am speaking it," re-



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plied Stonehenge, calmly. "If you have the common blood of humanity in your veins, you too are a traitor—if such be the name they give the generosity that impels, and the courage that dares, to combat tyranny!"

Ingulph was troubled, but he somewhat evasively replied.

"To Gloucester?—for what purpose?—A city in arms against the king would surely give an ill welcome to a dependant of the king's, which you say I am.—And being so reverend a citizen, methinks a beleaguered town will be scarcely the stronger for your presence."

"I do not go thither to do battle in the cause; it were indeed not possible for me," replied Stonehenge, raising his right arm with a mournful glance, and Ingulph started to see that his hand was curiously clasped in an intricate silver machinery, which seemed contrived to supply the loss of the tendons. Recollecting the kinds of offence for which the punishment of mutilation was inflicted, Ingulph turned pale.

"I understand your thought; but I have told you I was the victim of injustice—of the injustice of that order of things which I call upon you to aid me to subvert," continued Master Stonehenge, with rising vehemence.

"To subvert!" repeated Ingulph. "To subvert what?—I understand you not! If to resist tyranny be lawful, and that be the cause in which you have embarked, to subvert is a word which expresses another idea."

"We will not dispute the nice meaning of a word, master student," replied Stonehenge, smiling austerely. "But do you alone, who are the destined instrument, comprehend not what is coming? See you not that the ancient pillars of the world are rotten, that the nations have drained their cup of bitterness, and that at length the chalice is to pass away?"

"I apprehend you not, Master Stonehenge; neither do I know what instrument I am, nor how destined," replied Ingulph.

"And yet it is so written! Is it possible that the stars of heaven can lie, so far above our human passions as they dwell in their blue serenity?" said Stonehenge, in a rapt tone.

"But earthly interpreters may!" replied Ingulph, with an involuntary smile. "But to what, I pray you, do these stars destine me, with whom you seem to have so intimate a conversation that they confide to you all their secrets?"

"You are the destined avenger—of your mother's wrongs—of mine—perchance of this great nation's!" replied the citizen, with some slight pauses of hesitation; "certainly of your own."

"Wrongs? Alas, they are common enough—too common—to excite aught but men's laughter," said Ingulph, mournfully.

"Common!—nay, they are not common," replied Stonehenge, in a low but inexpressibly bitter tone. "But are you assured we have no listeners? What I have to say admits of none."

Struck with the solemnity of his manner, Ingulph

stepped hastily to the door, examined without, and returned after carefully closing it.

He found Stonehenge apparently lost in reverie, which continued for some moments, with evident marks of strong mental emotions depicting themselves on his countenance.

"But he must be," he said, in a mournful tone, as if to himself. "I must fasten the vulture to this pure and noble heart; the bitter inheritance must be shared. Hearken," he continued in a louder voice; "hearken, retainer of monarchies, flatterer of nobles, servant of priests! your mother was betrayed to ignominy by the artifice of a false marriage; and yet from neither king, nor nobles, nor priests, was ever any other justice obtained—but this maimed limb by her brother!"

And he struck his silver-bound hand with violence on Ingulph's.

"A false marriage!—what mean you?" exclaimed the young student, staring aghast.

"Patience, and I will make me plain enough," replied Stonehenge, relapsing from his excited tone. "Your mother was very young—beautiful—too innocent to suspect the foul treachery to which she fell a victim. And oh, what a villanous craft was that! Under pretext of a private marriage, your father's rank being so much above hers,—by night, in masks, at the Fleet,—they married her to one of his basest menials, who happened to resemble him in stature and form."

"My mother was not then—not willingly—in God's name, understand me!" gasped Ingulph.

"She died of a broken heart," continued Stonehenge, in the calm hard tone of habitual sorrow; "and her betrayer lives, blazing in honours, wealth, and power, with a flourishing offspring to inherit all. And say you that this world needs no altering?"

Stonehenge fixed his glowing eyes, which seemed actually to reflect fire, on the young man's countenance, and watched the fluctuations of its expression through all the shades of rage, shame, and despair, until he exclaimed "Needs altering!—it needs destroying!—of a broken heart!—Let destruction loosen all her bloodhounds; let hell rage on the earth; let chaos come again, as it must ere even Omnipotence can set this ill creation right again! Henceforth I dedicate myself to the destruction of the foul mass which breeds these vermin of pride and luxury; all hail to thy discrowned head, republic that shall be!"

"You are too fast and hasty; perchance we may light upon a mean that stretches not so far, but shall yet cover all the justice of our cause," replied Stonehenge. "Your mother's marriage was valid in the sight of heaven; and this illustrious parliament now assembled has taken heaven's office on itself, judging by the sublime essentials of justice, and not by the crafty sounds of words. I have many friends in it, and would you appear before it to plead your own and your mother's cause, I doubt not that they will pronounce her marriage valid, and restore you to the honours and rights of which you have been basely deprived."

Ingulph stood for some moments lost in a chaos

of thought. At first there came over him a desolation of feeling, which seemed to deprive him of all motive for action, or resolve of any sort; but on a sudden the golden atmosphere of his imagination thronged full of hopes, and splendid phantasmata of the glories, pleasures, beauty, triumph, love, which had often glared on him in despairing reveries, rather as a grisly cloud of fiends mocking and jeering him out of the universe.

While he stood in this silence of emotion, more than of irresolution, a tap was heard at the door, and a rude hand pushed it suddenly open, and two figures entered.

One of these visitors was the provost, Huncks; the other was a very different sort of a personage, being a squat little dwarf, of wonderfully small proportions, arrayed in helmet and cuirass, like an ancient Roman, and with a gilded fasces in his hand.

"Sir Jeffrey Hudson!" exclaimed Stonehenge, as if involuntarily.

"Your poor servant, sir," returned the dwarf, with a courteous bend. "But how is this, Master Dethewarre, incomparable mirror of the Muses! I am sent to tell you that the queen's majesty is much amazed at your absence, and desires you to attend her momently in the presence."

Ingulph glanced at Stonehenge, who replied, significantly, "Nay, my business can well abide her majesty's pleasure; for I do not leave the city until sunset."

"And perhaps not then, my master," said Huncks, stepping boldly forward.

"This is an unexpected, and I may add, an undesired honour, master provost," said Ingulph, looking at the new comer with an expression of aught but welcome.

"I know I stand not very high in your good graces, and I am sorry for it, Master Dethewarre," said Huncks, in a humbler tone. "But if this good citizen be, like most of his tribe, a hard creditor, I have done you a good turn for the ill one you did me with the council,—as if I could prevent my prisoners from dying, when their time is up! I have an order from my lord, your father, to bring this stranger before him."

"For what purpose?" returned Ingulph, much startled.

"Mayhap to give him a lodging for the night under my care," said the provost, with a malicious grin.

"If you threaten, master hangman-in-chief, with no better authority than your own impudence, mayhap I shall not sufficiently respect it," said Ingulph, with a visible kindling of eye and cheek.

"My message is from the Marquis of Montacute, his majesty's lieutenant within this walled city of Oxford," replied the provost, stoutly. "His excellency likes not these sly visits of London gentry within his charge."

"I will be the Marquis of Montacute's bondman for my friend, if he came from—whither you are going," said Ingulph, with a burst of passion. "But, look you, Master Huncks, if you have no better bail

for yourself than that miserable carcass, take it with what speed you may out of my sight."

The provost, observing that Ingulph advanced towards him in a passionate manner, thought proper instantly to take the hint, and disappeared with an ironical bow. The dwarf, laughing heartily at the scene, followed his example, excepting that his farewell was more stately and solemn.

"I must depart instantly; I would not trust myself in that man's presence with the recollections that throng upon me," said Stonehenge. "Moreover, though years and toil have changed, he might recognise me; and 'tis not yet time. But do you assent to my proposal, or have you too much of your father's blood in your veins?"

"I will come to you in London—but to go to Gloucester and to serve against the king—I owe him some gratitude," said Ingulph, with troubled hesitation. "But I promise by an oath, which shall henceforth be the most sacred of all to me—by my mother's memory!—many days shall not elapse ere I follow you."

"'Tis false then—the legend of your devotion to the Jezebel of France," said Stonehenge. "'Tis not that I doubt in your word thus pledged, but I would fain disbelieve in this."

"Yes, 'tis false!—a perfidious invention of my enemies, which yet I dared not contradict," replied Ingulph, colouring deeply, and with a cloud of painful thought sweeping over his brow.

Stonehenge sighed audibly, and after an instant of

thought, continued, "There are horses and a guide furnished, with all that is necessary for a journey, at the Pot of Frankincense; which slight dispense, if it vex your pride, you can repay me when you have larger means; I will send the man to you, to receive your orders, as to the when and where of your departure."

Ingulph uttered a hasty acquiescence to this proposal, as if he were glad to be debarred the power of hesitation; and the merchant, apparently content with the success of his enterprise, shortly after bade his newly-claimed relative farewell.

## CHAPTER VII.

" The court is full of eyes,
As eagles' sharp, fatal as basilisks',
Who live on looking and who see to death."

DRYDEN.

SOON after the conversation just detailed, Master Stonehenge's fellow-traveller, the jolly apprentice, Joyce, was left to what above all things else he loved, his own liberty. It was true he had received certain instructions to regulate his conduct; but as he conceived he understood quite as well as his master all the essentials of prudence, he made no scruple to sally forth to see what was to be seen, almost as soon as the former had quitted Oxford, on his renewed journey.

The city seemed pouring out its motley population to the dregs. Gay cavaliers, solemn gownsmen, students, soldiers, grandees, and rabble, flooded the streets, whose holiday garbs and general hilarity, denoted that it was a day of festival.

Fearlessly following the general flow, Joyce entered the gardens of Christchurch, the guards posted at the entrance offering no check, and he found himself one of a merry throng, apparently awaiting some spectacle. On inquiry, Joyce learned that the king

was out, either hunting or hawking, and his return was expected.

Joyce had a very great curiosity to see the monarch, who, from the terrible manner in which his qualities were usually described, he expected to find some monster. But meantime, as the king seemed in no hurry to gratify his curiosity, he amused himself with wandering about the gardens, and admiring the splendid costumes of the courtiers, college dignitaries, and lackeys.

Joyce observed divers preparations in progress, which, from his own experience of the city shows, he very wisely concluded to be for some nocturnal revelry. Innumerable lamps hung among the trees, grotesque figures and machines, not meant to sustain the eye of day, peeped out in various parts; tables were dighted, as if in due season to be covered with viands; and grave officials appeared directing the most insignificant operations, as if they were matters of life and death.

He was inspecting these arrangements with a judicious and critical eye, when a distant flourish of trumpets admonished him to take up some point of vantage, whence to gratify his higher curiosity.

In a few minutes the royal hunting party appeared, the foremost being a party of the king's foresters, all clad in woodland green, and bearing among them the carcass of a noble stag, slung on the verdant branches of an oak, and borne in triumph on men's shoulders. A scattered multitude of cavaliers, rangers, and other attendants of the chase followed.

Among these the king was easily distinguishable, from alone wearing his hat, which he occasionally lifted carelessly, in answer to the enthusiastic shouts which greeted his approach. Joyce was surprised to remark the mild expression of the monarch's countenance, not, however, unmingled with that of haughtiness and gloom. But the stout apprentice had scarcely time to note the general cast of his handsome, melancholy visage, his curling, chestnut hair, pointed beard, and rich garb of dark maroon velvet, ere his attention was caught by a more engaging object.

It was a youthful huntress, mounted on a spirited horse, which she rode with a grace and boldness sufficient in itself to attract the gaze. But her beautiful face fixed it, with its pure rose-tinted complexion, delicate and finely-outlined features, lighted by the soft sparkle of eyes in which tenderness and gaiety alternated so rapidly that it was hardly possible to say which predominated. The elegant fulness and moulded grace of her form completed the indescribable charm of this lovely apparition.

Joyce was so much delighted with the young huntress's appearance, that he inquired who she was of an old cavalier, who stood beside him, and who seemed gazing with equal transport.

"The Lady Marie, as his majesty calls her," replied the gentleman; "daughter of the late poor martyred Earl of Strafford; but she was named after the queen—Henriette Marie."

Joyce, aware that it was not his business to attract attention to himself, almost repented of his question

as soon as he had asked it, and made off immediately it was answered.

After a time he observed, that the tide had now set in towards a stately building, which he perceived, peeping at such far intervals as marked its great extent, among the lofty oaks in which it was embosomed. Joyce demurely joined the procession, and found that it conducted him to a scene which he had long desired to witness—the king and his family dining in what was technically called the presence.

This public repast was one of the most august and stately ceremonies of the ancient court, but to a modern it would probably seem the least delightful. On these occasions the greatest nobles were present only as servitors to fulfil offices, mostly hereditary, relating to the sovereign's eating and drinking. Grand carvers, cup-bearers, tasters, and other dignitaries of the mouth, appeared in splendid and peculiar costumes; and the whole court assisted in solemn state, by standing around to witness apparently the disappearance of the viands.

As this feast was considered almost as one given to celebrate the parliament's overthrow, seldom was the court of Charles I. displayed to greater advantage since his expulsion from London. Unlike that of his airy successor, the severest etiquette regulated its festivals. The sober magnificence and stateliness of the Spanish manners, which the king had studied in his youth, and which suited his proud and melancholy temperament, were imitated in many particulars, and all the queen's French vivacity could not dispel their influence.

The dinner was served in the majestic hall of Christchurch, on the knee, with all the ceremonies of the say, which consisted in the king's giving command to uncover the courses as they were presented. Joyce's unaccustomed eye eagerly perused the splendour before him. The queen he perceived to be still a young and very pretty woman, with a vivacity of expression which gave a sparkling effect to her dark complexion. The Prince of Wales sat on her right hand, a tall dark youth, distinguished by his three-feathered cap, with its jewelled aigrette, and an already free and careless demeanour.

Numerous ladies, amongst whom the bright Marie was conspicuous, stood around the queen, and shed the glory of loveliness on the spectacle. Among the cavaliers, Joyce specially noticed one attired in a costume then nearly unknown in England—that of a Highland chief. The materials were of fine stuffs, the dirk and belt wrought in a costly style in silver; and the noble figure of the wearer was well calculated to display his garb. Another he noticed for his rakish and debauched, but very handsome countenance, lit up with wanton gaiety, whom he afterwards learned to be the Lord De la Pole.

The king from time to time addressed some grave observation, seldom chequered by a smile, among his courtiers; and if he unbent the austere dignity of his deportment, it was only when the queen, with the play of her French vivacity, seemed in a manner to vanquish his natural repugnance to all that partook of the levelling character of social enjoyment and familiarity. Much of this reserve might be im-

puted to a conscious deficiency in the lighter graces of language and thought, more to pride, and to the early disgust he had contracted in witnessing the boisterous jovialities and indecencies of his father's court. Joyce was not a very refined judge of manners, but he remarked, despite this habitual coldness, a general tone of high-bred courtesy in the king's demeanour; and in noticing the daughter of his unfortunate minister, which he frequently did, there was something even partaking of tenderness and self-reproach in the gentleness and marked distinction of his tone.

His consent to the destruction of Strafford, it is well known, was a life-long source of regret and sorrow to Charles, more especially as circumstances continued daily to demonstrate how useless the great sacrifice had been, and how valuable the talents, devotion, and courage of the man would have been to the master who had reluctantly but cruelly abandoned him. He evinced this remorse by all possible means, and chiefly by his regard and care for the children of the departed victim, and especially for the sole issue of his first marriage, the Lady Henriette Marie. On their part, the family of Strafford never considered the king as answerable for the fate of their progenitor, however vehement the hatred they cherished against the parliament and its supporters. The Lady Marie was an enthusiast so passionate in the sovereign's cause, that the queen sometimes laughingly affected jealousy; and professed her fears that she should finally be obliged to remove her from the court. The queen was believed to have had some hand in per-

suading Charles, from her own selfish fears, to consent to his minister's destruction; and it was, perhaps, the consciousness of this fact which induced her frequently, although jestingly, to ascribe the shade of melancholy which, since her father's death, had at times darkened the natural gaiety of Marie's disposition, to the effect of a supposed secret passion. In fact, this was one of the standing court jests with all but the king, who knew nothing at all about it, and would have been in a high degree offended by it; although the certainty of the groundlessness of any suspicion of the sort heightened the savour of the raillery with the initiated.

With all his prejudices, Joyce could not but acknowledge, as he surveyed the scene, that it was a fine thing to be courtier, to compose a part in so splendid and stately an assemblage. The preponderance of the sober magnificence of the Spanish dress marked the influence of the monarch's taste, and its contrast to the garish fopperies of the French costume, as displayed by De la Pole and some other of the young courtiers, was entirely to its advantage in point of regal, and at the same time chaste effect. The grandeur of the noble hall in which the feast was held, contributed largely to the general stateliness of the spectacle,—the high painted windows shedding broad masses of light over its details, and harmonizing its diversified groups of courtiers, ladies, scholastic dignitaries, priests, (among whom, infinitely to the scandal of Joyce, was a Romish cardinal, in his scarlet robes, in amicable discourse, alas! with a bishop of the English church,)

scholars, soldiers, pages, and other servitors, with a great mass of spectators, men and women, who were all in their best holiday attire, and for the most part with nosegays in their hats or at their breast-knots, in which the lily preponderated—for it was the queen's birthday.

The royal dinner concluded at last about the time when Joyce began to wonder if it ever would, and a magnificent dessert was spread, which, amidst a glorious clangour of trumpets, was handed about among the more distinguished guests, or rather gazers, with silver goblets of spiced wines, and information that his majesty drank to their healths. In the midst of this ceremonial, it was announced that a deputation from the university had arrived, to congratulate the king's visit and success.

An order was instantly given for their admittance, and amidst a body of grave dignitaries, gownsmen, and students, in various and sometimes splendid costumes, came Ingulph Dethewarre. Joyce did not know him, but his peculiarly fitful and absent manner, and the attention which was shortly afterwards directed to him, very soon fixed his notice.

The orator of the deputation, after a long and inflated harangue, describing the university's share and joy in the complete triumph achieved over the enemies of his majesty's prerogative, and of all decency and subordination in church and state, begged his royal acceptance of an ancient manuscript Virgil, a wonderful and unique specimen of the caligraphical art, as a token of his daughter the university's unfeigned duty and joyful welcome. The king thanked

their love in a short speech, and graciously accepted the present. It seemed that Ingulph, probably from a notion that he was a favourite at court, had been selected to present it, and he stepped forward with the richly-emblazoned tome in his hand. The queen's eye sparkled, and a slight colour visited her cheek, as she said, with a smiling nod, "Here is our new Benserade, sire!—your majesty will be glad to recognize your favoured servant in so accomplished a poet."

"Stink-pot of prelacy!" muttered Joyce, as Ingulph knelt at the feet of his royal patroness, and kissed her jewelled hand with a pale glow overspreading his features.

"'Tis Master Dethewarre, who has composed the masque which her majesty is pleased to give to celebrate your happy return and victories—a grace in which we are all honoured?" said the Marquis of Montacute, with an anxious glance at the king.

An expression of strong displeasure passed over Charles's countenance.

"Soh! you are a poet after the fashion of Master Petrarca, the Italian,—a love-poet?" he said, after a pause. "Marry, to whom are these nightingale songs of thine warbled?"

"Sire," began Ingulph, somewhat quiveringly, and a deeper blush mantled on his brow; when the Lady Marie interrupted him—

"Let not your majesty cause so great a jealousy in your court, as to make Master Dethewarre give the apple!" she said, with a bright and yet troubled smile.

"Nay, surely, Marie, you are no pretendant, being De la Pole's betrothed, which word wants but a deeper shade to be—wife!" said Charles, in a displeased tone, but which gradually softened as he spoke.

"But, sire, even that word is no security against a poet's sighs; nor see I why it should, since Waller besings my Lady Sunderland, and my lord carries her the verses!" said the queen, haughtily.

"What is the argument of your masque, master poet?" said Charles, in a somewhat milder tone.

"A Grecian legend,—the tale of Psyche, my liege," replied Ingulph.

"The which fair damsel I am, and have verses sweet as flute music to utter," said the Lady Marie, glancing smilingly at Ingulph, to whose excited flush a leaden paleness instantly succeeded.

"And I am Dan Cupid, and I would not for the world miss my part, 'tis so full of sweet and moving discourse!" said the prince, very eagerly, and with a glance of more expression at Marie than pleased the king.

"Look that there be no license in it! Has our master of the revels overlooked it?" said Charles, hastily.

"No, sire, I have not been so permitted—so commanded," said the stiff old gentleman to whom Joyce had addressed his question, in the gardens.

"Her majesty's sanction was held to be sufficient, please you," said Ingulph, warmly.

"The queen is perchance not so sufficiently inbred to the language as to discern what lurking mis-

chiefs may lie now-a-days in phrases and twists of sound," returned the king, sternly.

"Nay, sire, methinks you may fairly take my word that my minstrel's rhymes contain no treason," said the queen, placing her hand on the king's shoulder, and leaning forward on it as if to remark the beauty of the splendid volume which Ingulph still knelt with at the king's feet. "So, good Sir Thomas can lay aside his spectacles until they are needed for the inspection of some such poetry as godly Master Milton of London writes."

"Poetry, my liege, is a falcon that never bites but when you check it," said a nobleman who was standing near the king's chair in a rich but somewhat neglected garb, and with a pale, suffering look, as if preyed upon by some mental sorrow.

"True, Falkland, but the master of the revels hath an office which I would not have robbed of its prerogatives, considering that these are times in which whenever we grant an inch there is always one to take an ell," said Charles, with a vexed glance at the kneeling poet.

"It might as well be granted, what the same Milton so impudently demands, in his Areopagetica," said the master of the revels, advancing under this encouragement. "He would have it that all men, high and low, gentle and simple, schismatic or faithful, loyal subjects or Jacky Pym plotters, should have the liberty, or rather license, of printing whatever they please, without the inspection of his majesty's chaplains, or of any other grave and judicious authority!"

"Nay, I know not that it requires so much of gravity and white-haired wisdom, to judge in poetry," said the queen; "an owl were an ill judge of the tints of rainbows or flowers; but at all events I am a humble suitor to your majesty that this poem of Master Dethewarre's may, on my word, be held current coin to pass unweighed."

"What Paynim caitiff could refuse so fair a lady's prayer, much less the sovereign of the Garter?" said Charles, tenderly. "Poets, methinks, should be faithful to me, who have ever proved myself a reverent lover of the Muses; and when it shall please heaven to stop the bleeding wounds of this land, I will by all means prompt my English to excel in those beauteous arts of painting, poesy, and sculpture, as much as they do in rugged and mechanic toils. But methinks there should be some order kept in these matters, that the ancient modesty and submission be not overpassed."

"The ancient freedom let us have then, too, sire, for the circle of Shakspere is the universe!" said Ingulph, in a low but firm tone.

"Freedom indeed, but not license; freedom, but not as they understand the word at Westminster," said Charles, not displeased with the allusion to his favourite poet.

"Would they could understand it as your majesty and all honest and loyal men do!" said Lord Falkland.

"My Lord Falkland is ever sighing out, like a lackadaisical lover, his mistress's name, Peace! Peace!" said De la Pole, laughing. "But if he

waits till honest men bring it to pass, there will be time enough to debate the conditions."

"Falkland has the right to love peace more than any other man, by showing that he fears war less!" said Charles, gravely.

"Truly, sire, I care not how soon the black earth devours me, to use father Homer's phrase, could my dying sense close with the music of that sweet word!" said Falkland, with a deep sigh.

"My Lord Falkland is so great a lover of London and Greek, that he can only bear to lose one for the sake of the other; but to lose both for a word—for it will never be the thing until these rebels are crushed into the dust they sprang from—were methinks too much," said Lord De la Pole, and Charles glanced approvingly at him.

"Gloucester cannot hold out; and when that submits, let my proud London look to herself!" said the king, with warmth.

"And let the factious preachers who have made their pulpits resound with abuse of me, look to it that day I set foot again in Whitehall!" said the queen, passionately. "The insolent state-mongers! that have dared to proclaim their queen a traitress because she would have crushed their treason! But we keep Master Dethewarre too long on his knees, were he begging the head of Pym himself, instead of presenting your majesty so noble a gift."

"Rise, sir, we thank our faithful daughter the university very heartily," said Charles. "We grieve for the trouble our presence necessarily brings to her learned quiet, but will make some good amends

in fitting season. Cambridge, we fear, hath little reason to boast her tranquillity, if those late accounts we hear concerning the robbery of its plate and valuables be true."

"'Tis true enough, sire, that sacrilegious despoiling is confirmed," said a dignitary in episcopal robes. "The robber is one Colonel Oliver Cromwell, who hath of late made himself so infinitely mischievous against your majesty in those parts."

"That man is of an order, who, if peace be not soon concluded, will by-and-by suffer none but of their own making," said Falkland, gloomily. "Is not this the fellow that uttered those strange words to his soldiery, that he would not puzzle them with perplexed expressions as to whom they fought for, king or parliament; but truly, if his majesty should chance to be in the body of the opposers, he would as soon pistol him as any private man; and if their consciences would not let them do the like, he did exhort them not to follow him!"

"I would some man would do me that good service to bring me so transcendant a traitor's head!" said Charles, hastily. "If it please God we ever see Whitehall again, we will have it on the gates or ever we eat a meal there! I would, Sir Kenelm," he continued, in a livelier tone, "I would you could show us that day in your beryl, of which you report such notable wonders."

"Oh, that were little to Sir Kenelm, who raises the devil merely to help him make his wife's cosmetics," said the queen, smiling. "But a pageant more gorgeous than that with which they welcomed

us last to the city,—just ere they drove us hither,—art magic cannot show. Fie, what a glitter and glisten was there! It did well seem, in those gold-bedaubed habits of the London chandlery, what 'tis that puffs their insolence, and how well they can afford to pay for its indulgence when we return."

"What needs Sir Kenelm's beryl, when we have the Sortes Virgilianæ at command?" said Lord Falkland, with a melancholy smile. "Will it please you to try the old Roman divination, sire? It may divert to observe what senselessness these oracles oft prate."

"Nay, my lord, the new light holds all questionings of providence superstition, unless they be pricked for in the Bible," said De la Pole, with mock solemnity of reproof.

"Would you learn, my Lady Derby, how long you can keep your house at Latham, in case the rebels come again before it?" said Charles to a lady of stately presence, who stood erect and stiff behind the queen's chair.

"Let me but know how long I shall have powder to charge a gun, and I need to learn no more, please you," returned the haughty countess.

"We will try our own luck then," said Charles; and taking a jewelled pin from the queen's ruff, he added, "Come, master scholar, you are the fittest man to interpret a Latin oracle; bring Maro hither, and we will dive into him as into that dark well in which truth sits wringing her drenched locks."

Ingulph obeyed, and again knelt before the king with the noble volume in his hands.

Despite the absurdity of the experiment, such was the superstition of the times, that the whole court looked on with eager and undissembled curiosity as Charles pricked in the illuminated tome, and Ingulph opened at the place. All was mute expectation. Rather regarding the office as an escape from his former embarrassment, Ingulph began reading in an oratorical and somewhat pompous manner, as befitted the enunciation of an oracle. But as he proceeded, and marked the singular aptness of the quotation, the emotion of the king and of the whole auditory, his voice sunk to a depth which unintentionally added solemnity to the words.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"As in the antique time the sybil raved
Her two-tongued prophecies, and lied the truth."

LASCELLES.

THE passage lighted on was the denunciation of Dido to Æneas, when about to sacrifice herself in the despair of her abandonment, she upbraids him with his cruelty, and imprecates vengeance.

"Et Diræ ultrices, et Di morientis Elisæ,
Accipite hæc, meritumque malis avertite numen,
Et nostras audite preces: Si tangere portus
Infandum caput, ac terris adnare, necesse est,
Et sic fata Jovis poscunt, hic terminus hæret,
At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iüli,
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur;
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ." *

* "Avenging Furies, and gods of dying Elisa! receive these my words, turn your divine regard on my wrongs, and accept my prayers. If it must be, and the decrees of Jove compel that the execrable traitor reach the port, and get safe to land: Yet persecuted, at least, by war and the arms of a daring

In that learned court and audience there were few who did not understand the passage in its energy, and a gloom gathered on men's minds, which was deepened by the shadows of the now westering sun. But the effect on Charles was singularly great. He fixed his eyes, with a troubled expression, on the young poet's countenance, and seemed to sink into a sombre reverie as he gazed.

"One would think we were love-sick city wenches, listening to a groat's-worth of Lilly's lies," said Falkland, breaking the silence with a forced appearance of gaiety. "I will speedily show your majesties what a little dependence is to be placed on these predictions, by showing how ill they will fit my case! I warrant I light on some stirring speech for war, and the blood-stained military glories which I do most abominate."

And taking the Virgil from Ingulph, he flung it open at another place, and read with rapidity—probably expecting something utterly incongruous—but it was the passionate apostrophe of Evander to his slaughtered son.

"Non hæc, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
Cautius ut sævo velles te credere Marti.
Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,

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people, expelled from his own lands, torn from the embrace of Iülus, may he implore aid, and see the ignominious deaths of his friends! And after he shall have submitted to the terms of a disadvantageous peace, let him neither enjoy his crown, nor the wished-for light of life: But die before his time, and lie unburied in the midst of the sandy shore!"

Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset.
Primitiæ juvenis miseræ bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta." *

The consternation of the assembly increased, as was evinced by the profound silence which followed the enunciation of this unlucky passage.

"Come, my lord, we have had enough of this foolery," said Charles, with a sudden and forced cheerfulness. "We will try the Sortes some day when they are in a more obliging mood; but meanwhile I have been studying these few minutes to remember whom Master Dethewarre so resembles. There is a likeness in my mind as in a dark mirror; but I cannot distinctly call up the certainty."

"Probably—'tis something of the De la Pole feature your majesty traces," said the marquis, with a spasmodic attempt at a smile.

"You have some reason, perchance, to look for it there, my lord?" said Sir Jeffrey Hudson, pushing forward with a cackling chuckle, which set all the young courtiers laughing and the ladies waving their fans, and heightened the king's gloom.

"I have little else of theirs, then, sire!" said Ingulph, glaring fiercely round the assembly.

"Or perhaps your majesty detects some other resemblance; for I doubt if the De la Poles have an

* "These, O Pallas! are not the promises thou gavest thy parent, that with more caution thou wouldst trust thyself to the bloody combat. I was not ignorant, how far rising fame in arms, and the bewitching charms of honour, in the first action might carry thee. Ah, fatal to the youth have been his first essays, hard his probation of early war!"

exclusive claim to the honours of the parentage!" said Montacute, with excessive bitterness. Ingulph was silent for an instant, but the insult worked through all his veins like fire.

"Methinks your lordship took some precaution to insure my mother's good faith," he said at last, "seeing that your cruelty and perfidy brought her to an untimely grave, by the hard death which a broken heart inflicts."

Montacute looked at the speaker for a moment, with an expression even of fear; and then he laughed as if it were at some good joke.

"If the lady be dead, 'tis more than I knew," he said, turning grave at the glance which the king cast at him. "The last I heard of her, was to the effect that she was become as great a saint as ever she had been a sinner, and was held to be one of the gifted sisters, and a precious vessel of the elect, in congregations of the godly in London."

"There is some slight mistake in that, my lord; I happen to have better intelligence," said Ingulph, with bitter significance.

"And so, by the way, we learn," said Charles, sternly. "What special business have you with yonder Master Stonehenge, who hath, it seemed, constituted himself chief banker to my traitors in London, and whose word passes for their most extravagant borrowings?"

"Where is he?—I sent one to tell you to bring him before me," said the marquis, anxiously.

"He had a sufficient pass from your majesty's generals; and as his business was of a peremptory

description, I saw no reason to detain him as soon as it was settled in Oxford," replied Ingulph, firmly, but more calmly.

"I desire to know his purpose with you, sir! At least I will be obeyed in Oxford, and I think it strange that you should take upon you to judge of the propriety of obeying the orders of one whom you are bound to obey for even a stronger reason than the office he holds in my service," said Charles, with passionate asperity.

"Methinks it could scarcely be to effect a loan with Master Dethewarre, on the mere strength of his resemblance to our family; or I would I knew so confiding a citizen myself," said Lord De la Pole, with a scornful laugh.

"Nay, 'twas on another family score," said Ingulph, whose passion betrayed itself in the tremulous tone of his voice. "Master Stonehenge brought me an invitation from my mother's London relatives to visit them; and as they are rich enough to afford me lodging and entertainment, I think truly to relieve my friends in Oxford of the burden of my maintenance."

"Nay, you will not desert us at this season, when our affairs are prosperous?" said Charles, with a slight sneer.

"If your majesty is pleased to give me a pass to London, I may visit my relatives there without suspicion, at such a juncture," returned the excited poet.

"Tut, Dethewarre, what folly is this? Are you my sworn servant, and speak of going to London

without first obtaining my permission?" said the queen, interposing with much surprise. "Yet, truly, marquis, I must tell you that I do not think this gentleman owes you so much duty as to beg yours."

"You shall have your pass when you will, sir! Perchance I may not be long in following you to the capital, whither you go to join my enemies," said Charles, with increasing anger.

"Nay, sire, you wrong Master Dethewarre," at this point interposed the Lady Marie, who had listened to the sharp dialogue with a changing complexion. "There never was true poet but he was a true man too; and you shall as soon find treason in Master Dethewarre's heart as poison-berries on the oak."

Ingulph looked up with such a sparkle of delight in his expression, that the fair Marie coloured till the pure blood overspread her face, and even as much of her bosom as was visible at the open ruff.

"We would the lady to whom your homage is paid should have the honour of it, master poet," said Charles, in a milder tone, as if conscious that this scene was not exactly suited to so public an auditory.

"Nay, sire, that were not according to any rule of the *gaye science* with which we are acquainted," said the queen. "My Lord Montrose shall be the judge, who is so profoundly read in Amadis of Gaul, and in the doings of that spotless mirror of chivalry, Tristan the Sad."

"Moreover, sire, a discovery would deprive Dethewarre of his universal smiles, in exchange only

for a particular disdain," said De la Pole, with a tart smile.

"Beauty is chivalry's sole lawgiver; and when can it pronounce from lips more sovereign?" said the courtly Scot.

"'Tis enough for you men, that all of you understand our poet's love is without success, and without hope," said the queen, with an arch smile at her husband. "Marie, let the king hear that dulcet sonnet, called 'Love's Despair,' commencing—how is't?

'Like a dark torrent through a sunless cave,
Or joyless dream, passes my youth away;
For Love———'

What is it that follows, minion? You learned it by heart."

"At your majesty's commendation, for I am to seek for any other reason," said Marie, with affected playfulness, but with an emotion which was visible in spite of her efforts. "But I have forgotten it now."

"Then, too, there is the ballad of the 'Hermit Love,' as quaintly devised as any fancy of Herrick's," said Falkland, advancing to the rescue. "If I remember aright, it began thus:—

'Deep in my heart's all-silent cell
The hermit Love unblamed may dwell;
No cold stern eye shall there intrude,
To break our dreamy sŏlitude,
Where Love, the rapt religious saint' "—

"Enough, enough, my lord," interrupted Charles at this point. "And yet we own we are not without

curiosity in the matter, and therefore command you, Master Dethewarre, to set this ruby into some wreath or other device, and crown therewith the lady of your thoughts, in our presence."

The king took a valuable jewel from his own sleeve, where it was pinned, and handed it to Dethewarre, who hesitated a brief but very observable moment as he bent to receive it.

"Nay, Master Dethewarre, you may use your poet's privilege certes without offence," said the queen, with an encouraging smile. "Were we ourself the lodestar of your verse, we are enough of the humour of our fair sister, the now Regent of France, to forgive you; for she would say—she was only offended if any man misliked her. Do you remember the time, sire?"

"Marie, yes," replied the king with marked tenderness, for the reminiscence carried him back to a happy scene of his youth. "And what was it that Buckingham answered—the madcap! 'There is but one man could mislike you, lady—that hath the best reason to the contrary—your husband!'"

And Charles smiled with some degree of sadness, as the memory of the volatile and splendid favourite crossed him, mingled with that of the bloody catastrophe which so suddenly extinguished his glories. A general gloom shaded the court sunshine.

"Come, my lords, we have had enough of these follies," said Charles, rising suddenly. "You of the council follow me, and we will decide in the matter of the condemned rebel, Lilburn, whether 'tis now fit to visit them with the law's execution, or wait till

we have no fear of this insolent threatened retaliation; and then, sweetheart, we will witness your masque."

"But meanwhile I will not part with your majesty for a moment, since I am to have your company but for a snatch of heaven, as it were," said the queen, taking her royal spouse's arm. "And poor as our wit is, we will hope it may be somewhat enlightened by the wisdom which will doubtless be displayed on this occasion."

The spectators, understanding the king's pleasure, made their obeisances, and the queen, giving a smiling admonition to Dethewarre to have all things prepared, retired with the king, her ladies, and some of the principal attendants on the court.

"Fill me a goblet of claret," said the young prince, suddenly changing his attitude from the stately respect with which he stood until his sire had disappeared. "I have scarce tasted this whole dinner while, and truly the French wines are of kin to me, being half French myself."

"'Twas by a mere chance your highness escaped being half Spanish, and then you would have loved sherris, and been dry and adust as any hidalgo of them all," said De la Pole, laughing. "So let us give the glory to God, as the holy have it, and rejoice on earth that we have a gallant young prince who is willing to enjoy it himself, and let the rest of the world have their shares."

"De la Pole, I shall make thee jealous to-day, more especially if I take as many quaffs at this wine as would cure the thirst of yon dry sermon of Juxon's this morning," said the prince. "Oh, I

do marvel at thee, De la Pole, that have such fruit in reach, and will not put out thine hand to gather it."

"My Lady Marie will not wed till the wars be over, and the king allows her plea because he fancies she is still mourning for her father, and would satisfy his manes first with the blood of those London traitors," said De la Pole, with a slightly troubled glance at Ingulph. "But when it falls, our moody cousin here shall write us an epithalamium which Sappho herself would find too passionate."

"I thank your lordship—but when I sing again, it shall be of war, battle, destruction, vengeance!" said Ingulph, with strange vehemence. "But again I thank the choice."

"Well, here's to the downfal of the poor old parliament, which is tottering on its last leg at Gloucester," said the prince, taking the opportunity to fill another goblet.

"Yet am I sorry for one thing—that the utter vanquishing of the rogues prevents honest men of an opportunity to show their love and duty," said Montrose. "Tut! had I not been born a gentleman, and so on the king's side, I would have taught them how to die at least with a better grace."

"Therein Dethewarre has the advantage of us all," said De la Pole, with his sarcastic smile. "He is born on both sides, and may take the advantage of either."

"I was born on the side of the wronged and the

oppressed, truly," said Ingulph, sharply. "But whether it must still continue the weaker in England lies still perchance on the edge of as good swords as any that made the Netherlands a free republic."

"I do marvel at the royalties of Europe suffering that most ill example among them," said Montrose.

"They live not by the sufferance of kings, my lord," replied Ingulph. "And you, whom men report well read in antique story, may remember there were such republics as Athens and Rome."

"Think you to find Athens at London?" said Montrose, laughing. "Among those fierce, narrow-hearted and narrow-headed sectaries, look you to breathe the atmosphere of Pericles?"

"I can breathe any but that of slavery; that indeed would choke me, were the whole sky my prison!" retorted Ingulph.

"Wherever there are wine, women, and wit, surely a man may live to his heart's content," said the prince. "But rather than sing psalms through my nose, and go to heaven so unpleasantly as they do in London, I would travel the other way with such another graceless rogue as De la Pole here. But, Dethewarre, I shall make a gentleman of thee too, in spite of fate; marry you to my nurse, Wyndham's daughter, and so make a lady and a gentleman in a lump. For all the lass is plain, she is worth a man's while, for I mean to give her a good tocher, as the canny Scot has it, Montrose."

"I humbly thank your highness!" said Ingulph, biting his lip till the blood came.

"Let us make a betrothal of it, then!" exclaimed De la Pole, gaily. "Brown Bess though she be, I am sure their majesties will not take it amiss if she were married out of his highness's way. Shall I break the matter to the queen, Ingulph?"

"You shall do better to confine your attention to your own affairs!" returned Dethewarre, much exasperated.

"Why, man, I regard thine as part and parcel, especially in this matter, to see thee cozily bedded," said De la Pole.

"Perchance 'tis more your business, De la Pole, than you think," continued the prince, with an arch smile. "It was but yesterday Master Dethewarre presented Marie with a nosegay, and happening to steal up to her unawares, I found her kissing it—ay, and with the tears standing in her eyes!"

"But what put your highness stealing up to my betrothed unawares?" said De la Pole, with affected carelessness. "Besides, our good half-cousin has a privilege, but from any other inferior, the presumption of such offerings would call for correction."

"And would you administer it to any grievous excess, my lord?" said Ingulph, flushing darkly, and folding his arms.

"Why, who else should have the precedence, being the Lady Marie's all but husband?" replied De la Pole, with a glance which flashed full of the secret hatred in his heart.

"Look to it then, lest the time arrive on the sud-

den," said Ingulph; and bending to the prince, he pinned the ruby which the king had given him significantly in his cap, and retired from the circle. But ere he reached the general mass of spectators, a loud and general laugh from the prince's circle seemed to deride the heroic style of his departure.

## CHAPTER IX.

"I knew 'twere madness to declare this truth,
And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love."

DRYDEN.

WEDGED among a distant body of spectators, Joyce had but partially overheard what passed in the royal group; but observing Ingulph's departure, he thought it was now a good time to introduce himself and his business to his notice. He observed that he clenched his hand as he went, and seemed absorbed in thought; but Joyce was no great respecter of metaphysics in any form, and he presented himself abruptly before the young student.

"You come upon me at a good instant; we will start with daybreak to-morrow," said Ingulph, after listening to his future guide's explanation. "Meanwhile, amuse yourself as you may or can; or, stay! —you are unknown in this city, and may therefore do me a service in delivering a letter which needs an unsuspected messenger. Return hither at nightfall, and I will give such orders as shall admit you to a view of these court festivities, if you have any desire to witness them."

"Truly, sir, but that in respect I know not whether it be a sin or not to be present at a masque, being that it is a sort of stage-play," said the Londoner, in a somewhat puzzled tone; but his curiosity seemed immediately to overpower the doubt, for he added, "yet seeing that it is a fashion of this carnal court —and that we should do at Rome as the Romans do —with your honour's permission I will make one, though 'tis little better than bear-baiting or cock-fighting on a holiday."

This weighty matter arranged, Ingulph returned to Merton's, in the hall of which college it seemed the masque was to be presented, and Joyce began to think that it was time to return to his inn and his dinner. As he moved off for the purpose he was suddenly joined by a man for whose company he had very little desire, being the provost-marshal, Huncks.

This personage, however, saluted him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and immediately invited the Londoner to crush a pottle of sack with him. The invitation was one which it went hard against Joyce's heart to decline; but remembering his master's cautions, he very resolutely announced that he was going to his dinner, and that physicians did strongly recommend the drink to be taken after rather than before that important meal.

"By St. George, you are right; and therefore I will first dine with you," returned the provost; "and so the reckoning will fall the lighter, for I will pay all that is drunk, if thou wilt pay all that is eaten, for I like well to hear the news from London."

"Nay, if you say so, have with you, companion," said Joyce, who was naturally of a very sociable disposition, and thought it was advisable to cultivate the good graces of so formidable a functionary.

They returned together to the Pot of Frankincense, where the excellent repast which Joyce had ordered, for he had ample means left him by Stonehenge, was already smoking on the board. Willing to be revenged on his forced companion, and to show him that he was not the city milk-sop which he repeatedly called him, Joyce moistened his viands with a full proportion of wine; and the provost, by frequent challenges, increased his libations.

Gradually, and with the skill of one whose natural turn was to artifice and deceit, the provost shifted the conversation to the subject of Master Stonehenge's arrival. He feigned to be ignorant of his departure, and observed that the marquis merely desired to see him to do him service, in case he had any intention of lending Master Dethewarre money, by convincing him of the hopelessness of repayment.

Joyce professed his ignorance of his master's intentions, but between boasting and endeavours to baffle the provost's questions, gave so singular an account of him as rather heightened than satisfied that worthy's curiosity.

It appeared that the merchant had not long arrived in London from Mexico, where he had realized his immense wealth; but he had already made himself so conspicuous in the parliament's cause, that the custody of Whitehall, and a residence in it, was

assigned to him. He had a young and very beautiful wife, about whom there circulated reports of a strange nature; for she was believed by some to be a witch or fairy, or some such supernatural being, probably from the peculiarities of her appearance, or the foreign manners which she necessarily possessed. Had Joyce stopped short with these particulars, he had not, perhaps, done much harm; but, unhappily, in his desire to shift the conversation, he began, in his turn, to question Huncks about the festivities that were to be celebrated. To get rid of the interruption, the provost instantly offered to admit him to see the spectacle; upon which Joyce answered with some haughtiness, that orders had already been given for his admission by Master Dethewarre. Then, suddenly recollecting that it was not advisable the connexion between them should be known, he added that he was to go to the college merely to receive a letter, and convey it to his master.

Huncks took apparently no farther notice of the circumstance, but there was something in his eye which awakened suspicion in Joyce, who was a shrewd fellow in the main. Shortly afterwards he pretended to be overcome with the wine or with weariness, closed his eyes, and answered the provost's questions so much at random that he at last found it useless to ask any more, and finally left his companion to his slumbers.

However feigned these might have been at first, Joyce gradually sunk into a real repose, from which he did not awake for several hours, and then not by his own agency. Some one plucked him by the

sleeve, and, looking up, he beheld Master Dethewarre.

"Come with me, I need you now," he said, hastily. "The revelry will soon commence; and immediately on its conclusion I desire you to seek out a certain damsel, called Lolotte, a Frenchwoman, who waits on the Lady Marie, to deliver her this paper."

"I understand, master," replied Joyce, with a knowing wink. "But Mistress Lolotte will thank me little for my errand, if it is to bid her farewell in a letter, when a man can do it so much better in person."

"She will understand for whom it is intended, and concerning what," replied Ingulph, somewhat haughtily. "But come with me, and I will give you such farther directions as are necessary."

There was something in the manner of the student which compelled obedience, and Joyce followed him in silence, until they entered the precincts of Merton College.

It was now evening, and rapidly becoming dark; the common crowd of spectators had long since been excluded from the gardens, but a great number of persons of distinction in splendid court dresses glided about in the faint silvery light of the rising moon. Ingulph pointed out to his attendant a part of the college in which the queen's ladies were lodged, and desired Joyce to convey a letter which he handed him, thither, before the court, which was to assemble in the hall of the college, broke up, but not before he had ascertained the commencement of

the masque. Joyce, understanding this as a precaution against detection, readily promised obedience; and Ingulph admitted him with himself through the partizans of a numerous guard into the college.

Entering the hall, Joyce was surprised to find himself one of a large and brilliant assemblage. The whole building was transformed into a species of theatre, hung with tapestry and coloured silk, with wreaths of flowers suspended all round, and lighted with a profusion of wax tapers. In the centre were two rich chairs or thrones elevated under a canopy, and surrounded by a guard with gilt axes. A piece of tapestry, very beautifully wrought in gold, hung over a species of stage erected at the further end of the hall. The student safely ensconced his attendant amongst the gazers beyond the amphitheatre occupied by the court, and then retired to superintend the preparations behind the scenes.

Shortly after, the king entered, with a large retinue of nobles and ladies, and took his place on one of the thrones. Neither the queen nor prince were there, but the absence of these two great personages was soon explained, when to a dulcet harmony of voices and flutes the tapestry before the scene rolled back.

The stage represented a voluptuous landscape in Paphos, with a fountain in the centre, which threw its silvery waters high in the air, falling on a fantastic group of dolphins, nymphs, and a water-god with his urn. Numerous statues stood around, filling the soul with a voluptuous sense of harmony in their marble beauty; and flowers exhaled their living

sweetness in the air. Altogether, the scene was so dreamily poetic and gorgeous, that the spectators held their breath, lest they should dispel some glassy creation of magic.

Scarcely was this illusion produced, ere to strains of melting music, Venus, and all the chief gods of Olympus, entered in procession. Joyce was scandalized to learn that the goddess was personated by the queen, and all the other heathen divinities by divers lords and ladies of the highest rank. But even his imagination, or rather notion of such personages, was somewhat shocked by observing that the fair and rosy God of Love was enacted by a youth of swarthy complexion, but whose amorous eyes and demeanour were not ill-sorted to his part.

Joyce understood in general that Venus was reprimanding her son for some misconduct; but though the melody of the verse pleased his ear, not being at all familiar with the legend of Psyche, he but partly guessed the meaning. The goddess seemed to threaten her wandering boy; but as if appeased by his submissive answers, smoothed her ruffled beauties, and attended by her whole retinue of divinities, approached the king. Infinitely to Joyce's surprise, one of these, whose graceful figure well sustained the personage of Apollo, addressed the king as the father of all the gods; and in a noble panegyric, welcomed him back from his victory over the Titans to Olympus.

It was the Lord De la Pole, whose eyes seemed all alight at once with mirth and mischief. During the first part of the poetical address, Charles seemed

pleased and gratified, but it concluded in so singular a manner, that although pronounced without any visible consciousness by Apollo, it sounded as if the addition of some other hand meant to throw ridicule on all that went before.

" Thus oft the antique Thunderer, men say,
Would leave his lightnings slumbering round his throne ;
And in a wife's fond arms forget to slay :—
The only wonder is, our's wife 's his own !"

The peculiar turn of this compliment caused a general and irrepressible titter. Charles frowned, and the queen herself glanced surprisedly at De la Pole, who kept an unmoved countenance. The queen then took her place beside Charles, who, as he handed her up, said something in a low and displeased tone, to which she replied aloud, and with vivacity—" I marvel at it ; 'tis matter added, and of extreme ill-placing."

The master of the revels shrugged his shoulders, and smoothened his long grey beard in emphatic silence.

A collation was now served by the noblemen and pages in attendance, consisting of fruit, wine, and sweetmeats, of a variety of delicacy of which scarcely traditions remain in the modern kitchen.

This refreshment disposed of, the masque proceeded ; Sir Jeffrey Hudson announced with a loud, manly voice, that the scene was now in Arcadia, although it was not at all changed.

A murmur of delight arose among the spectators, when the beautiful Psyche appeared, stepping as

gracefully as a young fawn, her loveliness increased by a pensive expression of countenance, which harmonized well with the character she was to sustain. Her white robes hung with all the simplicity of Grecian sculpture around her form, which might have vied with its most perfect ideals. Her first words, pronounced with witching melody, excited a murmur of delight; and Charles, a monarch of refined taste in poetical excellence, seemed to smoothen his frowning brows as he listened.

The plot was well-knit and rapid, as suited the occasion; but the scene changed not until the palace of Love was announced by the stentorian voice of the dwarf. A sudden darkness veiled the scene; the woods and fountains seemed to melt away; and to the astonishment of the spectators, the opening of numerous fountains of light, rushing up and overflowing in exact resemblance to sheaves of corn, revealed a scene which the beauteous divinity could scarcely have surpassed, when planning the reception of his earthly love. To such great perfection had these pageantries reached under Charles I., which all the magnificence of the Grand Monarque never eclipsed.

Psyche lay asleep upon a bed of flowers; an invisible chorus of nymphs warbled, with exquisite harmony, a song of welcome and triumph. The king's brows again knit, when in the midst of this melody his youthful son entered as the invisible Genius of Love, and with a kiss, which had been ordered to be on the lady's hand, but which he transferred to her lips, awakened the sleeper. The

loving dialogue which followed seemed to increase the monarch's dissatisfaction, probably struck by what indeed escaped no one's observation—the real warmth which animated the royal actor.

Moreover, there was as it were a double current of meaning in the language ascribed to the young divinity. By no definable process was the effect produced, and yet it seemed as if this form of love were the incarnation of some real and substantial passion, which poured itself in torrents of melting eloquence. It seemed as if the lovely Psyche felt this too; her cheek was pallid, and there was a plaintive sadness in her tones which went to the hearts of all present.

The king sat with his usual stately immoveability, excepting that he once or twice spoke to Lord Falkland, who being himself a lover and fosterer of genius, seemed to answer apologetically. De la Pole, who with the other divinities were seated round the throne, seemed also gloomy and silent.

But when, after her fatal curiosity, the sorrows of Psyche commenced, the gloom of the northern imagination mingled in the pure sunlight of the Grecian fable. On a waste of interminable sand, a figure meets Psyche, to predict to her the sufferings she has yet to undergo, and their termination only by his means—and this figure represented Death.

Whether it be that the English temperament is prone to melancholy, despite its robust and jovial outward cheer, or that the griefs and regrets which the civil war had caused in men's hearts disposed them to sadness, we know not; but the harangue of Death was listened to with profound attention. Nor did

the pathetic allegory escape notice, that death alone was to unite Psyche with her desolate lover. But when the genius, at the conclusion of the verses which he addressed to Psyche, took a cypress crown from his brows and put it on hers, tears in spite of every effort shone on her pale cheeks.

"Who is it that personates Death?" said the king, in a displeased tone. "I am surely mistaken in imagining that 'tis Ingulph Dethewarre! Marry, lady, and do you admit such companions into a royal show in which you mingle your own person?"

"By the mass! (craving your majesty's pardon,) and the varlet hath dared publicly to stigmatise my betrothed wife as the object of his impudent passion!" exclaimed De la Pole. "For look you there, Madam, yonder is the heart-ruby set in that cypress crown he hath presented her!"

The queen looked in silent astonishment at the gloomy coronal on Psyche's brow; and after satisfying herself that the ruby indeed glimmered among its black leaves, said, in a tone of expressive pique —"If your majesty mislikes Master Ingulph's presumption so greatly, there is little more in the masque that is worth the hearing, and for mine own part I am weary of it."

"Nay, let us hear it out since we have heard thus much," said Charles, in a more satisfied tone than he had yet used in speaking of the poet, and reverting his eyes to the stage, which was now filled with a chorus of nymphs and dryads. But at this moment the Marquis of Montacute made way through the throng, and approached the king, to whom he spoke

for some time, in a low voice, and finally handed a paper. The king examined it with deep and marked attention, and suddenly arose.

"We like not the play, and have had too much of it," he said, in a stern voice. "We will consider at some future time whether it shall please us to hear it out, but at present let it close; we are weary."

It is impossible that the surprise which this sudden stoppage occasioned could be surpassed. But Joyce waited not to ascertain the results, for finding the whole assembly rising and breaking up, he remembered his letter, and the propriety of delivering it. He therefore bustled out with the foremost, and found to his special wonder that the gardens were on every side brilliantly illuminated. The lofty chestnuts were starry to their summits with little lamps, and soft strains of music came floating as if from fairy-land on every breeze.

Joyce now put his hand into the ample pocket in which he had carefully stowed his letter, to bring it forth; but to his amazement he found neither it nor the purse of gold in his charge. Unwilling to believe in the reality of his misfortune, he searched his pockets again and again, and even turned them inside out ere he would believe in his loss. His consternation then became extreme, but recollecting that his friend, the provost, had stood by him all the time of the masque, and had mentioned that he was appointed with a guard of partizans to prevent any disorders, he determined instantly to apprize him of his loss, and to obtain his assistance in searching for the daring robbers.

## CHAPTER X.

"No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow!"

MILTON.

WHATEVER were Dethewarre's feelings on this great and public disgrace which the king had inflicted upon him in his capacity of court poet, he allowed few to divine their nature, for he disappeared almost immediately after the announcement of the royal displeasure was made. But he had no great occasion to conceal himself; he was universally shunned as a man in irremediable disgrace, for courtiers, like deer, always butt their wounded comrade from the herd.

He directed his course remote from the glare and glitter of the illumination and the courtly groups which it lighted up, seeming to have no other motive but to avoid the pity or the scorn of his late admiring coadjutors. But his peregrinations were not destined to be very extensive, for returning to the quadrangle in which he had desired Joyce to meet him, he suddenly encountered the provost-marshal with some dozen of his followers with lighted torches.

"We seek a rogue, and even as Nathan answered unto David—thou art the man!" exclaimed the provost, stepping boldly forward. "Come, sir, you are my prisoner, in the king's name!"

"Keep your hand off, ruffian!" said Ingulph, violently shaking himself loose from the provost's grasp. "Show me some lawful authority, and I will obey."

Huncks waved his hand to the guard, who instantly closed round Ingulph with their partizans levelled. Meanwhile the provost rummaged in the breast of his doublet, and finally drew out a paper, which he handed to Ingulph as his warrant. The emotion of the latter may be imagined when he found it was the letter which he had commissioned Joyce to deliver. But to understand the bitterness which filled his soul when he saw the endorsement in Charles's own handwriting, "Arrest this impudent traitor, and convey him to Oxon Castle," signed by the king, with the strange addition that it was countersigned Marie Wentworth, it will be necessary to explain the contents.

It seemed that, in anticipation of his immediate departure, the unlucky writer had ventured in this epistle to avow a secret passion which he had long felt for the beautiful Wentworth. He depicted his sufferings with all the extravagance and fervour which youthful love is apt to take from the rich colours of a brilliant imagination; and indignantly repudiated the idea that in his love-poems he had ever addressed any but herself, whatever the vanity of other women might imagine. At the same time the poet acknowledged the absolute hopelessness of his

love, and desired only that she would sometimes remember him with pity. Unfortunately this entailed an account of his purpose in going to London, for it seemed that, after all, Ingulph desired to throw some little gleam of light on the darkness of despair in which he professed himself to be nigh lost. He spoke as if there were really some rational chance of recovering his birthright from the justice of the parliament; and by way of softening the prejudices which he knew that Lady Marie entertained against that assembly, he endeavoured to throw a part of the odium of the destruction of her father on those royal personages who had consented to it. The more he felt this to be the weak part of his pleadings, the more he laboured to fortify it with arguments which could not fail to be in the extremest manner offensive to the sensibility and pride of the king. The whole concluded with a passionate request, which had been urged repeatedly throughout the epistle, to be allowed to see her once again, were it but for a moment, to be assured that she forgave the presumption of his passion in consideration of its despair.

Concluding instantly that Marie had given this letter to the king, in her anger at the audacity of the writer, Ingulph seemed for a moment annihilated. All that was beautiful or alluring in existence suddenly disappeared from it, and he was left as it were in the midst of an universal blank. The hopes which he had formed—for with all his protestations of despair, and perhaps unconsciousness that he had any, he was but a few hours before inspired by all those myriads which love extracts from glances,

blushes, sighs, the ineffable freemasonry of the soul,—all vanished, and he stood overwhelmed with contempt and scorn even in his own sight.

Observing that he made no farther resistance, Huncks directed the soldiers to follow with their prisoner; and, as if to heighten his misery by contrast, as they left the gardens, the explosion of innumerable fireworks, the bursts of music, and the blaze of a distant mass of torches, announced that the court had sallied forth to share the triumphal diversions.

To Oxford Castle the prisoner was now conveyed, which although even at that period partially in ruins, was still a place of considerable strength, especially in the keep, which remained almost entire. The king's prisoners were chiefly confined in it, and the woes of captivity were not softened by the character of the keeper, Huncks, the details of whose cruelty and avarice are historical monuments of the excess to which those passions may be exercised, even on so mean a scale.

Ingulph had no reason to hope for any degree of favour from the provost, in behalf of whose wretched victims he had formerly interfered with some success. But Ingulph's thoughts were remote from any speculation of inconveniences to be endured; that first rude blow of power awoke him from his poetical admiration of its outward glories and fascinations. For the first time, the nature of the principles involved in the civil conflict rushed upon him in tangible, definite, passionate forms; for the first time he felt the full crush of that order of things, to over-

throw which such vast upheavings of the Titanic human heart now agitated the earth.

Although by no means an unusual sight to behold the provost arriving with prisoners, a great crowd attended the entry of Ingulph. The sudden revulsion of his fortune—the extravagant reports spread as to the causes—made him at once an object of curiosity and horror. Some said he had been detected making love to the queen,—others that he had attempted to assassinate his brother,—and not a few that he had been engaged in a conspiracy against the king, which was fortunately discovered by an intercepted letter. Hootings, yells, and even missiles, followed the halberdiers with their charge; and the provost only interfered when he found that the pelting sometimes reached himself. He then gave orders to beat the mob back, and, amidst a furious scuffle and uproar, which lasted some time after they entered the gates, they crossed a drawbridge over a moat, and reached a portcullis, which was closed, but had a wicket.

"Well, Master Dethewarre, I know not whether you have been in my keep, although you could give the council such a fine description of it," said the provost, with a grin of great satisfaction. No reply was deigned, and stepping over a paved courtyard, in which were a number of dragoons cleaning their horses, they reached the gate of the principal tower. Thence passing down a passage and some steps, they reached another gate, which Huncks threw open, and welcomed his prisoner with mock ceremony. The moment the hinges turned, there arose

a confused murmur, deepening into an uproar of voices yelling for water.

Ingulph essayed to look around, but the darkness visible of a smouldering pan of charcoal burning in the distance, showed objects very indistinctly. But a pestiferous odour, apparently compounded of all the most distasteful, nearly stifled him. He moved for air towards an iron grill on his right, and at the same time something soft under his foot, and a feeble moan, convinced him that he trod on some carcase still living, but in the last stage of insensibility.

Huncks was meanwhile busied in lighting a torch at the charcoal, during which the chance gleams lighted his villanous countenance with a peculiar expression of malignancy. But when he succeeded, and the pinewood lighted up the horrors of the scene, Ingulph gazed for a moment aghast.

It was a chamber, or rather dungeon, of huge dimensions, supported on short massy pillars of granite; the floor was of bare earth, and strewed with every species of filth, so as in parts to form a foul marsh. In the dark windings of the pillars were heaps of rotten straw, and from this, startled by the glimpse of light, numerous wretches raised their heads; some whose untended wounds were festering into hideous and almost supernatural horrors; some caked in their own blood, gashed, and frightfully disfigured; and one—distinguished by the space which even the dying had crawled away to leave him, bloated to a hideous mass of purple corruption by the plague.

Of this horrible company some were sleeping

soundly, some, perhaps, were dead; some lay in a state of ghastly insensibility; but the greater part were raving and clamouring in agonized variety of expressions. But the predominant cry was for water, or at least so the conscience of the provost interpreted it.

"Water! you damned roundheaded rogues!" he yelled. "'Slife, are you malcontent even with the king's allowances? Have you not as good small beer as ever was brewed, at your own prices? Water, indeed! Have we nought to do but to bring the river into your kennel? Now, my woodcock," he added, turning to Ingulph; "you see what manner of housekeeping we have here; but if you have a mind to be civil, we can show you a sunnier side to the hedge."

"If I am brought here to be murthered among these plague-struck wretches, use your knife at once," said Ingulph.

"Why, some of these are gentlemen of good blood on both sides," said Huncks, with a sneering laugh. "But his majesty hath other fish to fry than to be looking after the food, drink, sheets, and clothing of his rebels here; and so, I trow, will the queen and her ladies in waiting! Times are altered."

"Do thy worst," replied Ingulph.

"Nay, if you be so great, I'll find a way with you, my noble master," said the provost. "What say you to being clapped neck and heels together in irons, like yonder good gentleman in the corner?"

"But hast thou conquered me, Egyptian?" said a figure, raising its head the little that was possible in cramping irons. "Lo ye now, I do defy and spurn at you and your king, and your nobles, and your queen, and your chains, and the devil, and all his works! I am still free-born Jack Lilburn, that will die a thousand times ere own to any tyranny but death's alone!"

"Thou art he who quarrelled with thine own shadow, for being as ill cut as thyself," said Huncks. "But come, master poet, if you are not to pig in with this gentry, you must let us see the colour of your uncle's ducats."

Ingulph glanced at him with some surprise, and then at the slough of despond around. But he replied fiercely, "If ye are ordered to murder me thus, e'en make me bedfellow with yonder plague-struck, and get your work done."

"Men's backs are wont to come down here, but his gets higher," said Huncks, much vexed. "But I conjecture the truth is, you have no money; so I must lodge you at my own cost, for charity." And grumbling bitterly at the thought, the provost led the way up a broad flight of steps, ascending in a corkscrew around a huge pillar in the centre, to the very height of the tower. Many prisoners were lying on these stairs, gasping for pure air at the cross-slits in the massive walls, which were the only inlet to that precious commodity.

They reached at length a species of gallery, at a considerable height in the building, at one end of which they found a door, which admitted into a

square stone chamber, utterly bare and disfurnished, save that there was an antique bedstead, almost level with the floor, and two or three stools. But in this receptacle were crowded nearly thirty prisoners. Indeed there was scarcely room for all to sit at once; and how they were to sleep, unless upon one another, was a problem of no easy solution.

"Here's some nice clean air up here, but not too much of it," said Huncks, looking at a narrow opening, which a single bar abundantly secured, in the thick wall. "And there's a very comfortable bed, which you shall have at a crown the night, and none of you, gentle or simple, for less."

"There is one already in it, whom you cannot disturb, Master Huncks," said one of the prisoners. "Heaven has within the hour received another saint, and earth has lost one."

"Is Minister Blage dead? Why then he has cheated the hangman," said the provost, unmovedly. "Well, you may keep him to cant over to-night—though now I think of it, I'll have him put with the Gloucester clothier, that will not pay garnish. He is a chicken-hearted knave, for he has done nothing but moan about his children since he came."

This happy idea no sooner struck the provost, than he shouted to one of his jailers, who went past to visit another ward, jingling his keys; and together they removed the body, leaving their new prisoner in its place, and taking great care to bar and lock the ponderous door behind them.

Physical sufferings are said to be powerful anti-

dotes to those of the mind, and Ingulph's were of a nature to absorb any mental anguish less intense. He found himself miserably crowded in his lofty dungeon, and although his fellow prisoners were nearly all in civil garb, and seemed persons of better rank than those below, many of them were evidently labouring under the effects of wounds and diseases engendered by confinement. One or two seemed by their dress to be presbyterian ministers, probably imprisoned for too openly preaching against the right divine. Among these—for some reason in Huncks's stowing arrangements—was the spy who so narrowly escaped execution in the morning.

Some slight curiosity was excited by Ingulph's entrance, but it was very slight indeed, and the majority seemed to watch his first restless movements with the apathy of settled despair.

"Wherefore do you fret, wherefore do you fume?" said one, at last. "Art thou worse off than Daniel in the lion's den, or the seven children in the fiery furnace? and cannot the Lord deliver them too that trust in him these latter days? Wherefore what needs chafing thy nose at the bar, like a rat in a trap?"

Notwithstanding this exhortation, and much more, for the same party fluently quoted, not only the most terrible sufferings he could remember in the Bible, but the direst legends of Fox's Martyrology, Ingulph continued his researches. But it was only to satisfy himself that he was in one of the highest chambers of the tower, overlooking great masses of the ruins of the castle, beyond which was Gloucester

Green, and a wood which he knew grew along the river. Above the wood shone the fair moon, which he had so lately left lighting the splendours of the court festival.

Very shortly after Huncks, with one of his jailers, arrived with what it seemed was the supper for the new guest, the former tenants having eaten theirs. It consisted of a lump of unsavoury bread, half a pickled herring, and a pint of very small beer indeed; for which he immediately demanded an exorbitant price. But Ingulph, with a bitter smile, referred him for payment to his kind father, Montacute; and the provost retired with many curses, and vowing vengeance.

Ingulph was in no humour to solicit conversation, and his companions showed no desire to cultivate his acquaintance, perhaps from suspicions of some sinister purpose in the incarceration of one with them who was evidently not of their order. For a while they talked together in an under-tone, which gradually increased in loudness as the argument deepened, and the continued abstraction of Ingulph made his presence be disregarded.

The discourse, like that of Milton's angels, was principally on abstruse points of divinity, but it was seasoned with many singular anecdotes of the experiences, as they were called, of the interlocutors, which, from the strong illustrations of tyranny which they afforded, soon engaged Ingulph's attention, as if involuntarily. The effect was the greater, because he felt that no one was striving to produce any. The fervour, fanatic as it was, of these vic-

tims to religious persecution—the heroic spirit of resistance which animated them—woke answering echoes in his bosom, but like those which rocks return to music, in a purer, vaster, grander harmony.

The gradual sinking to sleep of all the prisoners who lay on the floor, huddled together on the scanty straw, left Ingulph lost in a silent reverie, in the midst of which he started to hear the distant bell of Christchurch toll midnight. He recollected under what different circumstances he had listened to the solitary stroke on the preceding night, when busied with a task which he fondly imagined was to cover him with honour. Whither had vanished that radiant dream?—could it be himself that was now confined in a narrow, feverish dungeon? The snore of his bedfellows, or rather litter-fellows, answering each other like Arcadian shepherds contending for the ivy, emphatically replied.

## CHAPTER XI.

"His look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods."

MILTON.

INGULPH passed a most miserable night in the unhealthy atmosphere breathed by so many; but his physical sufferings did but exasperate those of his mind. The more he considered his case, the fiercer flamed his indignation at the contumelious oppression which he believed he had suffered. He had offended against no law, in loving and avowing his love, even for one so far elevated above his hopes as the Lady Marie; and yet he was consigned to a prison for apparently no other reason.

To make any submission, even to apply for assistance to the marquis or his brother, he inwardly vowed he never would in any extremity. The latter, he had little doubt, were now convinced of the real object of his passion, and their former dislike for him would receive no abatement from such a discovery. As to the queen, he had of course irremediably forfeited all claim to her favour, and Marie had evi dently joined his enemies.

In this desertion he resolved on a course which he imagined might be of utility, and at all events expressed the dominant feeling in his soul. He determined to write to the lords of the council in Oxford, and demand his liberation as a free-born English subject, or to know of what crime he was accused. The provost usually turned his prisoners out at an early hour, for he fed them in detachments, at least those who could pay; the rest, but for the humanity of their companions in misfortune, might possibly have starved. The only exercise allowed to the captives in this highest division of the dungeon was to walk along the ruined bulwarks, which were so shattered and lofty that there was no danger of an escape.

Pen, ink, and paper were the first things demanded by Ingulph; and on a solemn promise that he would not mention a word concerning him or his prison-house, Huncks consented to let him have them. Yet he did not bring them till the day and Ingulph's patience were almost spent. The grief and indignation of his reflections were then heightened almost to madness by the misery of his captivity; and he penned a petition to the council, which breathed the very essence of those feelings which had prompted the armed resistance to Charles, heightened by the glow and vehemence of a poetic imagination.

The king, he learned, had departed to the siege of Gloucester, and the provost, after hearing the petition read, consented, under promise of a handsome remuneration, to forward it to its destination. As

Ingulph reserved this gratuity until he should receive some certainty that it was earned, he had considerable hope that Huncks would fulfil his contract.

And yet several days elapsed without any notice whatever being taken of his application. Ingulph had little doubt that it had gone on a tour after the king, and the thought that he had thus proclaimed his defiance, somewhat comforted him. Meanwhile his sufferings in that loathsome prison, the conversation of his fellow-captives, and his own bitter thoughts and recollections, contributed to destroy whatever lingering feelings might yet attach him to the royalist cause.

But suddenly a reply to his petition, if so his manifesto might be styled, arrived. The lords had examined the petition, were disgusted with its insolent and treasonable spirit; declared the king's commands, in such a time, were to be obeyed, not canvassed; but had nevertheless humbly asked his majesty's orders on the subject. These now consigned the prisoner to solitary imprisonment, in which he was to remain until brought to a sense of duty and submission; unless he would immediately take the protestation, and acknowledge his fault.

The protestation was framed in direct contradiction to the Scottish covenant, and contained an assertion of the royal opinions in state and church, to which all were bound to give their assent, and moreover to defend to their utmost. It may be imagined with what loathing and wrath Ingulph refused to

swallow this draught, infinitely to Huncks's delight, who immediately put the sentence in operation.

Ingulph was at first not sorry that he was to have his dungeon to himself; but when hour after hour passed, and day after day, and he had exhausted the thoughts which love, despair, jealousy, and resentment could supply—solitude began to exercise its terrible influence upon him. The visions of his boyhood had now received a tangible explanation: it seemed as if in his person he had suffered the worst forms of tyranny, for even at his birth it had met him; and frequently did Stonehenge's assertion, that he was born to work its overthrow, occur to him with a strange and incessantly increasing force.

Ingulph's only distractions to these dark reveries was in gazing from his barred window upon the fair expanse which extended beyond the ruins below to the blue undulations of the Welch hills. Contrasting the beauty and tranquillity of nature with the misery and despair of his situation, a thought which afterwards exercised great influence on his destinies forced itself continually upon him. All things were good as they came from the hands of God, all things became evil as they passed through the hands of man. To restore all things to their natural excellence, it was therefore only necessary to destroy whatever man had done; and to carry out this theory, which feasted at once the benevolent and evil passions of Ingulph's heart, plunged him in fathomless reveries, which nevertheless diminished the dreary sense of desertion and solitude.

His health, however, began to suffer by the anguish of his mind, as much as the confinement of his body; and these musings began to take a hue of darker gall. Projects of escape and vengeance haunted him, which were flushed into hope by the tidings which the provost, who, when he was drunk—a circumstance which frequently happened—deigned sometimes to discourse with him, communicated of the continued and sturdy resistance of Gloucester.

Engaged in some such cogitations, Ingulph was one morning surprised by an unexpected visitor, whom the provost ushered in with much state and deference. It was Sir Jeffrey Hudson, in a splendid court dress, gracefully waving his plumed hat in salute as he entered. Performing this ceremony with flourishing formality, his stout little legs got entangled with his sword; and if Ingulph had not stepped forward and caught him by the hand, the dwarf must have carried his courtesies even to prostration.

"Why, this it is to have a friend!—I mean I am heartily glad to kiss your hand, cavalier, with reservation that I am sorry for the time and place," said the polite dwarf, somewhat confusedly. "But in truth one's Toledo will oft play a man a shrewd turn, unless he carries it as demurely as a bear his stick. By command," he continued, waving his hand to the provost.

"No man shall speak to my prisoners in corners, knight; but I heed no man's business but my own," replied Huncks, with a degree of surly respect due to the queen's favourite.

"Nay, sir, I do but my bidding, and I care not who hears me—though if any man is advised to take offence at my English, I wear an answer on my thigh!" replied Sir Jeffrey, lustily slapping his little leg.

"What is your pleasure with me, good knight?" said Ingulph, somewhat eagerly.

"I come from the Lady Marie!" whispered the dwarf, stretching up his little figure to Ingulph's ear. "She bade me tell you that, though a woman, she perfectly apprehends you did mean her to deliver the ruby and cypress to the queen; and she sends you earnest word that now is a fitting season; and if 'tis done in some sweet, despairing, passionate sonnet, it shall do you much good in a quarter where you are utterly out of sunshine."

Ingulph looked with astonishment at the dwarf, and perceived that his countenance was full of more meaning than he trusted to his words.

"If the Lady Marie despises me, I will not give her reason," he replied, with bitterness. "I am not so poor a slave, that for the sake of the most fragile of all things, court favour,—ay, and a woman's court favour,—I should give the lie to my soul."

"There is more in this than you wot of!" exclaimed Sir Jeffrey. "We have had no peace in the court since the masque, and a woman's revenge—but *verbum sat.*—only I do indeed pity that so bright a star should drop from the heaven of the court into the vulgar mire which will extinguish it."

"By'r lady, a fair shuttlecock game at compliments!" growled the provost.

"'Tis none to me; I am more ashamed of my poetical name than glory in it!" said Ingulph, with asperity. "These are times which demand action, not thought. Sir Jeffrey, inform my Lady Marie that, worthless though it be, the wreath is hers, and hers only, and that she may reserve it to mock my temples withal, when the traitor, as her monarch styles me, has finished his life and his love together on any field which may yet be pitched in England against tyrants and their instruments."

"He is a traitor, as deep-dyed as Lincoln green!" said Huncks, furiously. "So, master dwarf, I do advise you to shun him, lest, courtier as you are, you be tainted too."

The courteous dwarf, finding all remonstrances in vain, shortly after took his departure. But Ingulph scarcely knew what to think of the interview. Sometimes his heart beat quick with imagining that Marie had thus demonstrated some remorse for the part she had taken against him; at others, he glowed with rage at the idea that the courtiers had contrived the expedient to make him a base sacrifice to appease the queen's irritation, the effects of which he had no doubt they had all felt. The thought tickled his fancy, till he laughed aloud, though without much inward pleasure.

But now that Huncks was satisfied that his prisoner's chances of reconciliation with the court were over, he began to allow the insolence and cruelty of his nature full play. Under pretence that the prison was too crowded to admit of one captive's having a whole chamber to himself, a number of new arrivals

were unceremoniously introduced. Most of these were wounded, some severely; and among them was Lilburn, just recovering from his pestilential disease.

The prisoners were nearly all fanatics, and of many varieties of opinion; but all united in the most vehement hatred against the king, his ministers, his prelates, his wife, his court, and his tyrannies. Their enthusiastic discourse fed the flame in Ingulph's breast, or rather that joined in the vast conflagration which was its kindred element, but with which he had never yet come into direct contact,—the revolutionary spirit of the age.

Some of the personages in this strangely-assorted group afterwards became of note. Among them was the inspired tinker, Bunyan, and Ludovic Muggleton, the founder of a strange sect. Amidst all his misery, both of body and mind, Ingulph felt an extreme interest in ascertaining and analysing the amazing varieties of these men's opinions, which were yet all one in the effect produced on their conduct. Ranters who denied all moral obligations; Calvinists who enforced far more than all; advocates of an unbounded free-will in man, predestinarians who denied him any; fifth monarchists who expected the second coming of Christ momently; rationalists who denied his divinity, and some even his historical existence—were here assembled by a common misfortune.

But there was balm in Gilead, for the latest prisoner added to the number brought news that the Earl of Essex, with a noble army, had marched to the relief of Gloucester.

At first this messenger of good was an object of universal favour; but it was soon found out that he had taken the protestation and was only detained by Huncks until he could pay his fees, and he became an object of general detestation and scorn.

Perhaps for this very reason Ingulph took him into favour; and he soon discovered that the backslider was a fatalist, and had, moreover, taken it strongly into his head, that, however fair appearances might look, he was destined never to leave Oxford Castle alive. He sat, in general, lost in blank and moody silence, like a condemned man.

Nor was this notion altogether absurd, for, as they were nearly all destitute of money, the provost fed them so scantily that it seemed to be his intention to starve them gradually to death. Sometimes he even neglected to feed them at all, and the sufferings of hunger and thirst were added to those of the poisonous and burning atmosphere of a chamber continually inhabited by so many persons. In addition to the physical anguish of this treatment, the degradation of it wrought Ingulph nearly to madness.

It happened that for one night and entire day, the provost and his myrmidons never came near the lofty dungeon in which Ingulph was confined, and it really seemed as if he had totally forgotten its inhabitants. The little air which entered at the barred aperture, though cooled by the sunset, could not dissipate the excessive heat, and, combined with an insupportable thirst, gave Ingulph a feeling of suffocation resembling the process of death.

That quality of imagination which makes the poet's joys paradisiacal, lends its vividness to heighten his miseries too. Visions of crystal waters and gushing brooks haunted his fancy, and increased his thirst to a degree of hellish torture. It even seemed that he could hear the tranquil melody of the Isis as it flowed along with a plenteous wave. At last, imagining it possible that some sentinel outside might take compassion on them, or be induced by hope of reward, he began hammering at the door, and shouting. Bunyan and Lilburn aided him in this good work, and anon the tower rung with the uproar.

It was long ere any notice was taken of this vigorous demonstration, but at last the ferocious voice of Huncks was heard on the outside, yelling amidst a torrent of oaths, to know what they meant by that disturbance.

"Water—water—water!" was the unanimous shout in reply.

"If the river flowed at the door, you should not have a drop to-night!" replied the cruel wretch, and the prisoners redoubled their uproar.

"Good night, gentlemen, wishing you a sound sleep," said the provost, rattling his keys derisively at the door.

"Do you mean to give us nothing to drink nor eat until to-morrow?" cried Lilburn.

"Eat one another!" replied the official.

"Give me but one little measure of water, I will buy it dearer than brandy!" whispered a ghastly prisoner through the key-hole.

"That's an old tale, friend; but you have no more money than a drone honey," returned the provost, in an amused tone.

"I will pay for it—and a draught for myself—and a gallon for the rest, at the rate of the best wine!" said Ingulph, for the first time addressing the provost with humility, and even submission.

"Not if you would buy every drop with a pure diamond!" returned the revengeful provost; and they heard him retiring down the stairs ostentatiously jingling his spurs on the stone steps.

"By heaven, but we will be heard!" exclaimed Ingulph, gazing haggardly around; and he forced his way, heeding not over whom, to the cleft in the wall, by courtesy styled window, and, in spite of its narrowness, thrust himself almost to the bar, and shouted till the welkin rang again. Suddenly the apparition of a goat browsing somewhere below the cleft, darted out, and fled in a panic along the ruined bulwarks, until it disappeared in a shadowy part of the walls. Meanwhile the excitement was become general, and amounted to frenzy, the prisoners joining in a chorus of yells, as if the tower was on fire.

This tumult must finally have attracted notice in some quarter, for the provost took the alarm.

"Water, ye roundhead villains!" they heard him shouting up the stairs, and followed by two or three stout jailers, he flung back the bolts and rushed in, with two loaded pistols in hand.

"It is a mutiny!—and the first man that stirs is dead!" he said, levelling both his weapons at Ingulph.

"Inhuman beast, give us water!" shouted he, with reckless fury.

"So, my fine master, you lead the mutiny, as usual," said the provost, with a moment's fiendish hesitation. "Seize him, lads; if he resists, I'll shoot him like a crow. And now, give me the irons, Bob," he said, when, after a scuffle with the stout jailers, the exhausted prisoner was torn down and handcuffed.

The irons were a species of bilboes having three rings, one for each ankle, and a third for the neck, joined by a short bar, which kept the whole body miserably cramped, head, knees, and heels being huddled together. In this artificial paralysis was the unhappy student confined; and not satisfied with this cruelty, his mouth was gagged, and he was left powerless and incapable even of complaint.

"Bear witness, lads, it was a mutiny," said the provost, eyeing his wrathful antagonist. "Look, even now, what tiger eyes he has!—but I will not deny the rest water, on their submission. Bring a can, or even two."

The jailers obeyed with alacrity, for their master carried the palm of inhumanity even among the wretches he commanded. The water arrived, in horse-buckets, it is true, but the thirsty captives swallowed it down as if it were nectar; and the very splash increased Ingulph's drought, till it seemed to consume his vitals. But proud as an Indian at the stake, he offered no submission, but continued gazing with glaring eyes at his tormentor,

and with an expression which the provost thought proper to contradict.

"No, my lad, you will never have the chance; for my lord your father assured me that you were so bad a young villain that, with his good will, you should never leave this castle, unless to go immediately to the plantations, if he could obtain so undeserved a favour from his majesty," he said, with a pleasant grin.

Ingulph nodded.

Then with a loud hyena laugh, which only a jailer can give, he retired with his myrmidons; the bolts growled slowly into their sockets, as if it fed the vengeance of the operator to protract the ceremony.

## CHAPTER XII.

——— "And reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost."

MILTON.

THE captives eyed their unfortunate ringleader with much compassion, but there was no disguising the fact,—they were all refreshed and reinvigorated with their delicious draught. Lilburn, whose thoughts were all tinged with political fanaticism, began consoling him in his manner.

"Truly now, Master Dethewarre, you are the veritable image of this unhappy state under arbitrary and prelatical power," he said. "Gagged, shackled, bound neck to heel, we were, and shall be for ever, if the cause in which, blessed be God, he hath permitted us to suffer be lost, in these latter times."

"Let us pray for our brethren; let us pray that grace may come upon him to make these sufferings pleasant to him as a cluster of camphire," said honest Bunyan. "Come, let us, a little congregation of the saints, join our prayers to the myriads

in heaven that are now worrying the Lord with supplications in our behalf!"

This request was zealously responded to; in fact there was a contention who should first fulfil the Christian office; but in turn almost the whole party contributed their exhortations.

"For what avails to wrestle against destiny?" said the fatalist, mournfully; "destiny that hath thrown the archangels?" and he closed his eyes with utter resignation.

"Men are full apt to impute their carnal weakness and backslidings to any but themselves!" said Bunyan, severely; "wherefore I rejoice that although I have seen the inside of nearly all the jails in England, I feel that resolution rather to see those of hell in the flesh than deny the light of the Lord as revealed in these latter manifestations."

"Can one that hath been in a state of grace ever relapse then, deem you?" said another polemic, hastening to the rescue of the abashed backslider; "and we must all acknowledge, from the experience he has communicated, that he hath had a call, and been accepted once."

"And who knows, brother," said Bunyan, addressing Ingulph, "who knows but that this tribulation in which you suffer, is as it were a seasoning of the vessel in the furnace, that grace may flow in upon it, and no fear to crack the clay. Indeed, if you knew how I was called as I sat mending an old woman's tin-pot in a field not four miles from Bedford town, and what encouragements I had then in me to undertake the patching and welding of my

own soul, and those of other men, you would know there is no darkness whereto the light of mercy cannot reach."

"We may be puffed up with the fumes of spiritual pride, which is the most damnable of all states of reprobation, into taking on us offices for which we have no other authority than our conceit," said a presbyterian minister, a sect which as little as the church it overthrew, approved of self-ordination.

"Whatever is done, is done because it could not be left undone," exclaimed another fanatic. "How else can it be that a man walking with the staff of Jacob, as walked this godly-professing Christian, could stumble into such a pitfall of Satan as the protestation."

"Would that I knew the worst, then,—the eternal fiery gulfs, would they had swallowed me," said the unhappy fatalist, or perhaps madman.

"There was mercy to Peter even after the cock had crowed," said Lilburn, compassionately.

"Mercy!—what mercy?—from the beginning all things were decreed, to the end all things will be fulfilled," replied the fatalist. "I do not refuse my portion, whatever it be; whither can it be fled out of the power of the king of the universe?"

This was the signal for a vehement argument, which was confined but a very short time to the first belligerents. Opinions various as the shades of colour, but not so cheerful, were freely broached on all sides; even those who shortly before seemed sinking into the apathy of death, joined in the controversy.

"For if your doctrine of special grace be true, friend," said one of the theologians, "what is to become of that soul-comforting doctrine of Master Baxter, that each man hath in his time a sufficient portion of grace to spread out unto salvation, an' he take the pitchfork and diligently labour at the same?"

"False doctrine, false doctrine, brother," said Bunyan, authoritatively: "it is at best but a splitting and a halving of the truth."

"Nay, it is ye who do halve the truth," said a pallid, half-dead looking being, in a wrathful voice. "Though it be true, as ye say, that all things are of necessity, ye suppress how, in the end, the sinful shall be forgiven, and received into eternal life with the elect in paradise."

"Another lure of Satan to lime souls, akin to the vision of those who even now expect the kingdom of heaven on earth," said Lilburn.

"Yea, and with good cause, for the signs and portents are thickening as bats in the night," said an enthusiast, rising with difficulty from his straw. "The tyranny of the beast is nigh over, and the prophesying in sack-cloth, and the days of the kingdom are at hand; yea, the bridegroom is coming, and woe unto the virgin that hath her lamp untrimmed."

"Nay, Venner, the time is not yet come; the 6, 6, 6, 6, where is that?" replied a lean fanatic, his whole countenance illumining. "Moreover, the Turk doth rather triumph than is confounded; and

Antichrist is still enthroned at Rome, drunk with the blood of the saints."

"Of a verity the kingdom of peace is nigh, though it come with a bloody spear," replied Venner, stubbornly.

"It is thus that the children of darkness rejoice on the brink of damnation," shouted a new voice from a corner. "Ye are even all feasting and laughing as the earth on the eve of the deluge; the second destruction of fire is at hand; yet from its hideous prodigies and forerunners, ye pretend that the saints' reign is coming. Mark ye all my words, for I am Ludovic Muggleton, one of the two last witnesses, (and John Reeves is the other,) to certify destruction to the earth and all things on it."

"If you speak of the *final* destruction of the wicked, brother, that shall not be until the day of judgment, when they shall receive eternal death, and the elect eternal life," interposed a wounded soldier. "But, speaking as you do, 'tis plain you have but dim view of the light, and do but gaze like Moses on the promised land at a distance."

"The wicked, who are they?" exclaimed Muggleton, disdainfully. "The elect cannot fall from grace; wickedness in them becomes goodness; do what they will they cannot displease the Lord."

"This is sheer infidelity and Antinomian madness," exclaimed the presbyter.

"Except a man believe in it, assuredly he is damned!" retorted his opponent.

"Methinks we have a lively idea of what that

word means here," said Lilburn, with a panting sigh, which was generally echoed; and a deep silence followed, broken only by the groan of some sufferer, or a gasping for air.

During all this conversation, Ingulph paid not the least attention. To heighten his torture, it had occurred to him with all the force of conviction that either the king or his unnatural relatives had resolved on his death, and hoped to effect it without apparent violence by the course adopted towards him. It was impossible else to imagine that the provost would dare to treat him so mercilessly. But at the same time the apparition of the goat on the bulwarks wonderfully haunted him. There was certainly some means of ascending from the ground to the tower, and he remembered that once when sauntering pleasantly in the fields, he had noticed that the ruins of the castle hung about what remained whole, in a manner which might render an escalade by an enemy possible. The idea had only occurred to him in an idle reverie, but now it returned upon him with a glow akin to hope.

But the excessive thirst with which he was tortured soon absorbed every other thought. Fresh streams flowed through his imagination as at the lips of Tantalus. If perchance he sunk for a moment into dreamy stupor, the unbounded ocean seemed to flow around, and mocked his parched lips with its bitter waves. He dreamed of the deluge, and that he hung by a single branch over a vast lake of the freshest water, consumed by thirst, but not daring to relinquish his hold. Again he

was skating down cataracts, and striving with his outstretched tongue to snatch but one drop; and the rapid waters eluded him. Sometimes he was in the midst of a boundless desert of sand, toiling along in the dry, hot effulgence of the sun; again he was in green fields, and a plenteous April shower poured over the landscape, in the midst of which he alone stood parched and unvisited by a single drop.

But at length the morning came, and with it Huncks, who was perhaps touched by some slight feeling of humanity, or was fearful of consequences. He ordered the bilboes to be removed, and permitted Ingulph to break his fast as usual on the coarse fare served to the other prisoners.

"Ay, ay, my lad," he said, as he departed, "I thought we should take the bounce out of you at last; and as your friends are getting on so much better at Gloucester, be a good boy, and you shall not have it again."

The moment he had quenched his raging thirst, Ingulph, knowing he could confide in all present, mentioned the hopes he had conceived from his observation of the goat; and amidst the strongest excitement among his fellow-captives, proceeded to examine the feasibility of his project. Crawling to the mouth of the aperture, Ingulph perceived, with a joy to which no words could do justice, that about seven feet below were the remains of a rampart, which had once gone round the tower, and which communicated with the mass of ruin beyond. It is true the rampart overhung a great height, but

the thick ivy and bushes seemed to promise some stay to the feet in dropping on it, if by any possibility the bar could be removed.

Without the idea that he should be so successful, Ingulph shook the bar, to ascertain its strength; and to his astonishment and delight observed that great pieces of the old freestone were eaten into by its rust, and was ready to yield. He communicated the joyful intelligence, and all the captives who were not insensible or too weak to stir, examined the aperture in turn.

It was resolved by nearly all to attempt the escape which Ingulph had thus devised, and it was only of the fatalist that he had any doubt. But he had no reason; for so persuaded was the poor man that he should perish in Oxford castle, that he was in the highest degree anxious to escape from it.

It was usual with Huncks to visit his prisoners before locking them up for the night, and it was determined to wait until this undesired visitation should be over, before they commenced putting their hazardous project in execution. Ingulph had now taken the position which in danger men never fail to yield to natural superiority, and only Lilburn seemed inclined to dispute it at times.

At the usual hour Huncks arrived, with his satellites, and bearing a tankard of wine, which it seemed he intended for Ingulph; a liberality only to be accounted for by the circumstance that he was nearly drunk.

"Come, my master," said the provost, good-humouredly, "let us be friends again, and I will tell

you some good news. I am to convey you to-morrow to Bristol, where you are to embark on some commission for his majesty in Virginia, with the more hurry that we hear old Essex has raised the siege of Gloucester, foul befal him, and our luck has taken a turn."

This latter intelligence was so generally interesting that the volley of questions which assailed him put the provost on his guard.

"Lie down, dogs!" he exclaimed, "and take ye no hopes from the matter, for his majesty and noble Prince Rupert have only suffered you to reach Gloucester, that they may take a good gripe and finish the war at a throw. But you were right about your father's liberality, Master Gulphy; for methinks this purse will pay our travelling expenses."

He produced a purse so amply lined, that Ingulph could not but acknowledge the truth of the observation, and he replied, laughingly, and of course without the least idea of success in his request—"Why, then, you should leave it under my care till we meet again, for 'tis as much as a man can do to take care of himself when his head is not so full of wine as to be steady."

"You speak truly, and are an honest fellow; so take it, for I am sure enough to find thee here in the morning," said the tipsy provost, in a fit of generosity, and he actually handed over his purse to Ingulph. The latter could not forbear laughing, in which, when the provost joined, supposing it was at his own jocular trait, the prisoners chorussed with unwonted

hilarity. Ingulph then quaffed at the wine, drinking the provost's health, who in return bottomed the goblet. This finished him off, and it was with difficulty that the jailers bore him away in their arms, singing and roaring out discordant staves of the insulting royalist air, Lullibolero.

The moment he was gone, Lilburn proposed that lots should be cast to ascertain who should first attempt the hazardous descent; but Ingulph readily took the office on himself. Lilburn was immediately discontented at the offer, and declared that it should go only by lot; but the fatalist objected as strongly to this measure, as if he thought it would inevitably fall upon him. The dispute began to grow warm, for Lilburn would only consent to what he himself proposed, and would neither himself lead, nor suffer Ingulph. To finish the entanglement, one of the ministers proposed that they should seek the will of the Lord on the matter in prayer.

"We must then seek it jumping, and the noise will summon the Philistines," said one poor wretch, whose head was severely wounded with a pole-axe.

"Jumping, assuredly you mean dancing, as David the son of Jesse, that acceptable man," said another, vehemently.

"Jumping is a mad and a ridiculous excess; shaking alone is efficacious," said a third. "Have any of you your bibles, that I may show you the passage, for mine was shamelessly taken from me at Cirencester fight."

Almost every man present produced the sacred volume, from some portion of his habiliments.

"Ye are surely all mad," said Ingulph, half frantic with their folly. "Well may the Romish theologians twit ye with their saying that truth is one, and error infinite, for we talk as if at the building of Babel. But settle the matter at your leisure, when I am gone."

He pushed his way resolutely to the aperture, and the theologians, perceiving their folly, quietly submitted. Applying all the strength of desperation to the bar, Ingulph yet experienced great resistance in forcing it out, during which the anxiety of all was intense. But at length he wrenched it out with such violence, that a huge stone detached itself from the tower, bounded from the rampart below, and fell with a crashing sound to a great depth on one side.

Ingulph listened for a few moments in mortal terror, lest the noise should have attracted observation. It was a bright starlight, but luckily the moon was clouded, and the ruins below gleamed silent and deserted as death. How they ended, whether breaking off suddenly or descending to the ground by the bastions, it was impossible to discern through the thick foliage which intervened. But at a considerable space beyond were the grim remains of a tower, corresponding to that in which they were captives, which consisted only of a lofty broken wall, covered with ivy to the battlements.

It was, however, very doubtful whether the parapet below would furnish firm footing, or only a treacherous crust. It was not, therefore, without a deadly throb of the heart that Ingulph laid himself

flat, and with feet foremost, began to push himself out into the air. But Lilburn's good nature had returned, and he crawled after him to hold one of his hands in the descent, in order to keep him up in case he found no footing. This aid was almost as doubtful and fearful as the peril, but it was better than utter abandonment to chance.

Ingulph made no hesitation. He dropped himself at once on the projection,—a dizzy moment passed, and he found that he was safe on a ledge, scarcely two feet wide, over a depth, which in the darkness seemed fathomless. Lilburn hung over him in an agony of expectation, but never abandoned his grasp.

"All is well so far," said the gallant student in a whisper. "But wait till I ascertain if there be any means of descending from this crow's gangway."

Creeping close to the wall, which seemed to repulse him with its granite sides, the shelf, for it was little more, gradually widened, until at last the explorer reached a broad piece of ruined wall, overgrown with chickweed, and such slender saplings as usually shoot in the interstices of ruins.

Ingulph waved his hand in triumph, and Lilburn, taking the signal, immediately followed. The fatalist came next. The latter was deadly pale, but a kind of mad joy lighted his eye as he came up to Ingulph. "Now am I safe, safe from this accursed castle, where I deemed I must needs perish."

"Whistle when you are out of the wood, master," said Lilburn, looking dismally around.

In truth there was as yet no great cause for exult-

ation. On all sides were they surrounded by an unknown depth, standing on the summit of a decayed wall, and between them and the bulwark which they had once imagined so near, yawned so wide a chasm, that an oak grew in it, strangely distorted and twisted, having its root apparently in the ruins.

It had been agreed that each man was to shift for himself on leaving the tower, but nearly a dozen had now gathered, who seemed to look to Ingulph as to their leader.

Fearful that such a number must soon attract notice, even in that desolate place, Ingulph lost not a moment. He discerned faintly in the moonlight, that the wall on which they stood, though broken inwards to a great depth, projected over some fragments at scarcely eight or nine feet below. These seemed to be the remains of an arched window, and were narrow, and slippery with moss; but an elderberry grew out of it, and offered some stay. There was no longer time to hesitate, and grasping at ivy and twigs, which tore away with his weight, Ingulph scrambled down. Finding the footing very slippery, he admonished those who were to follow of the circumstance, and seizing at a slender branch of the oak, swung himself to a stronger one below, at the imminent hazard of life.

The fatalist followed, trembling excessively; and unluckily it happened that his movement startled an owl in one of the ivy tufts. It flew out with an eldrich scream, and the fatalist, who was scrambling down, probably mistaking it for some sentinel leaping out, missed his foot, and fell. Ingulph beheld

him make one wild clutch in the open air, and then he disappeared. A breathless moment, and the heavy dash of his body as it struck the earth, announced the direful catastrophe. No voice, no cry, no groan—utter silence.

All listened for some moments, with a horror which stopped the beating of their hearts, but again the instinct of self-preservation resumed its mighty sway. Ingulph dropped himself cautiously down from branch to branch of the oak, and found himself on the summit of the much-desired bulwark. It descended by an easy slope to the open fields. He paused and looked back to see what had become of his associates, and at the moment, the moon breaking from behind some clouds, he saw, with a sickness of heart not to be described, the body of the unfortunate fatalist. It was lying on its face, among the long rank grass, the hat at a little distance, the hands extended, and—whether it was imaginary or not, Ingulph thought he discerned a crimson splash all around.

By this time, Lilburn and several of the fugitives had joined him, and Ingulph undertook to be their guide across the fields to the river. The alarm might soon be raised, and their own chance of escape from out the walls of Oxford lay in keeping the start of any. Ingulph was too well known to hope to escape from the city, and he generously resolved to separate from his companions as soon as he had guided them to a spot whence they could take their own way. Accordingly he led them to a path whence they might unobservedly enter the town, while he

himself hastened on with the very doubtful hope of eluding the vigilance of the sentinels at a remote part of the fortifications, which bordered on the river Isis.

The wall in this direction had long been decayed and ruinous; but its great height, and expectation of the speedy termination of the war, had delayed the repairs intended to complete the defences. Ingulph knew this circumstance, and he also knew that the walls were usually strongly guarded. But for once chance played him a kind turn; they were just changing the guard, and amidst the darkness and confusion, he managed to steal, unobserved, over the mounds of stone which remained of the ancient wall. He then swam the river, and it may be imagined if he let the grass grow under his feet in his flight from the power of his insolent enemies.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave."

MACBETH.

THE dawn found Ingulph still journeying on, keeping the line of the Gloucester road, but seldom venturing on it; until at last he became so exhausted that he found it absolutely necessary to rest for a time. He dived into the recesses of a wood, until he came to a spot which he imagined suitable to his purpose, and flung himself down on the thick mossy turf which time had gathered beneath the ancient trees. The dewy glisten of the green foliage over his head, the bright blue sky, the clear air, the song of numerous birds, with the unutterable joy of liberty in his bosom, contributed to make this moment delightful beyond expression. He fell asleep most truly lapped in Elysium.

When he awoke the day was far advanced, and he raised himself, refreshed and invigorated, from his woodland couch. But happening to glance up at an ancient oak, the trunk of which was hollow at

some little height from the ground, Ingulph was astonished to perceive a youth, of a mild and pleasing physiognomy, seated in it, and apparently engaged in reading. He was attired plainly, but neatly, in grey linsey woolsey, and was of some mechanic trade, to judge by its cut.

So profound was the abstraction in which this singular student was buried, that although Ingulph must have made some noise, he seemed unconscious of his presence. After a pause of surprise, the latter deemed it expedient to make the fact known.

"You seem to me to be a bird of that kind so favoured by Minerva," he began; but although the stranger raised his eyes, he seemed scarcely disturbed. "May I trouble to know whether you are other than an enormous specimen of the owl."

"I am a seeker of the truth, and in simplicity," replied the youth, placidly; "and I seek it in the only book where it is to be found. My name is George Fox; and who, friend, art thou?"

"I knew not we were such old acquaintances as to thee-and-thou," said Ingulph, much vexed at having stumbled, as he imagined, on a fanatic itinerant.

"All men are men,—the best is no better, the worst is no worse," replied the man in the oak. "Wert thou Charles Stuart himself, I will speak with no other respects; why should my sheaf bow down to thine?"

"I have not asked it to do so," replied Ingulph, somewhat struck with this republican doctrine.

"But if you strip a man so bare, what need of a name at all?"

"As a handle to the pipkin, merely," replied Fox, with perfect placidity. "But art thou not hungry, for I have watched thee sleeping here nearly the whole day?"

"It matters little if I am, for any hope I have of satisfying mine hunger," replied Ingulph, pettishly.

"Here is my wallet at thy service, and a fair stream runs at hand, whose waters are clear as trout's eyes," said he of the oak, quietly extending a leather bag to Ingulph, who eagerly opened it, and found some eggs boiled very hard, and a loaf of coarse bread.

"Thou art no longer an owl, but a raven to feed me in the wilderness," he said, joyfully setting to his simple repast.

"And while thou refreshest thy carnal man, will it irk thee to refresh the spiritual man also with a portion of Scripture?" said the hospitable stranger.

There was a simplicity and earnestness in the young man's manner which conciliated Ingulph's kindness, and he replied, with a smile, "read on—I am at your mercy." And he was taken on the word instantly.

It was a singular scene. The stranger read in a mild and equable tone, still perched in his leafy cell, without seeming aware of any thing ridiculous in the matter. Meanwhile Ingulph ate and wondered, and the birds chirruped among the trees, and a near brook murmured, all as it were in ac-

companiment to the gentle voice of the enthusiast.

Ingulph felt interested in his new companion, and when at length he ceased reading, rather from fear of tiring his listener than himself, he entered into conversation with him. The stranger told his story with perfect simplicity, and in the outline it was similar to many others in that age of religious fervour. He was by trade a shoemaker, who, thus early, had received a call to preach the reformation of manners and religion.

But there was something peculiar in the enthusiast's notions which struck Ingulph with surprise, not unmingled with respect. Deism and republicanism seemed main ideas in the vision, although the dreamer dreamed not so; but there was such a calm, milky serenity, such a rest from passion and perturbation, in the peaceful brotherhood to which this reformer meant to bring mankind, that it seemed to lay a cool balm on Ingulph's fevered soul.

"Make the universe colourless too, that your passionless man may enjoy his soul in peace, and I will be of your followers," he said. "But at present I fear I shall shock your equanimity when I tell you, that I am on my way to become one of the warlike Earl of Essex's."

"Thou seemest, indeed, to be a run-away scholar, but I should have deemed rather to the king than to the parliament," replied Fox. "Else wherefore art thou wending to Gloucester, when 'tis well known the earl and his army are on their way home again

from that relieved town, and were passing all last night on the skirts of this very wood, where I find thee asleep in the morn?"

"Are you assured of this?" exclaimed Ingulph, infinitely vexed.

"Forasmuch as I was among them, exhorting them to peace and loving-kindness, and am now waiting their pursuers' coming up, that I may do the like to them," replied Fox, with perfect simplicity.

"It shall be better for thee to travel out of their way with me, and rejoin the parliament's array, for the movement of so great a body must needs be slow," replied Ingulph, rising abruptly.

"Verily, I will, for the spirit inwardly moves me to take thine offer: not that I quail to face the armed men, but so it stirs me," said the young reformer; and dismounting from his tree, he tranquilly collected some fragments which remained of the repast in his wallet, slung it over his shoulder with a stick, and turned to Ingulph with the brief observation, "I am ready."

Accordingly they set forward, and Ingulph soon found reason to congratulate himself on having secured such a guide, for his habits of itineracy seemed to have made him familiar with every nook and corner of the country they traversed. They met with few traces of an army's progress, for they shunned the high roads as much as possible; but even the rear of Essex's host kept beyond their reach, the march being exceedingly rapid. Ingulph was glad of this, for on the fate of this army depended that of the parliament; were it destroyed, no

force remained to prevent the king from rushing on London itself, the heart and head of the war.

In other respects Fox was a pleasant companion, for despite the singularity and fixedness of his opinions, he had neither the violence nor dogmatism which characterized most of the sectaries of the period. At the same time his republican notions chimed in with the vision which passion and patriotism had inspired in Ingulph's heart.

About noonday of the second after their meeting, it was so intensely hot, that Ingulph proposed they should rest, and eat the simple food they carried with them in the wallet. Fox assented, and they sat down in a field of green corn, under a hedge, from which some lofty trees impended, and spread a verdant shelter above.

When they had finished their repast, Fox, according to his custom, knelt and prayed for some time aloud, while Ingulph basked in the pleasant warmth; he then gave out the first words of a hymn, which he had himself composed, without troubling himself whether Ingulph joined in or not, and began to sing, and truth to say in a very sweet voice. The words were extremely simple, but the human voice attuned is always affecting; and remembering his sufferings and all he had lost, Ingulph's eyes moistened with tears.

But the harmony soon summoned a larger audience than was desired or intended. A crashing noise was heard in the hedge above, and on a sudden several troopers appeared, levelling their carbines, and ordering them to stand.

As they had no power to resist, and moreover concluded that the soldiers belonged to Essex's army, Ingulph and his companion obeyed in silence. They were immediately surrounded, and with a chill of heart Ingulph perceived, by their badges and oaths, that they were royalist soldiers. With some vague hope that he might escape recognition, he made no remonstrance, which was besides useless, for they only answered Fox's steady "What harm have we done, friends?" with a shout of laughter.

"Bring the pure ones along by the ears, if they have any left," said one who seemed to be a leader. "'Slife, do they turn the very woods into conventicles?"

The prisoners were dragged, or rather driven in a most contumelious manner, through the windings of a wood, and the shrill neighing of horses announced their approach to an encampment. But it was not without great surprise that, emerging on the slopes of a wavy succession of hills, Ingulph perceived a numerous body of cavalry occupying them. Below stretched a wide extent of pasture and marsh-land; but although the troops seemed in immediate expectation of an enemy, only a few crows were visible hopping about in the plain.

"Ho, what, rogues of the religion?" exclaimed a cavalier, who seemed to be the commander of this force, in a slightly foreign accent, and dashing back his long black hair from his fiery eyes, he took a survey of the prisoners.

It was not without a throb of the heart that In-

gulph recognised the Count Palatine Rupert, whom he had seen several times in the court, but the prince gave no sign of recognition.

"Well, sirrah lamb-face, whence are you, and whither go you?" he said to Fox, after a quick, impatient glance at the prisoners.

"From dust to dust," replied the reformer, with supreme calmness.

"*En route* the gallows," said the prince, with a short fierce laugh. "By the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne, I am in as many minds whether to have thee hanged for that answer or not."

"Even as it pleases the Lord," replied Fox, calmly. "But for the eleven thousand virgins, it is a popish-invented miracle story, utterly false, and ——"

"Impossible, the heretic will say just now," interrupted a dashing young French noble, whose resplendent armour and trappings were all bedizened with ladies' favours. "Were it but for that pagan disbelief, monseigneur, he deserves to dance the capriole."

"Even as the Lord wills," again said Fox.

"Even as I will, thou canting rascallion, in this camp, at all events," exclaimed the prince.

"No, not so much as one blade of grass shall be trodden under thy horse's feet as thou wilt, foreign man," returned Fox, with the same wonderfully unmoved tone. The prince looked incensed, and would probably have made some outburst, when the French cavalier observed, "Perchance this Monsieur

Abbé, as I take him to be from his robes, may give us some information," he said, indicating Ingulph with a graceful wave of his sword.

"'Tis a scholar of Oxford, and surely one I have seen ere now," said the prince.

"Truly, my lord count; but I have stolen from my books to see the wars," replied Ingulph, very speciously.

"Friend, even in a lawful cause it is not lawful," began Fox, when he was fortunately interrupted by the heady prince.

"This rogue would make Job blaspheme," he exclaimed. "Soh, master student, saw you aught of the rebels' march—heard you aught?"

"Your highness must needs know more than we, having the start of us," said Ingulph.

"Zounds, man, do you come by way of Gloucester, then? Methought you were from Oxford, and should be able to tell us when the king may be expected here," exclaimed the impatient general. "Parbleu, speak out, or you shall both of you taste the discipline of the horse rope to some purpose."

"Sir, by your leave, the laws of England," began Ingulph, flushed with indignation, when, as if fearful to be cheated out of his martyrdom, Fox plucked him by the sleeve. "Nay, friend," he said, "let us suffer all things, not only with submission, but with satisfaction, to the glory of His name."

"The laws of England! I trust the day is at hand when there shall be none but the king's good pleasure, as verily there shall not be now in this camp,

but mine," said Rupert, fiercely. "What, dost thou think that paltry gown shall protect this insolence? What business hast thou with a fanatic preacher, if thou art the king's friend? By heaven, I'll see thee whipped ere I dine, with mine own eyes, for a truant schoolboy."

"By heaven, you shall not, sir prince, while I have life to resist!" returned Ingulph.

"Are you of gentle blood? for I will not disgrace that," replied Rupert, smiling grimly. "What is thy name?"

Though certain that the discovery would result in his recapture, Ingulph did not hesitate. "My name is Dethewarre," he replied.

"What, the insolent rogue that insulted the queen's majesty! how art thou out of the cage?" said Rupert, puckering his fierce brows. "Why, thou art fitter to hang on the rope's end, than to feel it. And I scarce think my Lord Montacute would die of grief at the news. 'Tis plain thou art on the way to join the rebels, and if I live to see sunrise, I will see if thou canst not be adjudged as one; and let me tell thee to thy comfort, we have the start of thy friends; for as fast as they travel, and by my father's beard, yonder, I think, they are coming."

He pointed with his staff to a distant part of the plain below, but it was some instants ere Ingulph discerned some faint glimmering of banners and spears, which seemed scarcely above the level of the grass.

" His majesty cannot be far behind, so we must keep them at play till he comes," said the prince, joyously.

" Were it not fitting to call a council, sir," inquired an elderly officer.

" Council, what council, when the enemy is before us?" returned the fiery leader. " Sound trumpets, and every man to the saddle!"

" Now will I give two charges; one for the love of the queen of England against her rebels, and another for the honour of nobility on this base and upstart mob," said the French cavalier, making his horse give a showy curvet.

" Send some to meet the king's van, and bid them hasten; though it needs not, for Lord De la Pole commands it," said Rupert. " You, sirs, consider yourselves as prisoners; and if they offer to stir, some of you knock them on the head."

With this considerate instruction, the prince spurred his mettled charger, and dashed forward, followed by his staff. The trumpets sounded on all sides, and in a few minutes the valleys below were all animate with sparkling rushes of cavalry.

A small body of dragoons remained to guard the heights, who kept an eye on the prisoners, but suffered them to sit together on a culverin, and watch the event.

Ingulph was now aware that although the Londoners, by a skilful movement, had got the start of their enemies, the latter had regained it by a still more surprising rapidity. It was, therefore, with an anxiety

which absorbed his whole being, that he continued the ineffectual spectator of a contest on which was staked—it is not too much to say—the fate of the world.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"*Jose.* Here are the citizens, my lord.
*Don Syl.* And armed?"

THE CONSPIRACY.

IT was drawing towards sunset, and a purple haze thickened over the moors; but the array and march of the parliament army was now distinctly visible, stretching for several miles in long succession of horse, infantry, banners, spears, lumbering artillery, waggons, and all the paraphernalia of a great army.

Ingulph conjectured their number to be about twenty thousand; but of these he knew that the foot was chiefly formed of the London trained bands, men just drawn from their shops, and who had never seen the front of battle. The contempt in which these troops were held in Oxford, the ridicule which the bare mention of them excited, had sunk into his mind; and he hoped scarcely even resistance to the valour of Rupert and his cavaliers. The best chance of salvation for the host, he thought, was that the approach of night might prevent the prince's attack.

But this hope decreased, for the plain gradually presented masses of horsemen, the officers dashing about in every direction to collect and form the troops for an attack. Meanwhile, the moon rose in the still sunny sky, as if to promise a continuance of light to the cavaliers; and as yet it seemed as if the Londoners were not aware of the vicinity of an enemy. Their long line of march now wholly appeared, crawling over the plain like a huge glittering dragon.

Suddenly it seemed as if the Londoners discerned their enemies; the vast mass certainly halted; and doubtless the sight of Rupert's array was as unexpected to them as if the clouds had opened with a phantom host. But again the vast body resumed its progress, at the same slow imperturbable creep.

Whether their rapidity had disordered the cavaliers, or the difficulties of the ground were greater than appeared from an elevation, Ingulph knew not, but it was long before the dropping rattle of musketry announced the nearness of the hostile parties. Smoke and the mists of evening speedily enveloped the scene of action; but still the parliament army held on its way, for its shining head gleamed out at more distant points against the dark orange line of sunset.

But though the main body held on, it kept throwing out parties of horse, and scattered combats took place along the whole line; and the night closed in, as it seemed to Ingulph, suddenly, so absorbed were all his faculties. The blaze of musketry now demonstrated that the army continued its course, for

it shone on the verge of the plain. The opinion was confirmed by orders which arrived for the reserve to march with the utmost speed to join the prince at Newbury, into which he had thrown himself, and before which he had compelled Essex to halt to rally his rear, which was much shaken. The main body was compact and unbroken, owing chiefly to the obstinate resolution of the despised London militia.

Ingulph was now separated from his friend, the reformer, fastened by one hand to a dragoon's stirrup, and dragged at a rapid horse-pace down the hill to Auburn Chase. They reached the scene of action, as was evident from the number of scattered dead bodies of horse and man, broken pikes, and one or two plundered waggons. Ingulph's capturer immediately dismounted, and busily sought about for any relics of plunder, searching such carcasses as he imagined were yet unransacked.

From this inattention, the prisoner began to entertain some faint hopes of escape ; and it was for that reason he pointed out to the dragoon a gleam like that of armour in a bed of tall bulrushes in the moor, which might from its situation have escaped plunder. The dragoon instantly hastened to it, but on their arrival, another plunderer appeared to have the start of them. With a thrill of horror Ingulph immediately recognised in the carcass the gay and glittering French marquis whom a few hours before he had seen in the flush and pride of chivalrous daring. But he had little time to moralize, for the moment the plunderer heard steps, he looked

up, and with quick decision drew a pistol, shot the dragoon dead, and almost in the same breath rushed upon Ingulph with a pike.

"I yield—I am already a prisoner!" exclaimed Ingulph, and but just in time to save his life.

"Now may I never bite bread again, if this is not Master Dethewarre!" exclaimed the plunderer.

"Joyce!" returned Ingulph, with great delight, and it proved indeed to be the stout apprentice. But their greetings were brief, for Joyce had not apprehended the enemy to be so near, and proposed that his young master should mount the dragoon's horse, and retire to the camp before Newbury. This was readily assented to by Ingulph, who was spent with fatigue; but Joyce took care to finish ransacking the deceased Frenchman before he would depart.

Narrations were soon exchanged, and Ingulph heard Joyce's account of the loss of the precious letter with a feeling of great satisfaction, as it convinced him that Marie had not been the cause of his misfortunes. It appeared that on learning his capture, Joyce had immediately and very prudently decamped from Oxford, and luckily fell in with Essex's army on its march. Several of the fugitives who had escaped with Ingulph had already spread his renown in that army. Stonehenge was in London, to stir the parliament in his nephew's behalf: but a citizen who had married a sister of Ingulph's mother was with the London auxiliars, and would give him a hearty welcome.

Communicating these news, Joyce led the way

over moor and marsh, frequently out-walking the horse, until they reached a spot whence a long glare of light showed the position of the camp, or rather bivouac, of Essex's army. Wide gaps in a hedge which they approached revealed the spectacle.

It was a wild and broken heath, having to the left the woods and towers of Donnington Castle, to the right a little river winding through an expanse of dreary black marsh. In front was the town of Newbury, distant about two miles; and all the surrounding country seemed covered with the parliament army, whose position was delineated, as if on a blazing map, by innumerable fires.

The quarters of the city troops were easily ascertained, as well by their neat order, as by the red, blue, and orange banners which marked their divisions. It was chosen with discretion, on a heathy declivity, sheltered by Donnington Wood, but out of range of the red-hot bullets with which the castle endeavoured to disturb their tranquillity, and which shone in the air like a shower of crimson marbles.

Ingulph's uncle, John Bulstocke, was captain of the orange division, a rank to which he had arrived in quiet course of seniority. His locale was easily ascertained by the armourers' arms, of which company he was a member, somewhat vain-gloriously displayed on a flag in the midst of his encampment.

Joyce pointed out the civic leader as they approached, who was sitting among his officers and soldiers, rather *en père de famille*, than with the state

and privacy of a commander. In fact, but for the distinctions acquired by seniority, this truly civic force might be considered as all equals, the officers being like the privates, substantial citizens. Some thousand apprentices swelled the ranks, who had volunteered into them with as hearty good-will and courage as if it were merely to one of their own riotous games of cricket or football. Even these youths looked on their officers in the more habitual light of masters; and while the greatest respect was paid to their orders, there was a household familiarity and kindliness in their intercourse, far different to that of soldiers and commanders.

The citizens displayed their usual skill in purveyance. Half a tree blazed in one vast fire near old Bulstocke, over which was a cauldron, ingeniously suspended on cross pikes. To judge from the savoury steam, this vast pot contained something better than witches' broth. The chieftain himself was busily engaged in superintending the cookery, with a long iron ladle in his hand. He was a burly man of a low stature, somewhere past fifty, with a goodly paunch, and a jolly, fat, humorous visage, garnished with thick gray hair and beard. He wore a breast-plate, but the rest of his person was only defended by stout buff leather, the ties and laces of which were all loose, to give his overflowing plumpness ease.

"Thou wilt find it in my waggon, John," he was saying to one of his satellites. "You may put it all in, for we will fare to-night like brothers, Lord knows it may be our last! And there is a keg of

brandy;—knock it in the head, and let us all have a sup of something to keep our hearts out of our boots. What, Joyce, where hast been, lad?" he concluded, as Joyce stepped forward in advance of his companion.

"Lo, I have been on the highways bidding the stranger in to our feast," said the apprentice. "Look ye, master, did you ever see your nephew before?"

"No, nor behind," replied the citizen, stirring the savoury viands, without much noticing what his attendant said; but Joyce jogged him emphatically, and whispered—"'Tis Master Dethewarre, safe and sound—escaped from the enemy."

Bulstocke looked up in amazement, abruptly tightened his belt, wiped his greasy hands on his breast-plate, and bade Ingulph welcome with a strange degree of flutter and embarrassment. But the natural kindness and jollity of his disposition soon got the better of what was perhaps a momentary feeling of shame. Observing how pale the traveller looked, he drew a truss of hay to the fire, seated him, and fell to warming a leaden beaker of excellent canaries.

It may be imagined with what a blessedness of rest Ingulph threw himself on the offered accommodation; and he swallowed the sack with a satisfaction which obviously pleased the citizen.

"Ay, 'tis good warming stuff for the heart; we thought we should want something on the journey; for though I am no feather-bed soldier, yet it's my first turn in the open fields," said Bulstocke, with

great dignity. "But come, we'll all drink the young gentleman's health, though it be in our last keg. Bring it all out, Thomas; mayhap we may never need it; and 'tis no profit to leave it for the cavaliers; and if we do live to lack it, the devil looks after his own, and why not heaven?"

Flagons of the rich wine which the wealthy and generous citizen had provided for his own campaigning, were soon in circulation from hand to hand, and the company became rapidly sociable. Bulstocke, indeed, continued to treat his newly-found relative with a somewhat superfluous respect, as if he were of a higher rank than himself. But in listening to the details of his escape, which he was now obliged to give, his exclamations of wonder and delight never ceased. Yet he did not for an instant neglect the important duty he had taken on himself of superintending the cookery.

"Ay, truly, 'tis a fair tale,—but I never thought you would remain long in prison after Master Stonehenge heard of the matter," said Bulstocke, with mysterious solemnity.

"Why, what could he do in the matter?" returned Ingulph, much surprised.

"Hush! who knows—he may be within hearing," said Bulstocke, with a glance of great alarm towards the morass on their right, which was now silvered over by a pale moon.

"Do you mean to say he is with the army?" said Ingulph.

"He!—Oh, no, he is in London—I believe,' replied Bulstocke, with marked hesitation. "But

sometimes he is for weeks no one knows where; yet truly, that is his business and no other man's, so we will have done with that; but since you have but so lately escaped from the cavaliers, what do they say now to the London chandlers? Marry, and who but they stood this day's brunt?"

"Truly, uncle Bulstocke, you fought like men with ropes round your necks," said Ingulph.

"Nay, for that, I know not," said the citizen, somewhat aghast at this compliment. "'Tis no treason to obey the lawful authority of Parliament, and to deliver his majesty's person from evil councillors and Irish massacring papists."

"The success will determine of that," replied Ingulph, who wished to promote the desperate feeling in his associates. "But yonder is the royal banner displayed against us."

"Ay, but for that matter, we have the lion and unicorn with us too, though they are but heathen animals," said Bulstocke, cheerily. "Moreover, Parliament can do any thing, since it has turned Christmas feast into a fast."

"If we lose the battle, we have lost the law," said Ingulph, with a smile.

"Well, I did ever think that blazing star which appeared at the beginning of this year boded no good to me nor mine," said Bulstocke, dismally. "But when I consulted with Lilly on it, he told me it foreboded only the displacement of kings and folks of high degree, so I thought no more about it,—yet truly I have been lord mayor of London!"

"But we will *not* lose the battle!" returned Ingulph, with an energy and fire which so delighted the apprentices that they gave an unanimous cheer.

"By the Lord Harry, and they shall not win it, if I can prevent them," said Bulstocke, with answering vehemence. "Why, though I am not so deeply studied in the art military as some, the king shall never have it to say that he saw a white feather in my wing, as I call the lads here. And if it be true what old Skippon authentically reports he heard Walstein himself say, that the art of war is chiefly not to run away—by this hand, the cavaliers shall look for a month ere they see John Bulstocke's back!"

This magnanimous sentiment, naïvely expressed, with an additional syllable which we have not ventured to insert, excited a murmur of applause, for nothing could exceed the wrath of the citizens at the contempt in which they were held by the courtiers—and the age was, truth to say, not only free, but gross of speech.

By this time the cauldron bubbled, and Bulstocke's attentions were now directed to his cookery. "If Betsy were here now, she would put in some little matter of walnut-ketchup, or may be a garnish of broiled mushroom, whereof there are an abundance about, all wasting for want of some one to use them," he murmured regretfully; "but 'tis too late to think of it now; only wait, Master Dethewarre, till we are in London, and she shall make us one of her messes which make one's mouth

water to think of it,—though to be sure we may be all dead and gone before that comes to pass."

The banquet was now served, and in a short time as much jollity and good fellowship reigned on the desolate moor as if it had been in some snug citizen's parlour. There was a heartiness and humour in all Bulstocke's doings which sometimes made him laughable, but never contemptible; and Ingulph, who was anxious to win the favour of his company, exerted himself to enhance the general mirth, and indifference to the dangers of the coming day. He succeeded admirably, and the time passed in great joviality until the wine was exhausted, and the whole camp became hushed in slumber.

Ingulph and his uncle, or rather the latter, slept on a pile of hay near the fire. But weary and worn as the student was, some time elapsed ere he could close his eyes. The novelty of his situation, lying beneath the starry heavens, in the midst of a great host of breathing men, who in a few short hours must many of them sleep for ever, had doubtless much to do with this restlessness; but it was chiefly the tumult of those many streams of thought which met and raged distractedly in his mind, and which the circumstances of his past life will abundantly suggest to the reader.

## CHAPTER XV.

### NEWBURY FIGHT.

The dawn of the eventful day was unaccompanied by any prodigy; the sun shone out as brightly unconcerned as if it were merely to overlook a sheep-shearing. When Ingulph woke, he found Bulstocke wringing the dew from his hair and beard, while Joyce was tapping a cask of beer, and a great string of black puddings broiled and sputtered on the glowing embers for breakfast.

"We must make dispatch at our meal," was his first observation to Ingulph; "for we have the lord general's orders to be in battle array within the hour. These are choice puddings, and my wife Betsy made them; poor soul, you should have seen how she blubbered when I told her I might be dead and gone or ever I needed them. But your Aunt Grizzle! Lord love us, she was as stout as any Spartan Turk of them all, and as good as told me never to come back again, if I did not come covered with glory, like a Christmas pig with holly! 'Sheart, what should a plain man do with glory, if he had it? Only I must not complain, for I make all

the armour we have on us, back and front, pikes and all."

"Ah, Master Bulstocke, Master Bulstocke! ever at thy feasts and fryings?" said a stout soldier-like man who had come up during this harangue; "were it not fitter to keep this morn in fasting and humiliation?"

"Fast yourself, an' you think it good to fight on an empty stomach, Master Skippon," replied the citizen. "King Arthur and his knights were the best that I have ever heard of, and they did none of their worthy deeds but on full meat."

"A farrago of ungodly lies, jests, adulteries, murthers, treasons, and other diabolical deeds, which 'tis a shame to hear a Christian man quote," replied the officer. "And moreover, a lie from beginning to end."

"A lie! the history of England a lie?" returned Bulstocke; "we shall next hear the same of Robin Hood and Little John, and the four 'prentices of London, and Master Shakspeare's chronicle stories."

"Give me a quaff of ale, and keep your opinion, master captain," said Skippon with a smile; and then for the first time noticing Ingulph, he learned who he was, and immediately and warmly pressed him to join his own regiment in the action of the day. But Bulstocke interfered.

"Nay," said he; "let the lad serve his apprenticeship with me; I shall have more leisure to instruct him than you, Master Skippon, and he may be of use to me in the directing and ordering of my fellows, for he hath younger legs, and is taller to be seen."

Ingulph assented to this arrangement, and so, after a pause, did the commander of the city auxiliaries, for such was Skippon's rank at the time. The circumstance gave great satisfaction to the orange brigade, for Ingulph's adventures had procured him that renown which makes men look up to their fellows with confidence, whose courage has been proved.

The whole camp was now in motion. Bulstocke produced from his stores such pieces of armour as Ingulph, unaccustomed to the weight, could be induced to don. The citizen himself, braced up as tightly as his corpulence allowed, with his basket-hilted sword and shield in hand, arrayed his division with as much regularity as if on the Artillery Ground, with the wives and daughters of the citizens looking on to applaud. The most experienced captain could not have shown more coolness, nor the most hardened veterans less apprehension.

Almost as soon as these arrangements were completed, word was given to advance as soon as the cavalry had cleared the range of woody hills before Newbury, which were occupied by the king's outposts. Meanwhile, Essex himself rode along the lines, exhorting the troops to firmness and resolution.

The earl, the son of Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite, and himself the victim of James the First's tyrannous caprice, was a man of melancholy austere presence, with much of the hauteur of high rank and station in his manner. An air of trouble and indecision was apparent nevertheless in his countenance. He wore no armour but a breastplate, the

rest of his garb being the ponderous trunk hose, sleeves, and hat plumed all over, of the period.

The troops received him with a general buzz of applause, of which he took no notice; meanwhile the crests of the hills were cleared of the royalists, and the whole army advanced in battalia. When this movement was completed, Ingulph found himself with the orange brigade on the brow of one of those elevations. About a mile in front was the town of Newbury, to dispute the passage to which the royal army was drawn up below.

The parliament's line extended nearly a mile along the valley, and presented a goodly front of horse, foot, and artillery, drawn up with the greatest regularity. The king's array, on the contrary, was chiefly of cavalry, brought into line with the show, glitter, and confusion of an army of Mamelukes. The innumerable banners displayed waving in every direction, showed like a feudal army in the old time, each noble displaying his standard amidst the troops or tenantry he had levied.

For the first time did Ingulph gaze upon the front of battle, and an indefinable, dreadful, but not altogether unpleasing sensation stirred his soul. It was not fear, for he would not have resigned his hopes of vengeance for almost any other; but there are few standing in battle for the first time, who have not felt how tremendous is the thought that the destructive energies of the species are let loose upon you to do their worst.

For some time the two armies stood at gaze, both seeming to be aware of the awful importance of the

results to be expected from the struggle. Undoubtedly it was the true policy of the royalists not to fight, inasmuch as to attack must expose Essex's heavy army to many disadvantages, and compel them to abandon their excellent position, which the want of provisions would not permit them to keep. But the fiery courage of the young cavalier officers, anxious to distinguish themselves under their sovereign's eye, in a battle which was likely to be decisive, brought on an action.

The right wing of the parliament horse gradually became engaged, and after a furious conflict were driven off in such a manner as to leave the infantry uncovered. It was then that the steady courage and discipline of the city train-bands appeared in full lustre; for after sustaining many furious charges, they remained unbroken, bristling all over with pikes, like the impenetrable hedgehog against the attack of hounds.

Under this firm unshaken wall of infantry, the horse rallied and renewed the combat in masses, while to the left the opposite cavalries contended almost man to man, the ground being broken and hedged; but on the whole, to the visible disadvantage of the parliament.

Ingulph's courage and exhortations contributed to sustain the resolution of the orangemen; and to do Bulstocke but bare justice, no tried soldier could have stood with greater equanimity. He kept a sort of obituary as men fell around him, but never stirred his own burly figure from the position he had taken at the beginning of the battle.

"Ay, there goes poor Dame Marigold's husband! —by St. George, young Stephen is down!" he exclaimed at intervals, "Lookye, they are taking off Giles Mompas with a bloody cockscomb. Stand to it, lads! I warrant we live to tell our wives and lasses all this. Steady!—for the king and the good city, and all our rights and liberties."

The fury of the attack subsided in the direction of the orange brigade, and seemed to concentrate towards the elevation occupied by Essex in person. But although the horse was routed and broken in some parts, the line of battle was still maintained; and as the artillery was ordered to advance, the decision of the battle seemed to approach. Ingulph therefore watched with anxiety the slow and cumbrous movement of the ordnance across the plain in their rear. Suddenly he observed a strong body of royalists, horse and foot, fetching a compass in the distance, in the hope of falling unawares on the flank of the artillery. By this manœuvre they would also be enabled to attack the army in the rear.

With a promptitude and decision worthy of an older captain, Ingulph pointed out the movement to his uncle; and scarcely asking his consent, marched the whole brigade with infinite rapidity so as to intercept the advance of the enemy. The cavaliers rushed upon them, the savage Rupert himself, with his black hair waving almost as long as his horse-tail plume, leading the attack.

Ingulph's reputation for valour stood him now in good stead. The militia men obeyed as if he had been some supernatural leader, and continued pour-

ing their musketry like a destructive hailstorm on the cavaliers. By this time Essex had dispatched a body of horse to their relief, and the artillery coming into play, the discomfited cavaliers retired.

Skippon, who commanded the relief, assured Ingulph that the earl commended his movement as the most soldierly action yet performed in the battle. But the royalists, imagining that they had discovered the key of Essex's position, renewed their attacks so continually, that at length, by the necessity of strengthening it repeatedly, it in reality became the central point of the conflict.

Hour after hour wore on, but no man took heed of time, and the hot sun glowed unnoticed through the sky. But evening came at last, welcome to both parties, with no decisive advantage to either, though certainly with some to the royalists, since they compelled their opponents to spend another night on the open field, without provisions, while they had an abundance of every necessary. The battle gradually died away along the whole line, although it continued in scattered skirmishes till nearly ten at night, having been fought with obstinate courage on both sides since six in the morning.

Without food and with little accommodation of any sort, the army bivouacked on the field which they had kept with such difficulty.

A bivouac on a field of battle thickly strewed with the slain, is indeed but a dismal spectacle; and when the flush of enthusiasm vanished, Ingulph gazed with intense sadness on the heaps of carcasses which strewed the ground, like the withered leaves in

autumn. Meanwhile, Bulstocke occupied himself with indefatigable industry in collecting any scanty materials for creature-comfort which remained. But these were soon found to be quite inadequate, and Joyce was dispatched with a woeful message to head-quarters; but he returned at last with only a single barrel of red herrings, and another of hard biscuits.

"Am I expected to work a miracle? why, there is not a bite a piece!" said Bulstocke, staring aghast at the provisions. "And what is there to drink? for, by my troth, I have been squeezing the barrel this hour, and might as well have squeezed at a stone."

"There's the river," replied Joyce, laughing, "and my lord general himself is fain to make it his cellar for the nonce, too."

The soldiers were too much exhausted to think of burying their dead, but some few assisted Ingulph in a humane search which he made to rescue such as were too severely wounded to make an attempt to save themselves. Among the slaughtered heaps which had fallen in the great attack on the artillery, Ingulph perceived with sorrow the body of the good and accomplished Falkland. He had fallen in the front rank, and lay among a heap of the undistinguished slain, as if his rash courage or indifference to life had led him far beyond even his gallant compeers. Ingulph removed the body to a hedgeside, where it could not be trampled, but the time allowed no other mark of respect. Gradually all gathered around the watchfires, and the general results of the day began to be known and canvassed.

Ingulph heard with great concern, that it was

rumoured the earl intended to order a retreat on Gloucester. Slight as was his military experience, he had not the least doubt that such a measure would cause the utter ruin of the army. At the same time, destitute of provisions as they were, it was impossible to keep their position. Motives of prudence seemed then to counsel what the burning emulation and resentment in his heart prompted; besides, from the great number of leaders of quality and reputation among the royalists who had fallen, he had little doubt that the enemy were as much discouraged at their success as his own party at the want of it.

He therefore applied himself with infinite zeal to heighten the feelings which he knew were predominant among the citizens—their longing for home, hatred of the courtiers, fear of the starvation which they must suffer in returning through a devastated country, shame, and hopes of acquiring renown to themselves and their beloved city. By dint of these arguments, he prevailed on the brigades of the city to dispatch him to the earl to learn his pleasure, and to offer their humble service in forcing a passage through the enemy rather than retreat on Gloucester.

The earl of Essex's quarters were in a mill, around which the cavalry bivouacked. On approaching, Ingulph heard a chaunt of many voices joining in some slow and melancholy psalm-tune. Separately, perhaps, the voices had been harsh and unmusical, but thus united, and under the circumstances, there was something inexpressibly affecting in its measured wave-like swell and fall.

A council of the officers was held in the mill, and

it was they who joined in this solemn devotional exercise, prior to deciding on the military operations of the coming day. Inquiring for major-general Skippon, the guard suffered Ingulph to enter the mill, where that commander immediately recognized him, though with some surprise at his presence, and introduced him to the earl as the godly young gentleman who had escaped from Oxon castle, and rendered such important services during the battle as a volunteer.

"You have approved yourself a good soldier, and a worthy relative of that excellent patriot, Master Stonehenge," said the earl, with marked though stately kindness. "I shall see you have your recompense, if the parliament are pleased to reward a deserver for my sake; but what your immediate purpose is with us, we will hear as soon as we have sought the will of the Lord in this great pressure and emergency in which we stand."

The earl knelt, and with him all his officers, and prayed aloud for nearly ten minutes, for enlightenment in the difficulty in which he found himself, to which the officers responded at intervals with fervent amens. He then arose, and looked inquiringly at Ingulph.

"Mayhap my message is an answer to this prayer, my lord," replied Ingulph, with singular happiness; and he then delivered it, interspersed with the best arguments which his own ingenuity could add. He saw that he was listened to with the greatest attention, and that his superstitious appeal in the first instance had produced a great effect.

"If this be an answer, I know not; I had it in my heart to propose a peace to his majesty,—his gracious person being in the field, and no great advantage won by either," said Essex, in an irresolute and troubled tone.

"To ask peace, now, my lord, were even all one as to acknowledge ourselves at mercy; and every moment our hunger diminishes our strength, which the king well knows, and he will but tickle us with words till he has us completely at mercy," said Ingulph, warmly.

"The king is called his majesty, when you speak of him in the third, Master Dethewarre, said the earl, austerely. "We are here to do his majesty's gracious commands, as signified by the two houses of parliament, but not in any way, as God forbid, to diminish his majesty's lawful titles, dignities, prerogatives, immunities, and powers, as enjoyed by his majesty's ancestors of glorious memory."

"But, my lord, what will become of your own, and of the gallant men who stand by you in weal and woe, if the sword be laid down ere the pen has signed?" said Ingulph, warmly.

"I know not why those men only give counsel, who understand not war—for I hear none of you give a word of advice," said Essex, looking discontentedly round. "I would his majesty could see more clearly into the times. There is a sort of men arising, I wot not what they mean, but they rave distractedly, both in church and state. Understand me fairly, sirs; I would have a peace, but such as should abundantly provide for the security of our

laws, religion, liberties, and bring delinquents to justice, with satisfaction for tender consciences, and all men and all things in their places again. All honest men wish for peace, and ye all know that if we lose this army, there is nothing to prevent his majesty from going direct to London, and you know what panic is there already."

There was so general a silence of disapprobation, that Ingulph ventured to renew his argument, by expatiating on the starved condition of the troops, and he even insinuated the probability of a mutiny if they were kept long in such a state of suffering. The majority of the officers joined zealously in these representations, as neutral ground, on which they did not clash against the earl's declared opinion.

"Fight the fight, then, if it must be, but God knows what may come of it," said Essex, passionately. "And since your citizens are so hungry and so eager, Master Skippon, let them even lead the van of the attack at sunrise."

Skippon readily accepted this honour for his division, and Ingulph then respectfully withdrew, to leave the officers to their deliberations on the necessary preparations.

Bulstocke was somewhat puzzled when he heard of the distinction conferred on the city brigades. "For our good services to-day, we are to have the first brush with the cavaliers," he said, with an astonished look. "That is not the way we do in the city, when a man works well, to give him his yoke-fellow's task as a reward. Marry, to see how

folks are always ready to drive a willing horse to death."

"Marry, is a popish oath, and an abomination in a Christian's mouth, Master Bulstocke," said a severe and gloomy-visaged pikeman.

"Why, so is mince pie, Thomas Pride, or a Michaelmas goose; but if that's damnation, I never saw it written up in the commandments, many times as I have read them in Paul's aisle, waiting for a customer, or such like," replied Bulstocke.

"Truly, thieves and money changers have defiled the temple," replied the puritan, "Not that Paul's is a temple to the Lord, seeing that the mass-book of the Common Prayer is still muttered in it. But truly there is a first commandment, as well as a second and a third; and what are mince pies and Michaelmas geese but graven images, as it were, or symbols of popish idolatries and heathen festivals to their pantheistic saints?"

"I know no Greek, Thomas, but this I know full well," replied Bulstocke. "My father ate them before me, and my father's father; and, please God, I will do the same, as long as suet and plumbs, and apples and cinnamon, and fat geese are to be had for love or money."

Fatigue overcame all other corporeal miseries, and in a short time the whole camp was hushed, and the dead scarcely slept sounder than their survivors. But Ingulph awoke with the first beam of light, and aware that he had in some measure undertaken the responsibility of the great attempt

about to be made, immediately began his preparations. In a short time the whole army was in array, and while it was yet grey dawn, Skippon arrived with orders for the city brigades to advance.

Advance accordingly they did, in massive and determined array; but as it was now light in the plain below, great was the astonishment to perceive not the least sign of an enemy! Scouts were sent out, and returned with intelligence that the royalists had vanished as if the earth had swallowed them.

Ingulph, who was with the orange brigade in the advance, concluded instantly that the enemy, having experienced the strength of their position, had abandoned their own ground to lure them from it. But it struck him that it was a great error to relinquish their strong position in Newbury with such an expectation, because it could not be difficult to fall back on the heights; and he eagerly persuaded his comrades to push forward and occupy the town without waiting for orders.

They found Newbury as silent as a magic city of eastern romance turned into stone for not reading the Koran; or as if the plague had swept off all the inhabitants. Doors and windows closed and barred —the very market-place a desert. Perhaps the king had expected that the wearied army would have halted in the city to refresh itself, and thus allow him time to take a more advantageous position in advance. But Essex, learning what had happened, gave orders for the army to pass through without a moment's pause; and in high approval of the conduct of the orange brigade, gave it the

glory of holding the town until the army had marched out of it.

This honoured brigade was thus again brought by its valour into the post of danger, to Bulstocke's continued wonder. And dangerous it seemed, in truth; for when the brigade at length took up its glorious position in the rear, Rupert and his flying cavalry appeared along the line of march as it traversed the deep and involved country towards Reading. The orange brigade, however, got clear of the town, and were steadily wending their way to rejoin the main body, when Ingulph discerned a party of cavalry galloping towards them, as if to intercept this junction. So rapidly had the army advanced, that they were too distant to hope to reach it without sustaining a charge. But as the glittering squadrons approached, Ingulph's feelings became strangely intense and mixed, when he recognised in their commander Lord De la Pole—his brother, despite of all his wrongs.

The young cavalier came foremost, waving his sword, laughing and exulting as if at some drunken revel, and his troops dashed after him with headlong rapidity. So furious was the charge, and hasty the preparations for it, that for the first time the square of spears was broken, and a desperate pell mell combat took place, the cavaliers hacking, hewing, and trampling without mercy. But by this time Essex had sent a party of cavalry to their relief, and De la Pole's men, attacked by superior numbers, and in confusion after their charge, were driven off with slaughter.

The orange brigade again formed, Ingulph collecting the wounded; whom he was determined, whatever happened, not to desert. Engaged in this research, he suddenly came upon a cavalier who lay insensible and crushed beneath the weight of his own dead horse, and so covered with blood and dust that but for the armour Ingulph could not have recognised in him the Lord De la Pole. Yet he it was; and after a moment's inward struggle, Ingulph raised him, bound a wound in the breast which seemed to be the chief one he had received, and placed him carefully and even tenderly on one of the tumbrils of hay on which the wounded were carried.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### LONDON IN 1643.

Continually harassed by Rupert's cavaliers, but without any other serious damage, the army at length reached Reading; after which their march to London was no longer infested by the enemy.

De la Pole's wounds were found to be dangerous only from the effusion of blood, and therefore the preservation of his life was undoubtedly due to Ingulph's timely aid. The cavalier himself warmly admitted it, and in spite of Ingulph's desire to the contrary, obtained of Essex that he should be considered his brother's prisoner, as he now ostentatiously called him, and remain under his charge. The custom of warfare at that time made every prisoner a kind of property to his capturer, who was at liberty to ransom him for his own benefit. Though partially abolished by the parliament, this practice was considered still to hold good when the general pleased to authorize it.

The army continued its advance to London, where preparations on a grand scale were making for its reception. In proportion to the panic into which

the king's successes had thrown them, was now the rebound of the parliament's hopes; for although the battle was apparently a drawn one, all the advantages of victory were gained by them.

In the first terrors of the king's successes, the parliament, in addition to the old walls of the city, had run a line of fortifications, which took in Westminster and the more important suburbs. The fields about Charing Cross were entrenched and mounted with cannon; but, on the approach of the army, were covered with the populace, rushing out to meet their deliverers.

The members of parliament and dignitaries of the city, in state costumes, rode out to meet their faithful army, an honour which kings have seldom obtained, and for the first time Ingulph beheld that great assembly whose progress was watched by all Europe with mingled amazement and fear.

Lenthal, the speaker, was easily distinguished by his robes, long, handsome, dismal visage, and a pomp of manner not unbecoming his high station. There, too, came the fanatic but noble Vane, the gloomy and sagacious St. John; Hollis, and Nathaniel Fiennes; the witty republican, Marten; and now Hampden was gone—the darling of the people, and chief leader of the parliament,—he whom the cavaliers in derision styled King Pym. Though a man of short stature, worn and haggard with the immense cares which success had brought upon him, his ready smiles, volubility of language and ideas, rapid movements, and never-flagging courtesy,

marked a man formed to win the popular love. There was but a poor show of peers in the procession; by far the majority were with the king, and those who remained were so merely the echoes of the commons that they were almost slipped out of men's notice. But there was the lord mayor, and other civic dignitaries, blazing in scarlet and gold, and the Scottish commissioners in their robes of estate.

After an harangue from Lenthal in the highest style of scriptural eulogy, and a modest reply from Essex, the procession moved forward amidst thundering acclamations of the masses. The earl rode uncovered, bowing with stately courtesy at long intervals.

Banners and tapestry waved from every window; triumphal arches crossed every street; cannon roared; military music resounded in every direction; and the popular effervescence vanquished even the gloom and contempt for mundane feelings affected by the more rigid sectaries. De la Pole watched the whole proceeding with a laughing eye, and abounded in jests and sarcasms, which, in spite of himself, amused his capturer, beside whom he rode. Ingulph himself was an object of general attention, for his renown had preceded him; and the gallant bearing and paleness of his companion won at least an equal share of notice from the women.

"Good lack! how things have changed," Bulstocke kept saying. "Why we did no more than put on our chains and mantles the day the king

came from Scotland and dined with us in the city; and I sat but three below the salt. Good lack, how the world changes."

"I remember the feast well, forasmuch as the queen and her ladies did nigh kill themselves with laughing on their return," said De la Pole.

"Ay, but who laughs now?" replied Bulstocke, into whose good graces De la Pole, despite of the coldness with which his advances had been at first received, had contrived by his wit and jollity to insinuate himself.

"Why, the court laughs, and must, as long as there are citizens," said De la Pole, smiling and kissing his hand at some girls who were gazing at him from a window; and who vanished as instantly as if he had darted a spear at them.

Ingulph had been for some time musing what to do with his prisoner, for whose detention he was responsible. He thought it likely that his uncle, Stonehenge, would dislike the presence of the son of a man who had so injured him. Bulstocke would gladly have received them both in his own house, but he had so profound a notion of the deference due to Stonehenge, that he declared he must first consult him on the matter. It was agreed that the brothers should await an answer at a small inn in the Strand, which De la Pole selected from the singularity of the sign. It was the portrait of a jolly, knavish-looking fellow, with this couplet below:—

"There's many a head stands for a sign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?"

"I like the humour of it," said the cavalier. "I'll warrant mine host is a quaint, original fellow; and I do need the sight of a laughing visage after all these long-drawn cast-iron masks."

They quitted the procession which was escorting the earl to his mansion, and no sooner halted at the door, than mine host made his appearance with a figure which by no means belied his imagined characteristics.

"Welcome, cavaliers, for I see by the cut of your gibs ye are honest gentlemen," said mine host, with a stress upon the word which meant much to the initiated.

> "For to tell a friend from a red herring
> Needs nothing but wit and a nail's paring."

"'Tis Taylor, the water-poet," said De la Pole, smiling. "What, old crony, hast forgotten me?"

"My honourable lord!—'tis the first time that ever I was sorry to see you," said Taylor, bowing profoundly. "Will it please you to alight and take a smack of the old bin you may remember, for in sooth this is weary work for the eyes, to see folks ride on horseback that should do it in a cart."

"Have a care; Master Pym has long ears," said the cavalier. "And by-the-by, hast thou thine own still, for I thought long ere now to learn thou hadst played martyr to rotten eggs and cabbages."

"In truth, my songs are written in the king's fear, and defiance of the pillory," returned Taylor; "and I do pray you, my lord, how *is* his majesty? Say, ere we enter, for this day stirs the mud, and

my house is full of slit noses and rebels of all sorts and shades."

"His majesty is — the better for thy asking," said De la Pole, laughing. "But lead in — we are spent."

As if he had received the most satisfactory information, mine host rubbed his hands, blessed the king, and threw open a door which admitted to the only room in the house destined for company. There was a good fire in the chimney, doubtless to cook by, for it was a very hot day; but the company was not so numerous as Taylor had boasted. There were only three persons, but all of them, in their way, remarkable.

One sat close to the fire, as if it were December, demurely engaged in what was then called "taking" tobacco. A little earthen censer, filled with the odoriferous weed, stood on the hearth, which he inhaled from a long tube of coloured clay. His countenance had a singularly keen, ferrety expression, and there was something peculiar in his garb. He wore a leather apron with a pouch, from whence stuck out the haft of a knife, some ends of cord, and a variety of long thin steel instruments like those in a surgeon's case. Another fellow sat opposite, in the meanest garb of poverty, and with a visage projecting, bristly, and brutal as that of a wild hog.

At the opposite side of the room, either to avoid society or for the sake of the light, for he was pencilling in a thick ledger-like volume, was the

third guest. He was dressed in the costume of a lawyer, which at that period was worn in public as well as in the courts, with an ink-horn at his girdle. His hair was cut close round his pale saturnine visage, and showed the frightful mutilation he had sustained, for his ears were gone, and apparently with them a slice of one of his cheeks. Turning to see who entered, he revealed an additional stigma, for his cheek was branded in large black capitals with the letters "S. L.," the abbreviation of the words seditious libeller.

"Why, Master Prynne, at your penmanship ever? you will leave no foolscap for me," said Taylor.

"Thy lampoons and pasquils are in the heads of fools already; why trouble about their caps, John?" returned the lawyer, gravely.

"You have me on the hip there; I will owe you the turn awhile," replied Taylor, very good humouredly. "But if you be writing of verse, (for there was never a lawyer could write poetry,) you should drink some liquor more fantastical than ale, though mine be as stout as any between London and Gloucester, and sticks on the lips like honey."

"'Tis an ill bird fouls his own nest; and being of Gloucester, I marvel thou praisest it for these vanities," said Prynne.

"I would that were the worst to be said of it," replied the water poet. "But since they have turned reformation rogues, I pray heaven they may lose the craft of making cheeses too, for a judgment."

"Thou art profane, John, thou art profane, and wilt never rest until thou hast run thy neck into a wooden collar," said the lawyer.

"Then if thou lose thine ears, I counsel thee to wear thy hair long," said De la Pole, with a satirical smile.

"You speak as one of the ignorant, sir, by your leave," said Prynne, smoothing his close crop away from his maimed ears. "Could these severed, amputated, and dismembered auricular gristles be restored to me again by magic or heavenly art, I would refuse and utterly decline the offer; for thus am I a perpetual protest against the antichristian, inquisitorial, merciless tyranny of the bishops, and the hellish tyrant, Pope Laud, their ringleader; a monument of the unexampled insolent tyranny of Charles Stuart; and a living daily memento to all men who yet hope for peace and liberty under his merciless Turkish sway, and that of his idolatrous woman, the apostate Frenchman's daughter."

"I pray you remember, then, that merely to be a woman, entitles the queen to some respect," said De la Pole; "in my presence at least, for you see I wear love-locks."

"For the devil to clutch thee by," returned Prynne.

"But is it true that you are a convert to the heresies of this new quaking sect they speak of?" said the cavalier, with provoking simplicity.

"I support, perpend, or any wise abet that young man's 'pravities? Stranger, have you read my

Quaker Quaking, or a fire-brand for the tail of a fox?" exclaimed Prynne, vehemently.

"By the Lord, have you yourself; for all you wrote it?" said the cavalier, laughing outright. "Why, man, the judges who condemned your histriomastix, did it only on a six months' perusal; but a cup of sea-water is as bitter as the ocean."

"And so I trust they found it, and of a flavour not to be swallowed down with wine and strong drinks," said Prynne, triumphantly. "Yet, notwithstanding the visible judgment on them, the Frenchwoman, as we hear, with her unclean court, still holds her orgies, witch-sabbaths, and devilries, under the guise of stage-plays or masques."

"And here is the devil incarnate who composed the last," said De la Pole, tapping Ingulph on the shoulder, who had been gazing rather than listening, so painfully did the visible impress of tyranny affect him in the person of the maimed enthusiast.

"It grieves me to hear it, for the young man hath an ingenuous countenance," said Prynne. "None but the fiend is a gainer by stage-plays, wassails, ales, churchings, hawkings, maypoles, christmasses, minstrelsies, bear-baiting, and all manner of flesh-delights. The writers, projecters, beholders, dancers, singers, baiters, revellers, and fiddlers, are all damned."

"An you were judge, I doubt not," said De la Pole, laughing. "And I must freely tell you I would rather be so, than go to such a heaven as you would allow."

Taylor entered at this moment, with a tankard of burned wine, foaming over, and fragrant with spice.

" Fill all men's goblets, and let us be companionable, mine host," said the cavalier.

" No friend, no; another measure of thy brown Burton, an thou wilt," said Prynne, withdrawing his cup as Taylor offered to fill it.

" As thou wilt, master, for indeed the ale is very good and cloggy, though self-praise is no recommendation," replied Taylor; " there's the more for them that will; nay, sirrah, were it the gallows, master before man," he continued, as the man with the bristly face extended his mug, and passing it to fill the smoker's, neither of whom had hitherto spoken a word.

" Thank'ee, good man," said the smoker, in a gruff tone." But I am musing why you keep your cracked tobacco-box on the hob; 'tis good harbourage for some sort of imps, and truly I have seen a scarlet toad leap out of a less suspicious matter."

" Ay, but you have such a gift at seeing, Master Hopkins," replied Taylor, with a cock of his humourous eye.

" In the matter of witchcraft and wizard-craft, and such like, I thank my God, I know myself as well as any man that hath been since Christendom," replied the party addressed. " And for that reason it hath pleased some good men (ay, and with warrantry, considering how many I have rooted out in my time,) to call and christen me by the title and namesake of Witch-finder General."

"Your war is waged with old women, so 'tis no concern of mine if you do root them out," said De la Pole.

"Tis a lying error to believe so!" said the witch-finder, with vehemence. "The devil is no such fool!—why, there is one in this very town whom I have my eye on—is a marvel of beauty and youth."

"Where is she to be seen?—For I will have my fortune told this very night," said the gay cavalier.

"Speak low, speak low, lest some hear that should not!" said Taylor, looking round with a strange expression of alarm on his jolly features.

"Aroint thee, Satan! I fear thee not," said Hopkins, visibly startled; adding, in a lower tone, "there are few suspect it, and 'tis by mere chance I had any inklings of it myself. A certain great lord in Oxford set me on making inquiries concerning a London merchant, whom he did suspect came by the money he lends parliament in bushels, by magic, which would be a fine exposure. But from what I hear, I should say he hath a witch or fairy to wife."

"Of whom speak you?" said Ingulph, somewhat interested.

"I am acquainted with an excellent worthy woman, a laundress, who declares that she hath rats for her feet, for she hath seen them peep out of her golden garments," continued Hopkins, without noticing the question.

"Do they keep cats in this marvellous witch's neighbourhood?" said De la Pole, laughing heartily.

"And the same worthy matron credibly declares she has seen her play with a huge green snake, that

shines like mother-of-pearl," said Hopkins, quite unmoved.

"What manner of liquor does the good woman drink?" returned De la Pole.

"I see thou mockest, young man, and of a truth, scoffing shall abound in the latter days," said Prynne, with a groan which seemed to come from the depths of his heart.

"Ay, ay, Hopkins, you would fain have a bob at Stonehenge's Spanish dollars," said the water-poet, with a knowing wink.

"Stonehenge!" repeated the cavalier, with a start. "Is not that our beloved uncle's name, Dethewarre?"

"I mean him not; he is a worthy Christian gentleman, who has served the parliament with tooth and nail!" said Hopkins, much perturbed.

"If she be so fair a witch—alas! she may transform him into a horned beast," said De la Pole, with a slight sneer.

"Nay, the beast is baffled, and principally by my means," said Prynne, associating his usual ideas with the word, "for I trust we shall not again have Canterbury among us to serve him."

"Would you spill the old man's blood on the edge of the grave?" said Ingulph.

"He did not spare mine on the scaffold!" returned Prynne, showing his ghastly scars, "look where a portion of my cheek was cut, even till the artery flowed, and but for the compassion of a hangman's 'prentice, I had bled to death."

"And you were mercifully dealt with," returned

the cavalier. "Was not Peacham condemned to die for only writing a sermon which he never preached?"

"Then, all honour to you, noble English hearts, that will never more suffer this infernal tyranny in England!" said Ingulph, passionately.

"But, Master Prynne," said De la Pole, imitating the ponderous style of his antagonist. "I have, as it were, been revolving, considering, pondering, deliberating, and bewildering, whether it is not pure carnal-mindedness and vain-glory in you to keep these crop-ears so visible, being ensigns, ornaments, insignia, and garniture, of martyrdom?"

"Come, sirs, shame not my house, for 'tis not in good liquor to be brawlsome," said Taylor, frothing the mugs up with the skill of an accomplished tapster; "Here's a stave of my own composing, to the increase of good fellowship:—

"Some are for parliament, some for crown,
Some are for presbyter, some for gown;
Some swear 'tis right, some swear 'tis wrong,
And some like a sermon, and some like a song.
But all faiths and parties may surely agree
To fathom their bowls in harmony,
In harmony!
That's all we need know for a certainty,
A certainty!"

"Yet I do persist," continued the cavalier, in his mocking tone, "that 'tis a great question, yet unsettled in theology, whether the apple that Eve ate was a Kentish or a Kirton pippin."

A concussion seemed now inevitable, but luckily

Bulstocke entered at the moment. There was a singular degree of embarrassment in his manner, as he informed Ingulph that his uncle desired both himself and his prisoner to lodge in Whitehall, and to see them directly.

" Then, by 'r lady, Master Hopkins, I will see what sort of shoes Mistress Stonehenge puts on her rats," said the cavalier, eagerly rising.

Bulstocke stared amazedly, and then called for a stoup of wine, which he swallowed hastily; and scarcely returning the greetings of the poetical host, who was yet an old crony of his, the three departed. De la Pole had just reached the door, when Hopkins caught him by the cloak, and drawing out one of his instruments, a long keenly pointed needle, muttered, " if you could only prick her with this, and mark carefully whether she bleeds, and if so, how many drops—I will soon tell you who 's witch and who 's not."

" I have an infallible criterion of my own," replied the cavalier, snatching away his cloak. " But I fear you are a conjurer yourself, and will try." And dexterously seizing the needle, he stuck it with such good will into the witch-finder's hand, that he left him howling with pain.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WHITEHALL.

A SHORT walk from the Strand brought Ingulph and his companions to Whitehall, in part of which ancient palace Stonehenge had been allowed to take up his residence. Nor was that circumstance one of the least significant signs of the times. For a long time after the king's departure, the palace remained as he had left it, the chief suites locked up, and in the care of some few inferior officers of his household. But encroachments were now commenced in the majestic solitude, which threatened to extend from some minor invasions of distant suites over the whole pile, according as the necessities and courage of the parliament increased.

The vast extent of the palace seemed indeed to make this consummation remote. During the four hundred years which had elapsed since its foundation in 1243, Whitehall gradually increased in bulk, until it occupied an almost incredible space, extending along the banks of the river, and inland over all that district now occupied by numerous mansions and the stately street which continues to

bear the name, even to St. James's. Its architecture exhibited traces of almost every style which had prevailed during the ages which had elapsed since its foundation by the great baron who had built it as a place of strength, and of which structure a battlemented keep and some lofty towers still remained; who bequeathing it to a monastery of Black Friars, they had added some buildings of an ecclesiastical character. The friars disposed of it to the see of York, in whose possession it remained for ages, and a considerable part of the pile still bore the impress of the sober magnificence proper to that great prelacy. The vast additions made by Wolsey displayed rather the grandeur of the prince than of the churchman; and Henry VIII. also left traces of his character in the tilting-yards, cock-pits, and military architecture which he added to the fabric; while James I. marked the commencement of a new era, and his own tastes, by erecting the noble banqueting house, which of all that immense edifice alone survives the fire of 1697.

Entering the palace by a superb building commonly called Holbein's Gate, they crossed the tilt-yard, surrounded by its beautifully wrought galleries, from which the beauties of the bluff monarch's court looked down and surveyed his exploits and those of his chivalry in the gallant tournay. Thence they reached a hall which had once been the guard-chamber of the palace, but was now desolate, or only tenanted by the dusty suits of armour and useless weapons of ancient chivalric pastimes which

hung around the walls. The beautifully-stained Gothic windows were much shattered, and other marks of wilful dilapidation appeared, for the rage of fanaticism regarded all the remains of the ancient religion with abhorrence, and in a palace occupied by Catholic prelates for so many ages, these could not but be numerous.

Passing thence through divers long corridors, they emerged by a postern into a garden of great extent and beauty, though much neglected, which descended in terraces to the edge of the broad and tranquil Thames. Rejoicing calmly in its strength, lay the noble river, burnished all over with gold in the setting sun. Bulstocke guided through the labyrinths of the ancient gardens, in which four centuries of mankind had left traces of peculiar tastes in that art in which the first of men was a proficient. But the solemn monastic yew, anciently cut into strange forms of beasts and birds, were now neglected into wilder phantasies than ever gardeners' "fine frenzy" dreamed; the stately palm, brought from Calvary itself, was scathed with barbarous wounds; the fountains were choked with weeds and grass; the beauteous statues of ancient deities and solemn urns were green with moss; the fig-trees and peaches planted by Wolsey were torn from the walls, and lay blossoming on the ground.

The general air of the gardens might be said to retain something of the ecclesiastical tastes of its former possessors and planters. The flowers were chiefly those whose rich scents or religious gravity of beauty have rendered them favourites with the Ca-

tholic clergy, or useful in their sacrificial pomps:—the perfumed purple lavender, the virgin-dedicated lily, holy rosemary, sanative balsam, tranquil violets, golden asphodel, martyr-wreathing amaranth, and numerous medicinal herbs, cherished by a church which was once almost equally the physician of body and soul.

After wandering for some time through this sylvania, they came to a winding path which conducted into what was once the orchard and private garden of the palace. It was enclosed by a hedge formed of matted briars, vines, hops, and honeysuckles, twisted with extraordinary skill into a dense and almost impenetrable wall, over which waved the luxuriant verdure and odorous blossoms of unnumbered fruit-trees.

"Surely we are in the Hesperides,—and hark, one of the charmed nymphs is singing under the mystic tree," said De la Pole, pausing.

"Pho!—there's no such thing—there's nobody singing—I do marvel to hear that you believe in witches," said Bulstocke, with an appearance of alarm.

"Is it a fairy singing?—it must needs be Shakspere's Ariel, or some more delicate sprite," said the cavalier. "I pray ye, listen."

They listened. It was a warm glowing sunset, almost southern in its hushed effulgence. A female voice, incomparably sweet, was heard singing with the profusion and liquid sweetness of an Italian nightingale pouring its amorous fancies in fitful gushes of rapture and plaintiveness. The words were foreign, but the playful tenderness of the air

seemed to speak some intelligible language which the soul understood without corporeal aid.

The song ceased, but the voice was still audible, prattling and chattering as if with some bird or other pet, and anon breaking off to indulge in a little flourish of melody.

"She is not far off—let us see what manner of bird hath so sweet a note," said De la Pole, pushing into a thick maze of wood, which seemed to intervene between them and the songstress.

"My lord, remember! this is Stonehenge's private garden," said Bulstocke, with great horror; but the cavalier pushed resolutely on, and his companion had nothing for it but to follow him.

As we have said, the enclosure was partly garden and partly orchard, combining the beauties of both, in the number, variety, and stateliness of the fruit-trees which shaded it, and in the parterres of flowers which bloomed wherever the sun poured fissures of light through the leafy vault. The emerald green of the grass, besprent with daisies and brilliant poppies; the murmur of the trees laden with blossoms, the melody of unnumbered birds which found shelter and safety in the surrounding thickets, combined the choicest pleasures of sight and sound.

At some distance, in a full ray of sunshine streaming through the flowery branches of a vast apple-tree, as if basking in its radiance, lolling on the grass and caressing a richly-plumaged bird, of a species but little known in England, the vague instincts of a passionate organization appearing in the tenderness with which she suffered it to nibble at her sweet

mouth, or pressed it lovingly to her bosom, with wooing words and endearments, was a young girl. Her figure was hardly yet rounded to its full loveliness, but it was advantageously displayed by the rich foreign costume which she wore; a short petticoat of spangled lace over another of shimmering tissue, a boddice of scarlet velvet wrought with silver vine-leaves, her profuse, glossy, and raven black hair being partially confined in a silver net sparkling all over with diamonds. Silver filagree work, tassels, crosses, and innumerable gauds of colours and jewels, which delight the natives of hot climates, finished her toilet.

This pretty figure was well contrasted by another, at whose feet she sat, a tall elderly woman in a formal and sad-coloured costume, who was knitting; while a snowy kitten amused itself with ravelling her ball of worsted, to the silent delight of the young girl. The older female's form, though somewhat too large to be elegant, had once been fine; and her countenance was still handsome, though crimped up with a harsh puritanical crossness, and knitted with a perpetual frown under which flashed a pair of grey vindictive eyes.

The cavalier pushed boldly on, and the crackling of the branches caused both the females to look up; the matron uttered a kind of stifled exclamation, while the young girl looked up with all the shy beauty of a startled antelope.

De la Pole advanced, removing his plumed hat, and fixing his eyes, which sparkled with something

more than curiosity, on the younger lady, who gazed at him in mute alarm.

It was apparent that she was the syren whose voice had guided him, for a guitar hung by a scarlet ribbon to her neck; and her beauty fixed the bold gaze of the cavalier in undissembled admiration. It was evidently of a southern character; the rosy brownness of complexion kissed by the sun into a ripe glow on the cheeks, like the purple tints of the grape, in depth and downiness; the expression of mingled softness and vivacity, which in the southern women so easily kindles to flame or melts to the most voluptuous tenderness; the full bust, the lively gesture, the depth and yet playfulness of the smile, habitual to the small, ruddy, velvetty mouth, the eyes volcanic with passion, marked a daughter of the sun. But the air of purity and innocence, which surrounded her like the snowy atmosphere of an angel, was almost childishly lovely and confiding.

"Do you come upon us as a thief in the night, or as a strong man to slay?" exclaimed the matron, starting up, and gazing with a fierce and singular intensity at the young cavalier.

"Nay, madam, but methought I heard an angel singing, and I was not mistaken," said De la Pole, in a tone of the profoundest respect. "'Tis by the merest accident, and I crave your pardon very humbly."

"Nay, Grizzle, 'tis the Lord De la Pole,—the prisoner; we are going to Master Stonehenge," said Bulstocke, who, with Ingulph, had now arrived.

"Then, o' God's name, go on your way; what do you here, brother?" replied the matron, her pinched visage turning very pale, while a brilliant flush covered that of the young girl, beneath the cavalier's gaze, which heightened her beauty like a rose's beneath a sudden beam of sunshine.

"Body o' me, I thought you would like to see your nephew, for the first time, sister," said Bulstocke, putting a good face on the matter. "But an' you do not, say so at once, and we will not trouble you with our company."

An expression approaching to a spasm crossed the matron's features, as she turned at this introduction to Ingulph, and welcomed him with an agitation which her natural strength of nerve immediately overcame. "But," she added, after the usual formal greetings of the time, "thou knowest, brother, Master Stonehenge must not be kept waiting; we may see one another anon."

Bulstocke seemed cordially to agree, but at the moment the cavalier exclaimed, "Nay, gentlewoman, give me an instant's rest to the sole of my feet; I am spent with my wound," and staggering a few steps, he sunk, and either feigned with more than woman's skill, or actually swooned.

Bulstocke and Mistress Grizzle stared at one another in silent dismay, and Ingulph himself stood amazed. But in that instant of time, the younger woman was kneeling beside De la Pole, applying a nosegay, which she snatched from her bosom, to his nostrils, rubbing his temples, brushing back his thick curls, and uttering a thousand childish exclamations

of pity and terror. Still he stirred not, and in her dismay and ignorance, the poor girl called out that he was dead, and a sparkling shower of tears from her eyes bedewed his pale cheeks.

By this time, Grizzle and the other two present recovered from their surprise, and came to the rescue. Bulstocke tore open the young man's vest, Grizzle produced a smelling-bottle, Ingulph fanned the air, and all the time the young girl chafed the cavalier's hand in both hers; and his first symptom of returning life, was to press her hand as it were convulsively to his breast.

"Oh, he is dying; the povrito is dying," she said, with passionate grief. "Ama mia! feel, his face is as cold as marble." And she put her lips to his white cheek, starting timorously at the warm rush of blood which instantly met the pressure.

"Ramona, retire; what will your husband say?" said Grizzle, somewhat roughly removing the young girl, and taking her place.

"Nay, ama, he has always bidden me be kind and gentle to those who needed help," replied Ramona, beseechingly. "Dios! do not let him die."

"Nay, lady, he hopes to live to thank this generous compassion," said De la Pole, opening his eyes and fixing them languidly on the lady, but with an expression which deepened the warm tints of her complexion; and she cast her eyes down with a renewed gush of tears. "By what name, sweet lady, may I remember you, for ever?"

"Nay, my lord, throw not away your court compliments on this young girl," said Grizzle, sternly.

" 'Tis Mistress Stonehenge, and she has been too carefully instructed in Christian sobriety to relish these gaudy phrases."

The cavalier seemed struck with this announcement, for he rose instantly, without much apparent difficulty, and without Bulstocke's volunteered assistance.

There was no longer any pretence to remain, and after the exchange of the usual civilities, the cavalier and his companions proceeded on their way, but not until De la Pole had snatched up the nosegay, and retired, pressing it to his heart with a mute but emphatic glance. Ramona seemed to watch his movements with curiosity and interest; and when he was fairly out of sight, she resumed her seat on the grass, touched her guitar with a few wild jangling notes, stirred her milk-white kitten with her little foot, (not rat, Hopkins,) and fairly melted into tears.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE ASTROLOGERS.

Following the windings of the orchard, Bulstocke led to a wicket, which admitted into a court-yard, surrounded on one side by the river, and on all others by a pile of buildings, evidently the most ancient of the palace. A quiet gloom reigned in the shadows of the huge and strangely diversified architecture, which looked indeed partially ruinous, and was nearly overgrown with ivy; over all arose a round tower, very lofty, and apparently tenanted only by a rookery of crows, which kept wheeling in airy squadrons, with loud cries over head.

"Master Stonehenge is a great student of astrology, and he stays principally up thither," said Bulstocke, pointing to the tower. "But I pray you, my lord, do not mention what you have seen, for he might take it ill of me to have brought you through the private walks."

"Fear not," replied the cavalier, musingly. "Surely, Ingulph, this uncle of yours is a philosopher of that Hermippic school, which places its elixir vitæ in the sweet reviving breath of youth, else

what wants he with so blooming and mere a girl for a bride?"

"Nay, you had better ask him," replied Ingulph, sharply; and no more was said for some time. They entered the building by an ancient gate, passed through several corridors, and ascended so many flights of steps, that De la Pole inquired, with impatience, if they were going to a crow's nest. But at length they reached a narrow winding staircase, which conducted to a still narrower doorway, closed by a strong oak door, cramped with iron. Bulstocke, opening this, showed another of exactly similar make, at which he tapped.

Some moments elapsed before any notice was taken; a strong, deep, and somewhat agitated voice then commanded them to enter, and filing in, for two could not have gone abreast, a dark chamber of considerable extent, but lighted only by two deep recesses in the walls, appeared. It was wainscoted with black oak, riveted on with large nails, driven in symmetrical figures. The ceiling and floor were of the same, and at intervals, all round the walls, hung massive rings. In a deep chimney on one side of this lofty dungeon burned a low fire of embers, which from time to time threw out strangely-coloured gleams, as if it too had something of a supernatural quality. These irradiations lit up some curious cabalistical characters and figures carved in the stonework round the chimney-piece.

The furniture was of a singular kind, consisting of some massive wooden stools, a table covered with books open at various hieroglyphical pictures, and

extraordinary illuminations of the stars and celestial bodies flaming in the fantastic configurations of the ancient astronomers. Globes, astrolabes, telescopes, zodiacs, and many unknown instruments of judicial astrology, strewed the chamber.

Of this scientific apartment there were two occupants. One was Master Stonehenge, the other was a well-featured man, and yet with a somewhat vulgar physiognomical character, with keen cunning eyes, and attired in a loose gown of black serge.

Stonehenge welcomed his nephew with marked affection, and after slightly returning the cavalier's bow, looked at him for some moments with so much and intense earnestness, that it staggered even his audacity.

"Marry, sir, are you stamping my portrait in your eyes, that you may know me again in a fog?" said the cavalier, in a vexed and troubled tone.

"Nay, I do perfectly know your features; you are like your father, sir; a rare compliment considering in what times he chiefly flourished," said Stonehenge, with sardonic playfulness. "But I am bound to take note of you, being a prisoner of the parliament, and in some measure under my charge."

"You are acquainted with my father then?" said De la Pole, gazing earnestly at his host.

"I have seen him," replied the latter evasively, and he walked away a few steps; then turned and made an impatient gesture to his attendant, which the latter seemed to understand, for he unrolled a curiously painted parchment, and handed it to Stonehenge. In the centre there was a figure with

a crown on its head, with several figures standing around it, at right angles, all in robes of state, surmounted by numerous stars and mystic letters. Two of the figures were distinguished, one by having an axe and the other a dagger struck into them, as it seemed by the violence of certain lines drawn from the surmounting stars.

Stonehenge glanced carefully over this, while the young men looked at him in some surprise.

"Note my lord's answers, Lilly," said the merchant, with a strangely bitter emphasis on the title.

"I would be glad to know, if this gentleman be the famous conjurer, whether the parliament requires its prisoner's fortunes to be told," said De la Pole.

"Forasmuch as men's deaths depend so much on their nativities, even that were no profitless guess," replied the astrologer, with a cunning smile. "But 'tis not so; I am but to note down such particulars as are usually required from prisoners of state."

Carefully shading what he wrote, that it might not be overlooked, Lilly continued writing the prisoner's replies to the queries which Stonehenge addressed to him in a somewhat despotic tone. Numerous as these were, few seemed to have much significance. His age was inquired; his exact name; the place of his birth, and even the hour and minute; to all which De la Pole answered with real or affected carelessness; and when the questions seemed exhausted, he inquired of Lilly, with apparent simplicity, whether he needed any other information to cast his horoscope. "For

I would fain know," he said, "whether the lady to whom I am betrothed, and whom I love so much that the sight of any other woman, however fair, vexes me, shall assuredly be mine, and when."

"You were born under the lush-lighted planet Venus, in the ascendancy of Mars,—stars unfavourable to matrimony, and the latter to life," replied Lilly. "Moreover, an evil beam has shot into your house, by passing Saturn, the melancholy and malign old man delighting in darkness and sorrow."

"Yet if Venus stand my friend, let Saturn do his worst," returned De la Pole, laughing. "Yea, even Saturn in Scorpio."

"Nay, that planet was in apogee when your father wedded," said Lilly, quite seriously.

"Have you then questioned the Marquis of Montacute's horoscope?" said De la Pole, with earnestness.

"Among many others, which I am casting for next year's almanac," replied the astrologer. "When you know the general's fate, you know the fate of his troops."

"I trust that you will not put it then among the raw-heads, coffins, and flames, at the beginning, Master Merlin," returned De la Pole.

"All things must be where fate will have them," said Stonehenge, musingly. "I have seen Master Lilly's erection of your noble father's scheme, and there is a red stream of gore flowing through his house; but whether but to cleanse it, or as a sign of dark deeds done in it, science it seems can scarcely declare."

"I do hope that I am not given into custody to madmen," said the cavalier fiercely. "If you are, as you give yourself out to be, Dethewarre's uncle, my kindred to him is perchance but small claim on your hospitality, but it should protect me from insult, being in your powers."

"'Tis very true; I admit the claim," said Stonehenge, with a bitter smile. "Lilly, as Master Bulstocke perchance knows not the way to the tower where my nephew and his prisoners are to lodge, you will guide them thither."

Lilly sprang up with alacrity, as if he were glad to get away; and De la Pole stalked sulkily off between him and Bulstocke, who had not uttered a single word during the interview.

Ingulph was preparing, though with some hesitation, to follow, when Stonehenge made him a sign to remain.

"I will but detain you for an instant, my gallant boy! my son!" he said, affectionately embracing him. "The times are ripening fast, and in you I behold the destined fulfiller of the glorious dream which humanity shall waken to fulfil. The hand of fate is visible in all the workings of your fortunes—for what was Walstein's fall unhurt from a lofty window, compared with thy escape? And thus do all men already note in thee an extraordinary lot, and look for something more marvellous to follow. Thou hast beauty, youth, intellect, eloquence, and wrongs, and either thou art the destined sower which the times demand, or this ploughshare of God has torn up the earth in vain."

"What share it shall please heaven to give me in the great work, I am ready to execute, to the last drainings of a heart which has scarcely ever beaten without anguish," said Ingulph, with mingled enthusiasm and melancholy.

"All shall be well yet. Lilly and I have been casting your horoscope," said Stonehenge, with a smile, which seemed half in ridicule of his own credulity, "and we find that on your birth appeared those famous three suns which have so long perplexed Europe; the middle one encircled by a rainbow, which is heaven's sure sign to the nations that a deliverer is born; and but that you understand not the mystic symbols—look at this oracle."

As he spoke, Stonehenge displayed the cabalistical picture we have described, at which he looked with great satisfaction. "The luminaries are in violent signs, not beholding each other," he said, half aloud. "Your planet is in the house of ascendancy, and every success is promised; ruin and destruction to all that pass at angles of opposition; the certain discrowning, if not the utter ruin, of the tyrant; even his life shall at one time be in your power."

Ingulph also smiled at the wild absurdity of this prophecy or prediction, while Stonehenge continued in a rapt manner,—"But 'tis just that he who darts a poisoned spear should have it returned into his bosom. You disbelieve in this science, Ingulph, because you have not, like me, experienced its truth; yet even in the depths of the forests of Mexico, wandering among savage hordes, I saw written in the glorious starry book which unfolds its leaves

in those resplendent skies, prophecies which have led me over the ocean to my long-abandoned native land to fulfil what they decree. But let us see what discoveries Lilly has made concerning this tinselled young man, the gaudy son of Montacute?"

He then examined with great attention the paper which Lilly had been drawing, apparently with cabalistical figures.

"I do read it, but with difficulty," he said at last, after some study. "This malignant conjunction of the native's star with Mercury, betokens danger to those who regard it in Saturn, as mine does; but other testimonies fall in to mitigate the influence; yet have a care of him, Ingulph, for he is dangerous to both of us."

At this point in the confabulation, Bulstocke's voice was heard at the foot of the staircase, calling Master Dethewarre, in a timid and doubtful tone, as if he feared to interrupt, and was yet compelled.

"Go to them, they wait for you; we will meet again shortly," said Stonehenge, placidly; and exchanging farewells, Ingulph hastened to join his friends.

"Lord help us, but I was afraid for you," said Bulstocke, looking at Ingulph as if he had escaped from a lion's den; but resuming his usual cheerfulness on observing Ingulph's, he added, "For certes there are such strange stories abroad, that although I may truly say that in former times Master Stonehenge was the making of me, I can scarcely get over a sort of shuddering when I see him."

The cavalier and Lilly were waiting at the foot of

the staircase, much marvelling at the delay; but hearing their footsteps, resumed progress. They were chatting very sociably, for it was difficult for any one, however reserved, to resist the animation of De la Pole's manners; and Lilly had little of the dignity and gloom of his mystic calling; to the contrary, he was a man of profuse speech and somewhat vulgar freedom of manners. The familiarity of the young noble was very gratifying to a plebeian who had risen by no very creditable means from a low class of society.

Ingulph and his prisoner were to be lodged in Holbein's Gate; and, after crossing the gardens, Lilly led them thither by a different route than they came, through the chapel of the palace. This lay in what might almost be called ruins, the stained windows being much shattered, the altar removed, the escutcheons, and the wrought pews they surmounted, appropriated to the knights of the garter, the sovereign's being in the centre, were much defaced, the elaborately-carved and massive pulpit of black oak, richly gilded, thrown on the tessellated pavement. Thence Lilly conducted them, by several suites of chambers, up a winding staircase, into the tower over the gateway. They arrived in a large dungeon-like apartment immediately over the gate.

An old mulatto seemed to be waiting for them, very decently clad, but in a foreign garb, with that smooth, sinister, bending aspect only to be acquired in slavery. He spoke in broken English, but sufficiently well to announce that he was appointed to attend on the new visitors. He then led the way to

a suite of chambers in the west tower, informing Ingulph that he was to occupy those in the east, and that the gateway below was locked every night, and placed under guard, after which no one without the watchword could leave it.

De la Pole's apartments were furnished in an antique style, and were somewhat gloomy; but preparations had evidently been made for his reception, and things were arranged with a cleanliness and order which marked some female superintendence. In truth, Grizzle, although she had no reason to be very solicitous for the accommodation of the prisoner, had found it impossible to resist her house-keeping instincts, and to her the preparations were due.

"You will be better lodged here than I was in Oxford," said Ingulph, remarking the discontented manner in which the cavalier went from window to window, ascertaining that all looked either into the street or tilt-yard.

"But I shall not escape so easily; 'tis true I have not a relative who is a wizard," said De la Pole peevishly. "But I should not have grieved so much over my fate, if any of these windows had overlooked the gardens or the river, or anything worth seeing."

Bulstocke, imagining that the prisoner was now satisfactorily lodged, invited Ingulph to come home with him, to partake of a little jollity which his wife and some of his city friends were preparing for his reception.

"They think so much of the arm of flesh, as if the victory were any but the Lord's, " said the valiant

alderman, with so much modesty that Ingulph could hardly keep his countenance.

" Oh, consent, consent, my dear lad, and take me with you, for I shall die of weariness, if I am left here alone," said De la Pole eagerly. " I give you my word of honour I do not dream of an escape, and will consider myself on parole until you release me."

" Truly, his lordship shall be welcome too ; I warrant we find plenty for us all, and a dozen into the bargain," said the hospitable Bulstocke ; and rather touched with the anxiety and soliciting expression of De la Pole's usually haughty visage, Ingulph consented.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE CITIZENS.

Bulstocke lived in Ludgate; and to reach his abode more easily, they took a boat at the palace stairs. From the river the vastness of Whitehall was more apparent than on the land, and the bright beauty of the evening displayed it to advantage. Tower after tower, terrace after terrace, pile after pile, floated past on the dancing waves, and the cavalier watched eagerly as they went scudding by the ancient mass in which Stonehenge resided. Ingulph too noticed it, but his attention was chiefly attracted by the circumstance, that on the summit shone an extraordinary light, resembling a clear, green, stationary star; but it vanished so suddenly after he had observed it, that he had no time to point it out to his companions, even if he had been so inclined.

In the warmth of his heart Bulstocke had invited Lilly to share his "home-again feast," as he called it, an invitation eagerly accepted; so that when he landed at Blackfriars he had a considerable suite.

The moon shone brightly on the uneven shingles with which the streets were paved, and touched the

strange, carved, picturesque houses and jutting balconies with fanciful lights which a painter would have frequently paused to note. The streets were filled with the population returning home from the sight-seeing of the day, mostly wearied and silent; and Ingulph could not avoid contrasting the royalist population of Oxford with the sobriety of demeanour and garb which characterized puritan London.

They reached Bulstocke's house, a large rambling edifice, built in a chaotic confusion of galleries, penthouses, and flights of massive stairs, with innumerable lattices, not built in the fear of the window-tax. Entering a wide yard, surrounded by the smithies used by Bulstocke in his Vulcanic art, their arrival was announced by the growling of a huge bull-dog, chained to an anvil in the gateway. Bulstocke's voice instantly changed the tune to a joyful whine of recognition; but the signal seemed to be heard within, for a door flew open, and a voice exclaiming, "Why, John, John, lad, is it thou?" was heard, and Bulstocke was caught in the arms of his spouse, and surrounded by a whirlpool of friends, apprentices, domestics, and armourers, who came rushing out to welcome their warlike master home.

"Why, woman, thou wilt fairly shame me to tussle me thus before folks," said Bulstocke, nevertheless kissing his short, plump, buxom little wife again and again. "And how are ye all, neighbours?—tut, 'tis not so much to be in a battle after all;—you have let the lads have holiday, wife, I suppose, since all the fires are out?"

"Tut, man, never think of that now, when we

have thee home again, and ne'er a bullet in thee; but oh, it was venturesome of thee to go!" said Mistress Bulstocke, in a flood of joy and admiration.

"Why, what could my pikes have done without me, that have had the word of command from me these score years?" said the worthy citizen. "But to thy comfort, lass, thou hast me here as sound as a trout, and as hearty as a buck: but lead in, lead in, I have honourable guests to show you."

The whole company trooped back to the spacious parlour in which they had been assembled, and as they were obliged to pass through the kitchen to it, preparations on a grand scale for the feast were visible.

The floor, and nearly all the furniture, was of massive oak, rudely carved, the fire-place occupying nearly one end of the room, so vast it was. As this was an occasion of great pomp, the floor was strewed with rushes, which diffused a not unpleasant odour in the room. But the cavalier's attention was chiefly directed to the company, and he quietly formed his observations on them as he went.

In the liberality of her joy, Mistress Bulstocke had invited nearly a score of her own and her husband's special friends, all substantial citizens, in which order the worthy alderman stood among the foremost. One or two were exceptions to this class, such as the famous theologian, Master Milton, who also kept a school in Aldersgate, and was considered a very respectable man. But at present he was in a somewhat gloomy disposition of mind, for it was not long after his wife had run away from him, disgusted

with the evangelic severity of his manners. There was also Master Tomkins, a personage of greater consideration, having been clerk of the household to the queen, when she had one to keep, and who was suspected to be looking forward with anxiety for her majesty's return. He was an austere and magisterial man, dressed in the gloomiest and richest materials which could be procured for money, and with rosettes of a truly enormous size in his shoes, that being the reigning court mode, and the only sign he dared openly give of loyalty. Tomkins was connected, by marriage, with the presbyterian faction, having for wife a sister of Waller, the poet, who had taken a considerable part against the king in parliament; but both the latter were suspected of secret conversion to the royalist interest.

Among the citizens was one whom subsequent circumstances require us to mention specially. He was a rich goldsmith, called Chaloner, a large, portly man, with a long beard, and an air of profound gravity, but who was thought to be something too much under the dominion of his wife, a lively, handsome, and rather shrewish dame, who well knew how to use her good looks and sharp tongue in attaining and preserving her sway.

Between Tomkins's wife and Chaloner's, although particular friends, there waged a kind of civil war, for Tomkins's wife, on the score of her gentle blood, and her husband's former court station, considered herself as infinitely elevated above the rank of any mere citizen. She took all opportunities of expressing a sense of this superiority, insomuch that Mistress

Chaloner had despitefully given her the name of the gentlewoman, by which she was generally designated. The war, though never openly declared, raged on tacitly, in dress, in jewels, ribands, pride, husbands, and in fact, all things, even in wit, but there Mistress Chaloner's edged tongue gave her too decided an advantage.

On the other hand, Madam Tomkins's not-to-be-doubted-aristocratical distinctions gave her the ascendancy, as was proved by the essential difference of her title—Madam being only applied to women of rank. Mistress Chaloner's path, by the necessity of being contrary to her rival, seemed unavoidably chalked out to her in democratical extremes. But, strange to say, in politics only they agreed in a disagreeing manner; for while Mistress Chaloner continually and on all occasions and on none railed at the pride, insolence, tyranny, and popish tendencies of the court, sneered at the pretences of folks who would be thought to belong to it, and exalted the virtues, riches, and other good qualities of the citizens,—she secretly, in her woman's heart, envied the distinction of being connected in any way with that mass of scarlet and golden glories which her imagination figured in a royal court.

Both ladies were garbed in their Genoa velvets, rich with brocade and jewels; but, alas, Madam Tomkins had on the true genuine court-tire, such as was worn at her majesty's last presence at Whitehall. Mistress Chaloner took little pleasure in the indisputable superiority of her personal charms, under this dispensation. But albeit feeling to her heart's

core the inferiority of her blue velvet cap, thick sown with pearls though it was, she was too good a general to show any signs of discomfiture in the presence of the enemy. On the contrary, about the time the guests arrived, she was in vehement disputation with Madam Tomkins, on the covenant, and alleging that for her part she saw no reason to insert those loving protestations as to the inviolability of the king's person, when all the world knew that a cannon-ball would as soon hit a prince as a 'prentice.

"You know more of 'prentices than I can pretend to, Mistress Chaloner," replied Madam Tomkins. "But methinks even cannon and ball have more respect for the Lord's anointed than the clamorous disloyal tongues of which there are so many in this city."

"'Tis an observation for your chawing, Master Henderson," said Mistress Chaloner, turning to the Scotch divine, who was then at the height of his popularity in London.

"Truly, fair Mistress Chaloner, I know not that I am accountable for any of my doings in this city, which may verily be called the stronghold of David, save to the Lord, and the committee of the estates of these two covenanted kingdoms," replied the presbyter, in a strong Scotch accent, which, in the enthusiasm of their new alliance, had ceased to be disagreeable to the southern ear, or at least so ridiculous as it had once been considered.

"And your wife, and your wife, Master Henderson," said Mistress Chaloner, with equal gravity.

This dialogue took place some time before Bul-

stocke and his guests arrived, who were now ushered with great ceremony into the parlour or dining-hall of his spacious abode.

"Now, by all we must not swear by, I am as glad to see you home again as ever I was to see my wedding kirtle," said Mistress Chaloner, in her cheery way. "Look you, I have been merry this hour, against wind and tide, and 'tis as ill laughing alone, as dancing alone, or sleeping alone; heaven keep us against ghosts these war-times."

"Were I a ghost, you would have reason to say so, fair mistress," said De la Pole, with his usual gallantry. Mistress Chaloner looked at him with a quick, merry glance, and then at Bulstocke, to ascertain who this lively responser was. But the alderman seemed to have some hesitation, and two or three times gulped down the words with which he commenced an introduction, staring at his wife with a face full of infinite meanings; and no marvel, considering the relationship which one of the new guests held to her.

"Why, in good troth, you look as lackadaisical and full of nothingness as poor Chaloner, when he was courting me, knowing himself the worst of a score," said Mistress Chaloner. "Heaven grant you are not eye-blasted, for they say there is a witch lives in some quarter of Whitehall, whence they say you are come."

"Nay, we run more risk of being bewitched where we are," said the cavalier, with a glance, which set Mistress Chaloner fluttering her fan.

"Sir," said Henderson, austerely, "I am grieved

to see you have so muckle of the ill practices of the court, in this behoneying and larding of women with high-seasoned compliments, so that they have no relish left them for the plain phraseology in which honest men bid them do their duty."

"Nay, Master Henderson, truly you wrong the court," said Madam Tomkins, but without stating why, depending with reason on the majesty of an ipse dixit.

"And more yourself, for the sweetest word that ever I heard from courtier never made me forget the sourest word from priest," said Mistress Chaloner, with a smile of mingled coquetry and sarcasm.

By this time Bulstocke felt the necessity of speaking, and had screwed his courage to the point.

"Why, you see, wife," he said, "the young man himself cannot be to blame in the matter, and thy sister herself owes *him* no grudge; but, truly," he added, checking his speech, and turning to the company, "'tis an ill life to live in hatred; and although my lord's father was pleased to do his best to ruin me in the Star-Chamber times, yet, wife, I hope you will make him welcome for his brother's sake, Master Dethewarre here."

"My lord! what lord?" said Madam Tomkins, hurriedly.

"Pardon my intrusion, worthy lady," said the cavalier, with winning cordiality, and taking Mistress Bulstocke's hand. "But, indeed, your husband's kindness makes me most anxious to right the injustice my father may perchance unwittingly have done,

which I engage myself to do, as soon as there is a good peace with his majesty concluded, which all honest folk do pray for night and day."

"Nay, indeed, Mistress Bulstocke, ye canna well say your prayers the night with the breath that could keep the coals of this feud alive, after so honourable a saying and acknowledgment," observed Henderson.

"There's more in't, there's more in't," said Mistress Bulstocke, with evident confusion.

"Why, truly, it is not a blood-feud—blood hath not been spilt in the matter?" said Henderson, inquiringly. "If not, there is naething sae sweet and comely in a Christian as the forgiveness of ane anither's trangressions."

"Well, John Bulstocke, ye are the best judge; and whom you invite I will make welcome," said Mrs. Bulstocke, but still with some reluctance.

"Then here's the end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast," said Mistress Chaloner, with characteristic gaiety; and De la Pole, whose high rank cast Dethewarre into shadow with the majority of the guests, was formally presented to each and all.

Madame Tomkins extended her hand, in the stately court fashion, for the cavalier to kiss; which he did with all solemnity, emphatically marking his knowledge of the distinctions of rank by making his lips acquainted with Mistress Chaloner's pleasant cheek, in the heartiest city style.

"By yea and nay, Chaloner, though I say it to thy face, 'tis the heartiest buss I have had this many a day," said Mistress Chaloner, smiling

and ruddying all over. "But all the world knows my lord is his majesty's prime soldier, and on my troth I do love a soldier, and would thou hadst been out with the train-bands on this Gloucester business, Chaloner!—for they are like to be all in all these times."

But Milton, whose great theological abilities always attracted attention to what he said, now interposed to draw Ingulph from the shade.

"Master Dethewarre, I rejoice to see you," he said, in his calm, musical accents, while Ingulph perused the countenance of the famous polemic, which might almost have been judged too femininely beautiful but for the severity and intellectual loftiness of its expression; "I rejoice to see one who is so likely to prove a pillar in that gorgeous temple we are building to Jehovah, so far exceeding Solomon's, that its roof shall be the unbounded heavens, and all the nations of the earth may meet in it."

"I have a heart and a hand ready in a good cause, and that is all," said Ingulph, very modestly.

"Nay, for we have heard that the Muses have touched your lips with the hallowed fire," said Milton. "And such a voice, backed by such deeds, may well be a trumpet-blast to waken the earth from its lethargy of a thousand years."

"There needs not that in a land where you have spoken, Master Milton," replied Ingulph. "The sword has been thrust into my hand, and it will become too hard and callous to attune the warbling wires."

"Let us all, at all events, do our duty," said

Milton. "But a breath of fire is now breathed into the nostrils of this nation, which fast grows instinct with the life of liberty. Awhile ago, and all seemed night; black, Cimmerian night; the dark that was ere light arose on chaos; when of a sudden the stars appear, and our whole sky is fretted with constellations of glories strewn as prodigally as the gold-dust on some Indian emperor's triumphal way. O God! what shall we live to see if this great wave of human progress be not broken until it roll into an universal ocean!"

"But, truly, is this Master Dethewarre that escaped from Oxon Castle, by flying without wings?" interrupted Mistress Chaloner, in great fear of a sermon. "I pray you, sir, tell us truly the story, whereof we have so many variations, for we shall have supper anon, and I would get my gaping over."

As this seemed to be a topic of general interest, and all joined unanimously in requesting him to relate the adventure, and even De la Pole, with an ironical smile, Ingulph had now to tell the tale of his escape, and with all the particularity which women's minute imaginativeness, by men styled pettiness of thought, requires. He soon grew into favour with the two rival ladies, and from different causes; with one for having served the court in its pleasures, with the other for having fought against it in its battles.

But Mistress Chaloner was by so much the handsomer woman, and had such good-humoured and roguish smiles, and such a bewitching way (according

to the jolly city manners of that day,) of *pinching on the sly, yes, verily, of hugging and clutching*, as if yielding to the emotions inspired by the recital, that Ingulph involuntarily heightened all his doings against the court to please her.

Whether De la Pole was vexed with this momentary eclipse, or whether with his usual subtlety he fathomed the secret of the rivalry between the two ladies, he played them off admirably one against another. He now feigned to devote himself to Madam Tomkins, even while his ear was attent on the merriment of Mistress Chaloner, who, enraged at being neglected, determined to show that she cared for ne'er a lord in the land, and so devoted herself to Ingulph.

The conversation grew more general, naturally drifting into politics, in which Madam Tomkins always pretended to be too mysteriously well informed ever to open her lips, lest she should inadvertently betray some great secret of state. Mistress Chaloner, on the contrary, gave her opinion on every topic that was started; and although her views on state affairs were not at all inspired by Machiavellian sagacity, her rattling gaiety and handsome looks always secured attention even from the grave and really politic presbyter, Henderson.

De la Pole adapted himself with more than Protean versatility to the most opposite views and characters in the company.

" Certes," said he to Milton, in reply to some observation, " there is something mountainous and vasty but chaotic looming through the mists in your

London brains; but 'tis but a huge phantasm, not an abiding reality."

"You say so, for you know not its name, my lord," said Milton, kindling to enthusiasm. "It is liberty —vast, limitless liberty! The human mind ariseth like a giant refreshed with wine; and all the petty chains which kings and priests—ay, and presbyters— have forged for it, shall burst with but the stretching of the limbs. Look again, I tell you, at this London, once sodden and silent as a corpse in the sepulchre; now what a mighty forge of thought is it become, wherein the hammers of a thousand smiths are continually at work! And though some send forth rude unfashioned weapons, or unwieldy armours that crush the bearer, still 'tis all wrought in a metal which, when the destined artificer comes, shall be wrought into one great and irresistible whole; though what that whole shall be, lives only in the thought of the Eternal. Listen, and ye shall hear mechanics and dysters plan commonwealths as seriously as Plato, ay, and perchance more wisely; women and babes whose lips still flow with mother-milk, make simple the hard, and confound the wise with foolishness. Here one sits trimming his lamp by night, lest the kingdom of Christ should come and find him asleep; another muses whether to his hand, or to Peterkins, his neighbour, shall the sceptre of a thousand years be confided; anon, one discusses in his garret what terms of peace the nation shall offer to the king; his neighbour, the scholar, denieth any, and dreameth nightly of antique Greece and Rome,

abhorring kings; yea, indeed these are great times, if the end belie not the beginning!"

"The shepherd distrusts a bright dawn," said Ingulph, with a sigh.

"But being a poet, Master Milton, and my Lord Berkeley says, one of an excellent device, I marvel you side with a cause which utterly mislikes and contemns such frivolous matters," said the cavalier.

"The beauties, glories, and grandeur which accompany royalty and prelacy are even as the purple and golden clouds that glorify yet darken the pure sunlight!" replied the poet. "But I too have known the spells these exercise; yea, when in Rome, with much ado did I keep my knees stubborn, when a hundred thousand men knelt in the dust to receive the benediction of a tottering old dotard in cloth of gold. I have stood in St. Peter's when the fervent noonday of Italy poured an ocean of emblazoned light through its vast temples, flooding in glory all those miracles of art which boundless genius and wealth have collected in them; but as I gazed through that wilderness of gilded marble, crowded with kneeling devotees, glistening with banners, altars that flamed with gold and precious stones, sumptuous priests wafting the golden censers to those glorious vaults with perfumed smoke of ambergris and Egyptian nard,—I remembered that the universe is the temple of God, and felt cabined and imprisoned in all that simulate magnificence! And for the same reason the glitter and pomp of courts did ever move

me but to pity that men should consent to be courtiers that might be freemen!"

"Methinks Master Pym and his coadjutors themselves would stare to hear you talk," said De la Pole, much surprised.

"Let them do their appointed task, other hands will snatch the torch when they relinquish it," replied Milton. "They are but pioneers; when the skirmishers retire, the trampling masses of the battle advance."

"Nay, then, I will set those on you can manage you better," said De la Pole, laughing. "Is it true that there is a certain book lately appeared with Master Milton's name to it, ladies, pleading both the lawfulness and necessity of a Christian freedom in the matter of divorce, if a man, on a careful trial,—let us say, of some three months or so,—find his wife disagreeable to him either in person or mind?"

"Chaloner, wouldst thou have given me so long a turn?—I know some husbands that would not," said Mistress Chaloner, laughing outright.

"It is a monstrous and a damnable heresy, being in essence the abominable antinomian doctrine of the dissolution of all moral ties and obligations!" exclaimed Henderson.

"Methinks it is a popish fashion, then, to lay down the law thus absolutely," said Milton, with warmth. "But of a truth we are like to find our presbyters as insolent and conscience-binding as ever the prelatical church with monkish Canterbury at its head; for they do rage as intolerantly against all

dissent and difference from their modern inventions, as ever the others from ancient ones."

This was almost for the first time that Ingulph clearly understood or believed an assertion which was frequently made in Oxford, that the parliamentarians included two religious factions, which were likely to split from one another, and thus to divide their strength. He concluded that Milton was one of the new sect called independents, and he turned with some interest to watch the theological concussion which seemed now inevitable. Henderson was evidently collecting himself for an onset, when Mistress Chaloner most fortunately broke in.

"Prythee, Master Milton," she said, pouting her pretty lips, "is a woman but a mere chattel, like a man's ox, or his ass?"

"If woman be not created for submission," returned the poet, "why then is her flesh so tender, her bones so weak, her muscles so flexible, her nature fearful and abject?"

"If you ask me, Master Milton, I could answer you!" said De la Pole, with his licentious smile.

"Surely not that man might tyrannize over her by his brute force!" said Ingulph, warmly. "But that he might win her love by the noblest of all claims, gratitude, by protecting her weakness with his strength."

"Woman is made for man, for his enjoyment and service merely," said Milton, with increasing vehemence. "Man hath a noble destiny in the crea-

tion; 'tis honour enough for woman that she is created to obey him voluntarily."

"Hear you that!" exclaimed Mistress Chaloner. "I'll warrant, Master Milton, there are some men would fain believe you."

"Woman is the glory, the beauty, the effulgence, the colouring, the completion of nature!" said Ingulph, passionately. "Without her, our moral world were as desolate, and hopeless, and dark as the physical one without a sun."

"Hear you that!" again exclaimed Mistress Chaloner, triumphantly.

"You are in love, Master Dethewarre, and I grieve to think it, coming from what quarter of the compass you do," said Milton, in a tone of grave and stern rebuke, and the young man involuntarily coloured.

"Why, Master Milton, they do tell us your own wife hath returned to Oxford, from all the enjoyment of your superiority," said De la Pole, with a slight laugh.

"Truly, my home and hearth are desolate," said Milton, in a tone of deep bitterness. "It is thus that evil itself works blindly to good; and that blow which at first dazzled and stunned my sight has removed the scales of prejudice; so that I now see that beside those rare crimes which the prelatical courts admit to the heavenly privilege of divorce, there are a myriad reasons which may justly free a man from that loathsome Mezentian thraldom, that chaining of a living body to a cold, putrefying corpse!"

"This is indeed a whirling world, when the pillars of such a mind are bending!" said Ingulph, pausing in astonishment at these sentiments from the mouth of the religious Milton.

"Yea, for the old structure of the world must be dashed to pieces ere we can rebuild it on sure foundations," replied Milton, enthusiastically. "Yea, from the dark bosom of desolation our structure shall arise like the enchanted palace of the Lady of the Lake from its black waters, the glorious architecture piled to the skies, and yet hewn out of one solid diamond!"

"Tut, gentlemen! but we may be all of a mind at least on the king's pork, and here comes a wild boar from his forest of Needwood," said Bulstocke, rubbing his hands and springing up, for now appeared his spouse, after many disappearances from among her guests in housewifely anxiety, heading with modest triumph the march of the supper. Surrounded by numerous dishes whose very receipts are forgotten in these degenerate times, carried in triumph on a verdant hurdle of oak, came a wild boar, roasted whole, with the tusks carefully blanched, and gaping wide with large lemons in its jaws.

At this sight party animosities faded away, for among the luxuries of our ancestors the flesh of the wild boar was considered meat for kings, and was indeed but seldom served but at the tables of persons of rank.

"Come, Master Dethewarre, thou and I will be yoke-fellows for the evening," said Mistress Cha-

loner, pettishly glancing at De la Pole, who was offering his arm to Madam Tomkins. "Never frown, Chaloner, if I make the young gentleman my playmate before you, for 'tis better so than another way; so let's be cheek by jowl, and chatter as fast as fishwives."

"Tête-à-tête, methinks, were a courtlier phrase," said Madam Tomkins, with a smile of pity at the young cavalier.

"Nay, for your French is not an honest language; it can do wrong with so fair a visage," replied Mistress Chaloner. "Look to your head, bed-fellow, that day I begin to translate my city doings into court language; and so good keep us all, and let us to supper."

"Would you would employ me as your tutor in the task, fair Mistress Chaloner!" said De la Pole with a sigh, which meant far more than his offered arm to Madam Tomkins.

"Hear you that, sleepy Chaloner!" said the gay citizeness, clapping her husband on the shoulder, who had sunk into a reverie. "Now, by'r lady, I wish you would not throw temptations in one's way, for a body cannot always know to a certainty when you are asleep or awake."

"Now, Master Henderson, give us a short grace, for there is nothing worse than cold boar fat," said Bulstocke, seizing the vast carving knife which he was to handle; and there was a reverent silence.

Henderson complied, though as usual at a great length, insomuch that Bulstocke showed visible signs of impatience, and sliced little bits off the boar; and

the very moment the amen was pronounced his knife and fork were buried in it. Ingulph could scarce forbear laughing at the hypocritical reverence with which De la Pole listened to the grace, without any sign of weariness. All then seated themselves, and whether by accident or design, the cavalier took his place between Mistress Chaloner and Madam Tomkins.

Ingulph made room for the presbyter between himself and Milton.

"Truly!" said Henderson, in an exulting whisper to Ingulph." "Truly, it were of an unspeakable advantage to the gude cause to win over so noble and powerful a gentleman, with such excellent shining ability to advance any, good or bad."

Ingulph smiled, and watched with amusement the operations of his versatile rival.

For some time he directed his conversation almost exclusively to Madam Tomkins, to the indescribable delight of the stately dame, who relaxed from her lofty silence when she found herself in contact with a courtier of such high rank. Her satisfaction was heightened by the low and confidential tone which De la Pole adopted towards her, and by the visible pouting and vexation of Mistress Chaloner. But very often De la Pole's eye wandered over the plump, handsome form of the rival citizeness; and often when he seemed all attention to Madam Tomkins's whispered politics, he was listening to Mistress Chaloner's heedless observations on all things.

Nor was the cavalier's silent homage lost on Mistress Chaloner, who, with a woman's quickness, felt

rather than perceived that his eyes were turned towards her. Without once returning this gaze even with a glance, the colour frequently mounted in her complexion, her eyes sparkled still more brightly, and her natural vivacity hurried her sometimes into wit, and sometimes into folly, which only her handsome face and exhilarating laugh could have made, not only tolerable, but even delightful.

Manœuvring thus, Madam Tomkins was raised to the ninth heaven by the distinction and deference she received, while Mistress Chaloner was convinced that at least the young lord comprehended she was the handsomest woman in the room. And not only did he thus incompatibly succeed, but by adopting various forms he won the favour of all the company. He managed to be at once gay and hearty with Bulstocke, demure and sober with the severer portion of the company, without offending or surprising either. He drank healths with Bulstocke, discussed morality with Milton, points of controversy with Henderson, praised Mistress Bulstocke's cookery and spiced wines, for he had found her weak point too, until the good old woman forgot all family feuds, and regarded him as kindly as if he had been some dear old friend; assured Tomkins that the queen frequently regretted his absence from the intendance of her affairs, and in the same breath inquired of Chaloner whether he had ever presented his wife at court, as her majesty was known to prefer women of fair presence for her own personal service. He sighed for peace so patriotically, and insinuated at the same time so slily the rapid progress of the royal

arms, that he excited a vague feeling of alarm, even in those who had just returned from a triumph over them.

De la Pole's wit, usually so licentious, had a truly cameleon power of shifting colour, and he contrived, while seeming to reflect the predominant tone of the company, to show out glimpses of his real opinions which produced effects only where intended. The freemasonry of mind is as subtle in communication as air; and Bulstocke's frequent chuckles, and the laughing glances of Mistress Chaloner, showed how well they understood him. Something of the magic influence which the cavalier obtained was of course to be imputed to the lustre of his high rank, which in that age still blazed in the popular eye with the glories of the set sun of chivalry.

Only the subtlest talent could have infused the notions which he managed to instil around him so invisibly; and yet, when he arose to depart, the majority of the company were sadly musing on the prosperous condition of the king's affairs; and dim anticipations of some vast agency at work which must restore the old order of things swayed the minds of those who less feared such a change, or perhaps desired it.

Meantime, under Bulstocke's auspices, the most jovial conviviality reigned; but as we have in our time received some special hints as to the impropriety of that antique freedom, we reluctantly abstain from giving the authentic details of the conversation which are now lying before us. It was

daybreak ere the party broke up, and the brothers, if we may call them so, returned to Whitehall.

De la Pole's success was apparent at his departure. Madam Tomkins, whose court rank gave her the privilege, earnestly invited him to honour her roof with his presence whenever he deigned; and, having discovered that Chaloner was a jeweller, he invited himself to visit him under pretext of asking his advice as to the setting of some diamonds which he intended for presents, when the parliament should be pleased to set him at liberty. He assured Bulstocke that, after tasting the quality of his wit and wine, he need not marvel if he found him a frequent visitor; and retired, carrying with him golden opinions from all.

Ingulph was not altogether displeased to notice the flutter of smiles and blushes with which Mistress Chaloner received the adieux of the young cavalier, which he spoke in a low tone. Albeit sufficiently free of speech and manners, Chaloner's wife appeared to him a woman of an excellent heart, and attached to her husband. There was not much to be feared, therefore, in the effect of De la Pole's gallantries in that quarter; and Ingulph was perhaps unconsciously influenced by a feeling similar to that of the humane gardener, who, unwilling to crush a slug which he found on his own cabbages, threw it over the hedge upon his neighbour's.

Chaloner, however, seemed not altogether to relish the affair, and he spoke somewhat tartly to his wife on a subject somewhat remote from it,

rating her for not taking the hints which he declared he had frequently given her that he was nearly dead for want of sleep. To which the coquettish citizeness replied only with a laugh, and by leading off her lord and master by his long brown beard.

## CHAPTER XX.

"I have not named to thee
Father, or mother, mistress, friend, or being
With whom I wore the chain of human ties:
If I had such, they seemed not such to me—
Yet there was one."

BYRON.

THE period which immediately followed Ingulph's arrival in London was full of circumstances which influenced all his future destiny and opinions. It was impossible to breathe an atmosphere so fraught with fire without catching flame; and the dominant passions of Ingulph's nature found but too many whirlwinds running their way not to join in the rush.

The contempt of authority, the fury against oppression, the levelling doctrines which began to be prevalent, flattered the wounds in that proud heart, stung over with wrongs. The visions of universal equality and freedom which haunted men's hearts, became radiant realities in the rich imagination of the young poet. The desolation of that dreariest of all human sentiments—hopeless love—the glassy but impassable nature of the prejudices which made

it so—maddened him with the despair of a bird confined in a crystal cage. To bring down the order of things which had crushed him, whose malignant leer had welcomed even his first glimpse of the sun; to dash to pieces those fragile distinctions which yet separated him for ever from the woman he adored; these were lava thoughts, which needed but fashioning to become thunderbolts.

And hopeless most apparently this passion was, even to the visionary foresight of youth. His flight from Oxford, the reasons alleged, his subsequent achievements, were recorded in the royalist journal, the Mercurius Aulicus, published under the court's own direction, with all possible circumstances of ridicule, insult, and execration which his supposed presumption, and subsequent treasons, merited from a court scribe. Nearly at the same time he was introduced to Pym, the destroyer of Strafford, by Stonehenge, and accepted from him a commission to raise troops in the parliament's service. Proceedings were to be commenced before the parliament on the circumstances of his birth; but such was the influence exercised by the visions of judiciary astrology over the strong intellect of Stonehenge, that he declared it was necessary to wait for a fortunate conjunction of the stars ere he could take the preliminary step of consulting with his lawyers.

These vague expectations, and the thought that glory, even acquired against the cause of Marie, elevated him nearer to her, heightened his military zeal. Joyce, whom he had appointed one of his officers,

ably assisted him in levying his recruits, which he raised principally among the young apprentices, who had seen and admired his valour, and were full of enthusiasm in their young leader. The gold of Stonehenge did all the rest.

Meanwhile, so long as De la Pole remained a prisoner in London, the dread of losing Marie utterly seemed adjourned. And the young cavalier himself was apparently content to remain; he had received his father's command to offer a large ransom to the parliament for his liberty; but he generously declared that he was his brother's prisoner, and would look to none but him for his redemption. On the contrary, Ingulph obstinately refused to meddle in the matter, and referred him continually to the parliament; perhaps because he knew that their great dislike of Montacute rendered their consent to his son's enlargement unlikely. Ingulph made this dispute the pretext for avoiding as much as possible his brother's society, which, with the secret intentions existing against him in his heart, was in a high degree painful to him, affecting his fine nature with a species of remorse.

De la Pole seemed not to be much troubled by that circumstance, nor indeed by any other. He had merely given his parole not to attempt an escape, which indeed would have been very difficult; and was allowed the free range of the city; and he used his tower of the Gate House rather as his palace than his prison. He had a retinue of his own servants about him, received what visitors he chose, and lived as freely and magnificently as if in one of his

father's castles. He visited frequently in the city, where his wit and rank made him universally sought, and among the nobility who adhered to the parliament, and remained in London, many of whom were his near relations.

Some of the most remarkable of these personages composed what was then commonly styled the Party Volant, from the fluctuating nature of their principles, or rather actions. The majority had joined the parliament from motives of private pique or caprice, but some dim shadow of coming events began to work wonders in converting these courtly democrats. The joke was getting too serious; that phantom of popular power which they thought to fashion out of smoke, and dissipate with a breath, began to take a solid and gigantic form, and to affect with vague terror those who had raised it as they imagined to do their bidding.

The Earl of Northumberland was of these, a nobleman whose greatness in the common eye was little less than kingly; and the part which he had taken with the parliament, languid and distrustful as it was, made him very popular. The grandeur of his ancestry, his vast possessions, the stateliness of his manners, combined to increase this veneration; but his excessive pride and instability of purpose made him an object of dislike and suspicion to the parliamentary leaders, though from necessity they affected profound deference and trust both in his wisdom and fidelity.

But it was the great earl's daughter, the widowed Countess of Carlisle, who swayed him in almost all

the counsels he embraced, and those of the considerable party whose uncertain and wavering policy had gained them the appropriate nickname of Volant. The Earls of Holland, Clare, Portland, and in fact nearly all the few peers remaining with the parliament; Waller, the poet, and many other members of the commons; a considerable mass of the citizens, wearied of the extreme rigour of the presbyterian discipline, and of the expense of the war—might be included in the list. The countess, whose beauty, wit, and fascination of manner gave her the greatest influence over those frivolous and insincere politicians, was not supposed to be animated by any love of abstract principles in her opposition to the court, but by revenge for the king's consent to the execution of Strafford, to whom she was said to have been strongly attached. If so, the logic was very womanly which induced her to abet the triumph of those men who had brought Strafford to the block, against the king who would have saved him—but who, it is true, did not.

Ingulph was meanwhile actively engaged in his military preparations, and his leisure was abundantly occupied in studying the singular characters of his new relatives, which indeed embodied some of the main characteristics of the age.

Bulstocke might fairly be taken as a representative of the citizen class, under the influence of a peculiar phase in politics. He was a jolly, good-hearted man, who, in the main, wished well alike to king and country, and did not separate the ideas even in fighting against the royal banner. It was against the

tyranny exercised under his authority, some rude blows from which he had himself received, that he always imagined himself to be contending. But a religion which banished all feasts out of the calendar suited not his love of good cheer, and still less its numerous fasts his very excellent appetite; so that Bulstocke was full as often acting against his own secret wishes as for them when zealously engaged in establishing the presbyterian sway.

But, like all true Englishmen, Bulstocke was considerably under petticoat influence, and that, in his family, ran all in one way. Not that his wife was much of a politician, for she was one of the good old times, who, provided that her pickles ripened well, and her currant wines proved sweet and bright, heeded the revolutions of state no more than those of the heavenly bodies. But her sister, Grizzle, who had preserved herself in a state of single blessedness to a pretty ripe age, was a woman whose fanatic enthusiasm was remarkable even in that age of religious furor.

Grizzle's intellect was naturally strong rather than good, and some early disappointments added sourness and irritability to her ascetic gloom. In her own sect she was accordingly, but without the least intended irony, known by the spiritual cognomen of Tribulation Dethewarre. But saint as she now was, report assigned to her youth a very different complexion. This circumstance, coupled with the dislike which she entertained for De la Pole, before he could have given her any occasion, put it into Ingulph's mind that she was the personage who had

occasioned the breach between his father and the Knight of De la Pole. Once or twice he even suspected that she might be his own mother; but her little kindness to him, and Stonehenge's positive assertion that his mother was dead—dead of a broken heart—removed this apprehension.

But it was Stonehenge himself who chiefly fixed his observation, as well from the eccentricity and mystery of his character, as from its singular contradictions. In politics he was at once royalist and revolutionist, so mixed in his notions that sometimes Ingulph thought he was an enthusiast of the fifth-monarchy scheme. One thing was certain, that he desired to dethrone the reigning family, but not to destroy the throne. For whom then was it to be preserved? The fanatic expectation of the second advent seemed, however, unlikely to be Stonehenge's, for he had a strange theory of religion of his own with which it was irreconcileable. Whether the unmerited misfortunes which, according to him, he had suffered during his life, had troubled his otherwise clear intellect, and his large acquaintance with human misery urged him on such a solution of the enigma of man's moral constitution, can scarcely be asserted; but he had imbibed the Manichean doctrine of the two contending powers of good and evil. Luckily he now considered that the good principle had attained the mastery, and that all things were tending towards happiness and virtue.

Still his ideas were essentially the reverse of democratic; and sometimes Ingulph imagined that,

deceived either by his affection for him, or by some starry fancy, he regarded him as one destined to overthrow and then to clutch up the crown! He seemed to look forward to some epoch in which he should appear in a far different rank from that which he now enjoyed, and disliked that his wife should mingle in the society of those who seemed to be her equals. The seclusion in which she lived, and perhaps some encouragement of his own to baffle curiosity, had probably given rise to the absurd rumour of her witchcraft.

Perhaps there might be another reason which Stonehenge scarcely avowed to himself. His young wife, of whom he was passionately fond, was extremely beautiful, innocent almost to folly, and but little acquainted with the manners of the distant and colder regions to which she had been transplanted from her native Mexico. She was just at the period when the passions begin to deepen in colour, after the first faint blushes which they spread over the whiteness of the soul, like dawn on the pale skies. Not that Stonehenge in the least misdoubted the love or fidelity of his fair wife; on the contrary, in the certainty of both he seemed to place an unbounded trust, and therein to find a paradise of tranquil, pure, and so to speak, sublimed delight, for there was little of sensual mingled in the love of Stonehenge. There was even something paternal and filial in their relation, supreme and spiritual tenderness on one side, on the other unbounded affection, confidence, and veneration.

Much of this might be accounted for by the pe-

culiar circumstances under which Stonehenge won his youthful bride, and which Ingulph learned from the innocent young thing herself in the course of the many conversations they had together; for Stonehenge seemed not to apprehend the least danger from their unreserved intercourse, interpreting by his own the noble and virtuous nature of Ingulph. Between the two he seemed to share the large affections of his heart with all the more liberality, that, like sweet streams bursting from a rock into light, they had been long suppressed.

It appeared that Ramona was the daughter of a Mexican noble of the highest class, and of a savage woman of the tribes bordering on the Spanish dominion, who had found the restraints of civilized life, even though embellished by the artifices of love and wealth, insupportable. She had fled from her Spanish lover, and rejoined her tribe, bearing with her the sole pledge of her past love in the infant Ramona. Wandering among these savage tribes on some of his visionary speculations, Stonehenge found that this woman had become the squaw of the chief of her tribe; and among the brood of red little savages which now called her mother, the European blood of Ramona was apparent.

The first love of woman is the key of the whole melody, whatever changes or discords may jar the ear. Ramona's mother sickened of some fatal disease, and dying reverted with tenderness to the memory of the lover she had deserted. She wrung from the European a promise to convey the child back to its parent, and furnished him with indu-

bitable tokens by which the Spanish noble would recognise it as his own. But Ramona shall tell the rest of the story herself in her own simple language.

"Because I was not dusky-red as they were, they intended to sacrifice me to the Great River," she said. "But he took me away by night, and we travelled many moons towards the rising sun. And then he was so wise, that when we left the Indians, he found out our way by the light of a star! He killed birds for me to eat, and found me wild maize; and when I was weary, he carried me in his arms; and by night I slept in his bosom, and was not afraid, although I heard the panthers and bears howling about our fire. He brought me to my father's home again; and for years after my father and he would often sit and talk together about the stars and the God of the English; and he taught me your language. At last they told me I was to marry him, lest he should leave us; and my father bade me, and I loved him as well as my father, so I did what they bade me; but your country is not warm enough for me, and your sun is like our moon, and your skies are so blue!"

This tale, childish as it was, was not uttered without an occasional wandering flush and a degree of hesitation which marked the union of riper and more womanly thoughts with all that simplicity and innocence. There remained something of the forest wildness in Ramona, the untamed spirit and fiery playfulness of her savage mother mingled with the pride and warmth of her Spanish blood. Her

beautiful eyes seemed to have caught something of the endless variety of sun and shade which chequer the foliage of those immense forests of South America in which her childhood was spent. Withal there was a rapt and passionate seriousness at times in her manners which denoted great depth of feeling.

She was indeed the light and beauty of that else dreary household, and Ingulph's affectionate nature, melted by his own misfortunes, flowed towards her with a feeling of tenderness the sweetest and purest that he had ever felt. The senses had no part in this exquisite emotion; Ingulph had but too well experienced passion to doubt the nature of his feeling; but the age, sex, and confiding innocence of the young girl affected him with an emotion warmer and yet as holy as fraternal love. It was to passion what a serene and brooding midsummer twilight is to the noon-day blaze.

Ramona on her part took to her new companion with all the lovingness and simplicity of her nature, and Ingulph himself was frequently embarrassed with the caresses and tenderness she heaped upon him, in her desire to show how much she delighted in his company, which, in truth, was a pleasant change from her usual solitude and silence, or the persecuting fanaticism of Tribulation. The old lady had taken it into her head that she had had a special mission to convert Ramona from the Romish errors in which she had been brought up; and as she had not a word to say for the faith that was in her, except that her father had taught her so and so, or

her old nurse always told her to count her beads at such an hour, Tribulation had an easy theological victory. But her impressions were made as if on water; Ramona's errors, or rather habits, ever returned when the pressure of the instant was gone.

Moreover, the process of conversion necessarily included a degree of enlightenment in sin, which it seemed almost desecration to pour into that pure and serenely innocent mind. To Ramona all things were what they seemed; she took humanity on trust as she did the flowers and the light. But not Juvenal himself took a more comprehensive view of the vices of his age, than Tribulation of those of her own; and Ingulph often remonstrated with her on the subject of the revelations which she made to Ramona in the way of warning. This produced some little bickerings between the aunt and nephew, for of all things in the world Tribulation valued her religious knowledge at the highest. In revenge she sometimes threw out intimations that the close companionship between two young persons of different sexes could not be proper; and blamed Master Stonehenge for folly in permitting it. Ingulph was conscious of some degree of reason in this fleer, for, without having the slightest tinge of the coxcomb about him, it was evident, even from the very artlessness of Ramona's nature, of what inflammable materials it was composed.

Still, the delight of her beauty and playful tenderness, the *abandon* of her innocence and alluring gaiety continually attracted him to her society. He

abstained, indeed, whenever he could summon resolution to forego the only pleasure which remained to him; and then Ramona, fearful that he was going to desert her altogether, redoubled her fascinations and simple cajoleries. Tribulation's mislikings day by day increased, and she perhaps hinted something of them to Stonehenge, for there was a slight change visible in his manner. To avoid seeming conscious of any dereliction in his own heart, Ingulph could not pretend to notice this alteration all at once; but he infused a degree of coldness and reserve into his manner which poor Ramona seemed to feel acutely. She became melancholy, shy, and fretful, and Ingulph sometimes surprised her in tears; but when he questioned her as to what ailed her, she only replied pettishly, and with little brilliant coruscations of temper, which almost amused him from their childish impatience and vivacity.

## CHAPTER XXI.

" Confusion and disorder seize the world,
To spoil all trust and converse among men ;
'Twixt families engender endless feuds,
In countries needless fears, in cities factions,
In states rebellion, and in churches schisms ! "

OTWAY.

IT cannot be denied that Ingulph himself, little subject to vanity as he was, began to fear that he had found too much favour in the sight of the beautiful young Mexican. Without acknowledging this suspicion even to himself, he gradually diminished the length of his visits, and, under pretence of his military avocations, made them few in number.

It happened on one occasion that he had been absent two or three days; and arriving at the old palace, as it was called, towards evening, he found Ramona as usual in a gloomy Gothic chamber overlooking the gardens. Tribulation was there, but fast asleep, or at all events dozing and nodding in her chair.

Ramona was seated at the open window, leaning her head on one arm on the sill, and listening, as it

seemed, in a languid reverie, to the music of the birds in the garden. So deep was this musing, that Ingulph's approach did not disturb it, and he saw that tears were gushing from her closed eye-lashes. Ingulph gently kissed the hand which lay carelessly beside her, and starting up, the golden hue of her eyes, as they shone up with pleasure, struck him.

"Oh, is it you, is it you, hermano mio!" she exclaimed, for that was the title she usually gave him, clasping both his hands delightedly in hers, and with such an expression of innocent joy, that Ingulph was involuntarily moved.

"But wherefore do you weep, Ramona?—being so good, you should be happy," said Ingulph, striving to assume an air of gaiety.

"Stay with me then always, and I will be always happy," said Ramona, laughing her tears away in a sunny shower. "The air is so cold in this land, and people never smile, and I hear no music but what these dull grey birds make; and your heavens are so harsh and cruel, that unless I see you sometimes, I seem to be left alone in all the world!"

"Nay, Ramona, for you have your kind, loving, and noble husband," replied Ingulph, hastily.

"Ay,—but he frightens me now," said Ramona, with some hesitation. "He tells me stories that freeze me, how wicked women are punished; and that if I wrong him, he will treat me worse than all. But I am not wicked; why should he frighten me?"

"Why, indeed!" thought Ingulph, but he said aloud, "Come, and I will tell you; 'tis because he

loves you, Ramona!—Alas, you do not know what would happen to you, if you were wicked, in this country—where all are so good," he added, with a twinge of conscience.

"Why, what would happen to me?" she said, drawing up to him in the fearful attitude of a child about to listen to some grandmother's ghost-tale. Ingulph, though with some remorse, thought it not an ill opportunity to give her a clear notion of the condition of women in the country which she had adopted, and of the ruin and degradation to which an error in conduct might subject her. Faintly and guardedly as he sketched the picture, it overwhelmed poor Ramona with terror.

"Oh, now you are a cruel brother, and are frightening me with a wicked dream!" she said, passionately. "And I could frighten you too with one that I had last night; and I will, too, if you do not own you have invented all this to frighten me."

"'Tis but too true, Ramona, but tell me your dream; I am not so easily scared," replied Ingulph, smiling, but mournfully.

"I thought I was in my own land again," she said; "and the sky was burned with brightness as I remember it, and I was sitting near the torrent behind my father's palace, and I was singing and binding my hair with flowers, and so happy that I was happy up to the very sunshine in heaven. Then I thought you came to me with some fresher flowers, and we were twining them into wreaths for my hair, when on a sudden Stonehenge came rushing down the

ravine on a whirlwind, and seized us both by the hair, and dashed us down the torrent; and I awoke shrieking amidst the roar of the waves."

"'Tis but a foolish dream, Mona, yet I would have you—it should teach you to beware of offending your husband in the least particular," said Ingulph, with an emotion which he could not altogether conceal.

"It frightens you too; and you are a strong man," she said, with increased alarm. "What shall I do? for I have even offended our blessed Lady, for they will not let me pray to her, and my father told me she would forget me if I forgot her."

"No, no, dear child, you are not so desolate," said Ingulph, touched with the pathetic tone of this appeal. "You are, and you shall be ever, my sweetest and dearest sister; and I will die a thousand deaths ere any shall wrong you!"

"Then, oh, how I will love you, how I do love you!" said Ramona, breaking into smiles; and throwing her arms with childish delight round Ingulph's neck, she kissed him with southern vivacity. At that moment Tribulation muttered in her sleep, and Ingulph disengaged himself with some degree of violence.

"No, Ramona, no!" he said angrily in his vexation. "You must not love me—I mean you must only like me as a friend; but you must not—we must not kiss one another, you know. They take notice of these trifles in England."

Ramona looked at him with surprise, and then a faint blush rapidly deepened all over her face and neck, and covering her face with her hands, tears gushed

through them in a torrent. But recovering her composure as suddenly, she dried her tears; and with an expression of passionate indignation, she exclaimed that she knew one who would not be angry if she loved him, she was sure.

This announcement somewhat puzzled Ingulph, but he felt that it would be desirable to ascertain the meaning. While he was questioning Ramona, and she was half-playfully and half-pettishly refusing to tell her meaning, he heard a voice singing some courtly melody in the gardens below, apparently while the singer walked.

"Ay, there he is!" said Ramona, with an arch smile. "He shall be my brother now, since you are so cruel."

Ingulph looked out, and soon discerned the figure of De la Pole, strolling carelessly along. He was garbed with his usual florid elegance, in light green satin, trimmed with rose-coloured ribands, and with a cap and gallant plume of white feathers springing from a diamond aigrette. The bloom had now returned to his complexion, and coupled with the vivacity of his colours and his handsome figure, gave him a very gallant appearance.

Ingulph watched his proceedings with some interest, and saw that he glanced continually up at the window while affecting to walk carelessly up and down. As if to increase Ingulph's vexation and surprise, Ramona stole up behind him, plucked a handful of honeysuckles which clustered round the window, and threw it laughingly to the cavalier. He dropped on one knee instantly, at the same time

glancing up, when his eye encountered that of Ingulph, who could not forbear laughing at the ridiculous figure he cut. The cavalier, after an instant's thought, affected not to recognise him, and called out in a mock plaintive tone to know who had thrown the flowers at him. No answer was returned, and he walked away whistling.

Ingulph was, however, more alarmed than he pretended to be; and he made inquiries of Ramona while she teased him by playfully avoiding a reply. At last he became seriously vexed and silent, and Ramona was putting back his dark hair, as she said, to see what he was thinking, when the door suddenly opened, and Stonehenge entered with the astrologer Lilly.

Tribulation started up, but it was evident she had been asleep; and the consciousness of the suspicious appearance of things gave an air of confusion to Ingulph's whole manner. Stonehenge's brow darkened, and Lilly gave an inquisitive prying stare.

Stonehenge, however, made no observation; but after a short interval informed Ingulph that on the following day he was to accompany him to a consultation with Selden and other eminent jurisconsults. Ingulph quietly assented, and shortly afterwards retired, full of vexation, and inwardly resolving by absence to remove any doubt which might have crossed the mind of his noble and generous relative.

Retiring moodily to his apartment, Ingulph had scarcely seated himself, when the door flew open, and De la Pole entered, accompanied by a cavalier

dressed in all the fripperies of the French mode, with a very handsome, intelligent, and sprightly expression of countenance.

De la Pole, without taking the least notice of what had recently happened, introduced this cavalier as Master Waller, the famous poet; and the latter, after a prettily-turned compliment to Ingulph's achievements in Parnassus, apologized for his intrusion, by professing that he did it at the command of a noble lady. "I have it in earnest commission to bring you to Northumberland House, where the divine Carlisle longs to see you grace her festival to night, for she has heard of your poetry, and admires you infinitely on report."

Ingulph was much surprised, and truth to say, but little flattered with this invitation, which Waller evidently expected would overwhelm him with satisfaction. But he thought that he might be enabled to speak to De la Pole on the subject of his gallantries to Ramona, without exposing himself to the danger of a tête-à tête, in which his indignation might provoke him to some excess. He therefore quietly, but without any enthusiasm, consented.

The cavaliers eyed one another not without some disappointment; but De la Pole made an understanding wink to Waller, and they left the Gate-House to enter the poet's *caroche*, which was waiting in the court-yard.

Crossing the tilt-yard, they accidentally met Lilly, who was coming along with a face full of solemn meditation. But as the shrewd astrologer never

neglected any mundane enlightenment in expounding the dark oracles of his planets, he looked with much curiosity at the unusual conjunction before him.

"Ah, Master Lilly, have you erected my figure as I prayed you?" said De la Pole, who, on his part, never neglected any means of acquiring information, but had perhaps more belief in the astrologer's prying habits on the earth than in the heavens.

"My lord, your scheme has hitherto baffled all the resources of my art, though I have tried by the noblest methods of Ptolemy, and the never-to-be-sufficiently-lauded Magus Zoroaster," replied the sage, with great solemnity. "This much, however, I can at present assure your lordship, that it behoves you to be careful what enterprises you form, for there is an evil planetary hour in your life, which seems not very far from striking."

"Say you so?" replied the cavalier, in a somewhat less confident tone than his wont. "I pray you try your conjurations once again, and predict it to me more exactly; and meanwhile here is ink-money."

Lilly took the largess without deigning to count it, but obviously not displeased with the present.

"I too, Master Lilly, am about to embark in an enterprise, and am curious to know if it will be fortunate or not," said Waller, with earnestness.

"Is it a journey, or some domestic business?" replied the astrologer, fixing his keen, cunning eyes on the querent.

"Nay, the question is general, and you need but resolve it generally," returned Waller.

"Were it my honourable lord here that questioned,

I would have him remember of the three mock suns which appeared on his majesty's birth-day," said Lilly. "Whatever lying George Wharton of Oxford may say of it to dishearten the godly, I would have all cavaliers and men of high degree look on what leg they stand; and not think all's gold that glitters; for a many will put a rope round their necks in the dark this quarter, mistaking it for Garter Blue."

"Master Lilly, methinks 'tis little for the honour of your art, and less for the profit,—to vent your mysteries with so little solemnity!" said De la Pole, for Waller looked as disconcerted as if he had really heard some oracular voice denouncing him.

"I was but queried generally, and as such have I responded," said Lilly; and glancing at Ingulph, he added, "but above all, I warn all men for this year at least to beware of women; for though Venus be in ascendant in other houses, she is not so in her own; moreover, Taurus this year is much given to butting, and therefore—they who sup with the devil should have a long spoon."

"Do you allude to our trusty and well-beloved brother here?" said De la Pole, laughingly, but with visible tartness.

"A word to the wise, my lord; you shall oft find a toad asquat under strawberries," replied the oracle. "If I have taken the wrong sow by the ear, it need not squeak; but as I said before, if a man be not bent on self-destruction 'twere as good he kept out of an exploding mine."

"Master Lilly, I would see you again, and as soon as possible after my return; methinks I discern

at least the sphinx's claws in you," said De la Pole.

"I shall be proud to wait on your honourable lordship," said Lilly, evidently gratified. "But meanwhile, may I pray to know if you are going anywhere by water?"

"Can you not obtain more certain intelligence from your stars?" said Ingulph, vexed with the general drift of the astrologer's observations.

"They love not to be vexed with trifling queries," said Lilly, loftily. "All I meant to say was that today is an ill one for water-journeys, the moon being in Aquarius; but let all men take their own wisdom, and see whither it will lead them."

De la Pole laughed, and nodding intelligently to the astrologer, moved on with his companions.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE PARTY VOLANT.

It was apparently an object of some interest with Waller to conciliate the friendship of his fellow-poet, and his lively conversation and dextrous compliments were well adapted to the purpose. But he had produced a different effect than he imagined, when they reached their place of destination; for a vague feeling of suspicion was excited in Ingulph's mind.

The Earl of Northumberland usually supped at dusk, after which hour his vast mansion was thrown open, and he and his daughter held what might be called their court. The wits, the scholars, and distinguished politicians opposed to the king, assembled here; that being the sole point in which any number agreed, except in the universal homage and adulation of the superb widow.

Northumberland kept house in all the pomp of feudality, his officers and attendants composing a little host in themselves. He was seated in the great hall of his mansion, upon an elevated dais, under a canopy—a man of stately person, garbed in an an-

cient but magnificent costume which he prided himself on preserving, with a long beard, a formal and lofty regard, a solemn dignity and reserve of manner which seemed well imitated by his dependents, for not a whisper was heard among them,—the earl eating of the good things served to him with as much gravity and state as if he were engaged in the most important business.

The countess it seemed did not partake of this extensive repast. Rumour asserted, but to the incredulity of all the good housewives of London, that the lady frequently supped as late as even ten at night, in select symposia of her own choosing.

The party advanced towards this potentate, De la Pole assuming a gravity and stateliness very unusual to him, and presented Ingulph briefly as Master Dethewarre. To this Waller added a commendatory flourish on his poetical abilities. The earl listened with grave austerity.

"We have but too many of these silken caterpillars of the state already, Master Waller," he said. "I would have every man follow an honest occupation, or that to which he was born; for the pen to be in all men's hands, it now grows as contentious and dangerous as for all men to wear swords; but, sir, you are very welcome for my Lord De la Pole's sake."

Ingulph bowed with a stiff-necked reluctance, which seemed to attract the earl's notice more than any other circumstance as yet predicated concerning him. He suspended his operation of eating,

and took a cold and deliberate stare at the offender; who returned it with a haughtiness which increased the feudal noble's surprise.

De la Pole hastened to the rescue. "Truly, my lord," he said, "although in the main your lordship's opinions wisdom herself cannot mend, yet we have perchance fallen on times when the pen may be as serviceable in a good cause as the sword; at least, so judges my lady, your daughter, since she deigns to desire his visitation."

The earl bowed as if he now comprehended the matter more clearly, though for what reason was not very apparent; and despite the impatience of Ingulph, the cavalier remained for some time in conversation with the earl, sometimes extorting an unwilling smile from him who thought it was a lessening of his dignity even to seem amused.

At last De la Pole took the opportunity of some new arrival to glide off with his companions. Ingulph took no pains to conceal his disgust, and he followed the light trip of the cavalier so slowly that he and Waller were obliged to wait for him on the summit of the staircase.

"'Slife, Ingulph, you are well enough received for anything under the degree of viscount," said De la Pole, laughing at the cloud on his brow. "We must take men by that side of the nose they offer us; and yon piece of state-buckram by his blue garter."

"Hush, for here we are in the temple of the tenth Muse, and the fourth Grace," interrupted Waller, as

two showy pages emulously hastened to throw open an apartment which would now be called my lady's boudoir, but was then styled my lady's privacy.

It was a large and nobly-proportioned apartment, furnished in the Italian style, with vast mirrors, set in masses of gilt framework, and with paintings of a school in which beauty and effect had taken no counsel with prudery and scarcely with decency in their arrangements. The subjects were from Ovid's Metamorphoses, a work which had been solemnly condemned by the parliament. Sweet perfumes filled the chamber from the ambergris lamps which burned around, the chief one being an exquisite bronze of Psyche discovering Cupid. Near this, playing at chess with a stately old cavalier, was the Countess of Carlisle.

She was a superb though somewhat full-blown beauty, garbed very gorgeously, and somewhat superfluously bare on the bosom, however voluptuously fair and shapely it might be.

The Earl of Holland and several other gentlemen stood around her chair, apparently watching the game with interest. This volatile nobleman, equally famous as a courtier, a liberal, a wit, and a man of pleasure, by his many tergiversations would have made himself the contempt of every party, if his great abilities had not made him valuable to any. From a devoted courtier he had become a fierce partizan of the parliament, and was now supposed to be wavering back to his old opinions. He was a courtly, handsome-looking man, somewhat postmeridian, in truth, and

attired in a garb much too youthful for his apparent age, but which might be excused in a statesman who owed his first advancement to his personal beauty.

The countess glanced round as her new guests entered, and a ray of pleasure lighted up the haughty expression of her beauty when she observed who they were. "Good faith, my lord, and you Master Waller, you are twice welcome," she said; "for I dreaded nothing less than to see Pym with his perpetual smile, that will surely wear out his lips at last, or St. John's gloomy visage whereon one never shone. But what new face is this, that hath so legible a recommendation written on it?"

Waller stooped lowly to kiss the fair widow's hand, and murmured in a soft tone—"Another nightingale for your ladyship's cage of beauty, whose captivity is so much pleasanter than liberty that the open door tempts none to roam."

"My brother Dethewarre," said De la Pole.

"Oh, then this priest is vowed to another shrine," replied the countess, turning the full battery of her splendid eyes on Ingulph. "We may not dare to compete with the queen in beauty, which were as high treason in any woman as the chief part of your doings, my lords, are in men."

"The queen of heaven herself won not the apple from the queen of beauty," said Ingulph, with a florid compliment which he thought would suit the meridian.

"Why there, surely, spoke Waller himself," said the countess, with a still more overpowering glance

and smile. "Cherbury, I will have no more of your compliments to-night; they are too stiff with Spanish brocade after this."

"To compliment my Lady Carlisle were even as hopeless a hope as to glorify the brightness of the sun," said Cherbury, the cavalier who was playing with the countess at chess. "For compliment is ever what politeness adds to truth: and in this case even to reach the truth is a despair."

"Nay, sir, since you are a peer of the realm of poesy, wherein they call me sovereign, you have the right to salute my cheek," said the gracious beauty, as Ingulph bent to kiss her hand. "Fear not, the colours are laid on by nature, and not by a French handmaid."

"Was ever man offered Paradise before, and feared to take it?" said Lord Holland, laughing at the hesitation visible in Ingulph's countenance. "Or is he fearful that the brightness burns; as in truth, and alas!—it does."

"Speak you from experience, my lord?" said De la Pole, in a whisper; to which the older rake replied with a licentious wink and nod.

"To taste, madam, were but to heighten thirst; and nectar is too intoxicating a drink for any but the gods," said Ingulph, modestly, executing his original intention.

"One sees well you are but lately from that incensed atmosphere of the court; *incensed* in two takings, alas!" said the countess, half displeased with a respect carried so far as to be equivocal.

"I cannot but rejoice to see that the parliament

has won such a champion from the court," said Holland; "and yet one who, having tasted of its delights and splendours, cannot but be willing to promote a happy peace and accommodation."

"Ay, the court, the court!" exclaimed Waller, in a sort of rapture. "That is the poet's true atmosphere; the perfumed presence of high-born beauty, the glitter and sparkle of feasts, to him are as naturally alluring as beds of flowers to the volage butterfly."

"You speak of one order of poets, Master Waller," said Cherbury. "But there is another which, eagle-like, demands the broad range of the sun to spread its wings at ease."

"Such wings would darken the earth, my lord; which methinks is not the poet's trade," said De la Pole.

"The poet is no longer a troubadour, my lord," said Ingulph, coldly. "But your ladyship is aware that the court has taught me my distance—which I shall henceforth keep."

"We have all been misled; but none of us that are here, I hope, are desperate," said the countess, hastily glancing round the party volant.

"Excepting me, divinest Amoret," said Waller, with a poetical sigh.

"You!—that have exhausted all the arrows of Apollo on my Lady Sunderland!" said the countess, smiling.

"And without bringing her down," said De la Pole, laughingly repeating the well-known verses:—

" ' Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Saccharissa loved, but loved in vain :
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong
Attend his passion and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catched at love, and filled his arms with bays.' "

" But what are the news in the city, Master Waller ?" said Lord Holland, who seemed not to be in the humour for poetry.

" I will tell you anon, my lord," said Waller, with some peevishness. " But truly, methinks, since the court went, there has been little worth the hearing, for their discourse was chiefly the scandal of it."

" Indeed the courtiers were great news-makers among the city goodwives once," said the earl. " I warrant they wish it back again ; but whether the day will ever come, I know not—perhaps never for me."

" It was your own will to leave what used to be your earthly Eden, the court, my lord," said De la Pole. " But there is no fiery sword waving to prohibit your return."

" But there is a woman's anger, much more relentless," said the earl, thoughtfully. " Had I betrayed aught but the queen's penetration !—and yet, were it fairly examined, it would be found that I was in a manner compelled to side as I did, at a time when parliament were bringing all men to book, and the king was in no way able to protect those who had served him faithfully—as I had done."

"'Tis in that light, and even still more couleur de rose, that her majesty regards your conduct," said De la Pole. "My Lady Carlisle will witness how easily more important matters are overlooked."

"I am content to go—wherever my Lady Carlisle will lead me—though it be to Oxford," said Holland, eagerly.

"Nay, my lord, 'tis scandal enough to be seen in your company in my own house," replied the lady, with a smile full of meaning, and moving one of her chessmen as if her thoughts had been all along intent on the game. "Now, Cherbury, I have you at a vantage, to give in while honourably you may; for I will play with you no more to-night."

"Would it were near morning when you said so, lady!" replied the gallant old lord, with an amorous sigh.

"Fie, fie, you will make me betray my rouge, if I wear any, with the colour of my blood," replied the countess, colouring beautifully. "Henceforth I will choose my gamesters among those whose imaginations are too fresh to spite me with these faded gallantries. They say you are a good soldier, Master Dethewarre; dare you battle with me?"

"Ingulph has played the soldier, madam, but he is not Mars," said De la Pole.

"Let him be Endymion then, and I will be the cold bright moon," said the countess, with a luxuriant smile which somewhat jarred with the vision of the snowy goddess and her shepherd love.

"Thrice fortunate shepherd!" sighed Holland,

with affected melancholy. "I would give all my fleecy care, my ivy-crowned bowls, the crook which Pan himself bestowed on me for—for—but to my sorrow every one knows I am a married Corydon."

"Your wife must nigh have forgotten it, my lord," said De la Pole; and the countess turned her fine neck haughtily away, and yet skilfully, so as to display its admirable beauty.

"But, Waller, you do not tell us what fell in the house this morning," said Lady Carlisle, after a pause. "Have the Lord Angelos there hanged any bumpkin or milkmaid for a breach of this last ordinance of theirs, which truly they may fitlier call a self-denying one than that which the independents are mooting."

"Not that I have heard, madam; 'tis but contrived to secure the discretion of those who can never drink but they must sully the pool," said Waller, with a glance at Lord Holland. "The saints would be above the fear of scandal; but we consented in spite of our teeth to an order for the archbishop's impeachment; and to another which nearly affects your ladyship."

"Affects me, Waller?—pray you, do not startle me without a cause!" said the countess, with considerable alarm.

"'Tis an ordinance for the destruction of all idols and objects of adoration in the kingdom, which will surely bring you down," replied the tormenting ingenioso.

"Let them level the temple too, then!" said Holland, pressing his hand upon his heart.

"It will fall of itself of mere hollowness, my lord," said Cherbury, with a jealous pettishness which only produced a sardonic smile from Lord Holland.

"Not by your means, great destroyer of temples though you be," said the latter nobleman, alluding to his opponent's deistical principles.

"For what I have done, my lord, with regard to my book De Veritate, I had divine warranty, which I trow me, Lord Holland, you can boast for few of your doings," said Herbert of Cherbury, testily.

"And from your example, my lord, I shall shun to ask it, lest the devil be permitted to give me a sign," returned Holland, tartly. "I would you could hear what reverend men say of your marvellous vision of the lambent flame."

"And I would you could hear what honest men gloss on your own realities, my lord!" replied Cherbury, in a choleric tone.

"Come, my lords, shall my women bring you needles to duel this matter out?" said Lady Carlisle. "Of a truth, for the sublime reason of which you men boast yourselves ye are the veriest fools in nature! Were I a believer in the powder of sympathy I would have my father's fool cudgelled to bring ye back to your senses!"

"I have heard Sir Kenelm say, that had he been on the scaffold when Strafford's head rolled —" began De la Pole; but he broke off suddenly, exclaiming, "But here comes his murtherer!"

At this moment the door opened, and Pym appeared, escorted by the earl himself, who, with all his pomp of power, was secretly conscious that it

was more showy than real compared with that of the great demagogue.

Lady Carlisle made a movement as if to welcome the visitor, but overcome by the dismal recollections so suddenly forced upon her, her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

"What ails thee, daughter Lucy?—fie, gentlemen, what is this?" said the earl, in a tone of great surprise.

"Surely, though we have heard of the passionateness of some in the game, these tears are not merely for suffering check-mate?" said Pym, with a slight degree of irony in his tone.

"Ah, Master Pym, if it seem such a bagatelle to you, look that you do not suffer it in your own great game of politics!" replied the countess, raising her eyes still flashing with tears.

"Indeed, bright lady, they shall come on very soft shoes that find me sleeping over my game," said Pym, with a smile so full of trouble and fatigue, that it seemed rather a spasm. "But indeed I have neither pause nor rest from the dark designs of the malignants; so that things have reached a pass, beyond which, if they drive me, God knows what may follow! Neither age, nor sex, nor rank, can we look to that have to preserve a nation from destruction! I do fear we shall be compelled to make some terrible examples."

Whether there was something in this speech which fell in with any particular fears in the company, or for some other reason, there was a remarkable silence after it.

"Yes, yes, Master Pym, we have undertaken to feed the horseleach's daughter, whose cry is still 'More, more!'" said the countess, hurriedly. "But for traitors and malignants, they call *us* so at Oxford, and you know what you yourself said—no, it was St. John—cry you mercy, master solicitor, I did not at first note you there.—We give law to hares and deer, because they are beasts of the chase; but when was it accounted foul play, or cruelty, to knock foxes and wolves in the head, find them where we will, for they are beasts of prey?"

"It was at Strafford's trial that I made that poor simile," replied St. John, with his dark and penetrating look coursing with seeming politeness and real contempt from one to another of the company as he saluted them. "And I am grateful that it should be stored in your ladyship's memory among the brilliant and costly fancies of bards and sages such as Master Waller and my lords here."

"Oh, I do assure you, as I live, I have not forgotten a word that passed at that time, good or bad," replied the haughty beauty, drying her tears, as if in scorn of her own weakness. "When will any of us—when will England—when will yourself, Master Pym, forget by what means the blood of that minister was poured—who was the friend, the companion, the brother of your youth?"

"An impromptu, an impromptu, on your weeping, celestial countess!" interposed Waller, for he remarked with alarm the passion which qui-

vered for a moment over the usually placid features of Pym.

"Good faith, yes, let us hear it," said the countess, turning with a bright expression of triumph and hatred from Pym. "But here comes my Lord of Rothes, and perchance poetry is prohibited by the covenant, for we all see it is rigorously excluded from their psalmody."

The Scottish commissioner entered as she spoke, with several other gentlemen, members of the two Houses.

"My Lord of Rothes has a court as well as a covenant suit of opinions," said Lord Herbert. "Like Alcibiades, he can drink wine with the Persian, and water with the Spartan; cant with his masters, and coo with his mistress."

"Master Dethewarre being a poet, verses must be as little to your use as medicals to a quack," said Pym, gently drawing Ingulph from the group which now gathered round the beauty and her poet.

Under pretext of examining some of the paintings, Pym drew him down the apartment to a distance from the centre of attention. Uneasy glances indeed followed them for some moments, but the circle seemed soon to close again in conversation.

"Ay, Leda and the swans!" said Pym, pausing before one of the groups. "Are these sights for Christian men, but least of all for Christian women, to gaze at? Frivolous and yet dangerous race! do ye hope to stop the Ganges with a straw?"

This last obsevation seemed to have no connection with the former; the speaker's eye was fixed with a

mixture of wrath and sorrow on the prattling, glittering group they had left.

"What mean you, sir?" said Ingulph, with unaffected earnestness.

"I pray you, listen not to the voice of the syren, or you are lost!—what do you here?" said Pym, austerely. "You are of the stuff of which they build empires; be not lured into sharing the fall of the rubbish of one."

"Master Pym, I do not understand you," said Ingulph, much surprised.

"Truly, then, I am glad of it," returned Pym, after a pause. "But you are in the cave of the sorceress —beware!"

As he spoke, a man in a very dark garb, with an acute, metaphysical, and somewhat pale countenance, came up and joined them.

"Truly the path of destruction is smooth," he said, with a peculiar smile to Pym. "Hear you?—There's more mirth with them than at a bridalty; but the Lord knows if they have any reason to be so merry."

"Yea, yea, the fox is trapped, and a pitfall is set for the wolf," replied Pym bitterly. "Troth, Vane, I doubt not our heads will look grim enough on Westminster gates, to frighten all men from looking towards a parliament again."

"St. John hopes they will set his head on London Bridge, for he loves the air of the river," replied Vane, in a low sarcastic tone. "And as for Selden, doubtless his learned skull will show well at the Bar of his beloved Temple."

"Will you pay your homage to my lord and lady, and eat your bread and onions with me to-night?" said Pym, with a smile.

Vane assented, and glided away towards the group surrounding the earl and his daughter.

At this pause, Ingulph heard Waller reciting some verses, "On a Lady singing in a Garden," which for a moment attracted his attention, for he thought it related in some manner to Ramona.

"Thus, fair incognita, thy song
Lured young Love, listening, to be blest,
As nightingales the fowlers guide
With their own warble to the nest."

"'Tis on a lady married to an ancient gentleman," he concluded with a smile, amidst the general approbation. "And not a word of Venus nor Vulcan in it."

"What a rare visage Vane hath; mine is too open, St. John's too close, ever to deceive!" said Pym, watching his famous coadjutor as he mingled in the circle. "Nay, my lady, you have your watch there! —Who would think that while that sweet smile lights the crimson of her lips, the brain within rankles with serpents to remember that Vane's artifice it was that chiefly brought him to the block!—O, marvellous!— when will truth return among men?"

Sir Harry Vane now rejoined them, bringing St. John with him.

"They would have me stay to my lady's little supper; they cannot live without me; what will they do when they have lost me!" he said, in a tone of

laughing contempt. "But I marvel who seasons the meats, for indeed I love not popish cooks."

Pym then made some indifferent inquiries of Ingulph as to how he got on with his levy, and apparently satisfied with his replies, bade him farewell, and retired from what seemed to be the performance of a painful duty.

The visitors began gradually to thin, and when the earl went to bed, which he did precisely as the clock struck nine, all the uninvited guests followed his example. In a short time there remained only about a dozen to supper, all distinguished members of the Party Volant.

END OF VOL. I.

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